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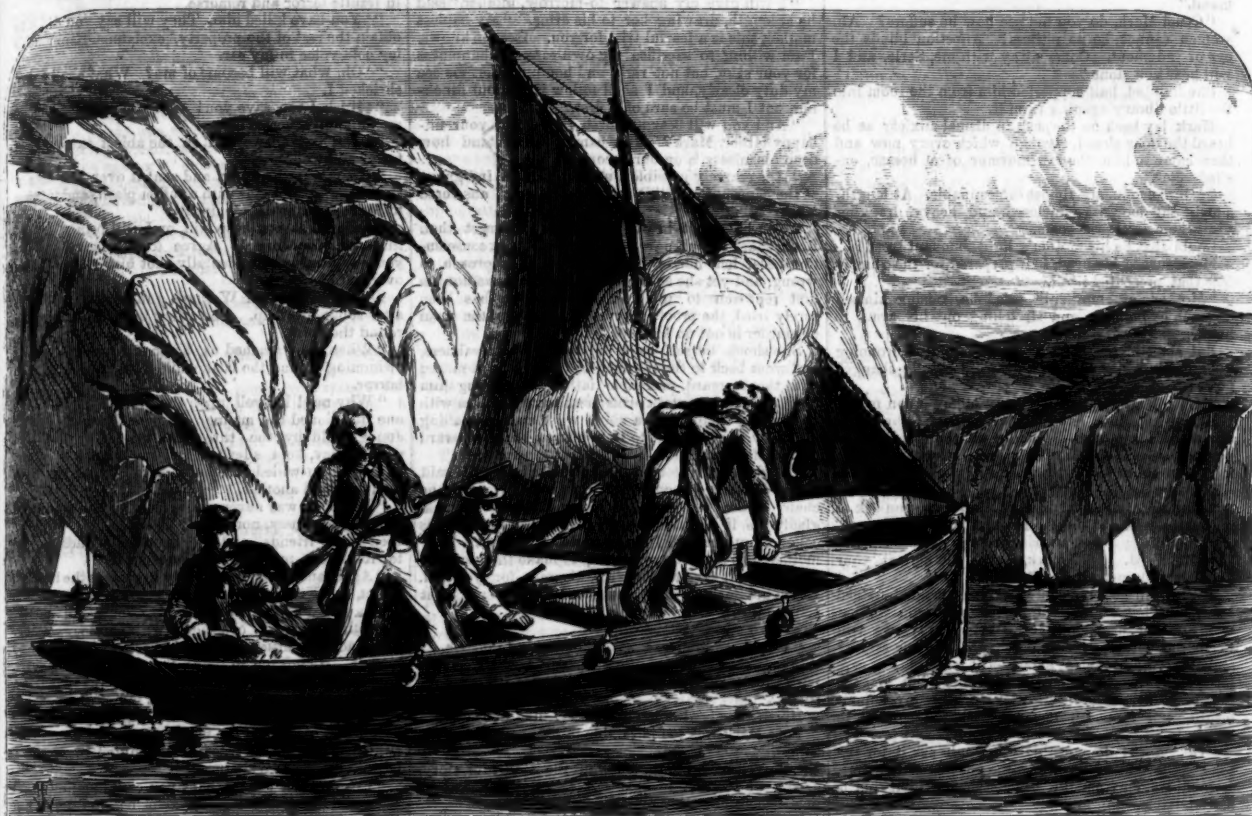
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[SERLE SHERSTON'S SECRET.]

## THE GOLDEN APPLE: OR, CHRISTMAS WITH THE SHERSTONS.

### CHAPTER XIV

I will be wary, and be still fair seeming:  
But yet—I swear to thee I will have vengeance!  
Falconer.

The family at the Manor were sitting together at twilight, waiting for candles and the tea hour. The Australian had been unusually silent and abstracted since his return from the Island, a mood as acceptable as unusual.

Jessie was always reticent, and now she scarcely spoke at all.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherston sat together on the sofa, and the darkness veiled from observation that their hands were clasped in the old lover fashion.

They started as if a thunderbolt had crashed upon them, when suddenly and sharply Kinmouth spoke.

"I say, Sherston, it is time we had your son's answer."

Mr. Sherston felt the shudder which shook her husband's form, and hastened to answer.

"I am looking to hear from him to-morrow."

"It's a queer freak, that of his hiding away so; it looks as if he were up to mischief, according to my ideas," retorted the old man.

At that moment there was a bustle in the hall, hurrying steps came along the corridor, the door was flung open, and Mark, borne in the arms of Rufus White, and a servant steadying the injured limb, made his appearance; with a rear guard of servants bearing candles, whose sudden flare as well as the unexpected arrival might well bring the party to their feet.

"My dear Mark, you were injured more than I knew," exclaimed his mother, pushing forward the sofa for his use, and bending over him anxiously.

"Oh no, it was nothing serious, a dislocated ankle, which is doing finely. I shall use crutches a week or so, that is the worst of the case. Thank you, Rufe, I'll see you again, shortly. Come every day, and let me know how matters progress with you."

Rufus gave a significant smile and nod, and turned away.

The servants likewise dispersed and the group settled again into seeming quiet, although not a heart there but beat quickly and nervously.

Mrs. Sherston, with a fond smile leaned her head down to Mark's as if she should find there strength and comfort for all her perplexities.

He kissed her fondly, then looked over to his father, and beyond to the watchful countenance of Kinmouth in proud defiance.

A momentary embarrassment had fallen upon them all, but Mark resolutely broke it.

"I understood by my mother's letter that there was some urgent reason for my returning home. We may as well discuss it at once," said he.

Jessie rose swiftly and left the room.

"It's only this, young man, and very good fortune you may think it," answered the Australian, while Mr. Sherston was making his unavailing efforts to speak; "your father and I have concluded it would be a very comfortable and suitable thing if you and Jessie were married."

"But Jessie and I have no fancy for such a match," replied Mark, trying to keep down his anger; "besides, I do not see what you have to do with the matter in the slightest degree, Mr. Kinmouth."

"Humph, you saucy young dog, you don't, do you? What do you say when I tell you that I am Jessie's father?"

"Jessie's father!" ejaculated Mark.

"I suspected it," murmured his mother.

"But we thought her a distant relative of ours," said Mark.

"Only a trivial mistake; a future one, a very close relation soon."

"Well," continued Mark, thoughtfully, "that certainly explains your interest in the matter. It does not affect my answer in the least."

"Be pleased to let us hear it," said the irritable old man, twisting in his chair like an eel.

"It is a very respectful but decided rejection of the whole scheme."

"Oh, Mark!" cried his father, faintly, rising from his chair and then sinking back again.

"Decided fiddlesticks!" sneered the Australian, "in half an hour you'll go down on your knees for me to permit you the privilege. Sherston, I'm going out to give you a chance to exert a little paternal influence, to give the haughty youngster a salutary explanation."

"You need not go," cried Mark; "no influence can change me. I mean no disparagement of Jessie—she is a pleasant girl enough—but another, or none, will be my wife."

"Obstinate puppy! what the girl finds to like in you is more than I can see. But it's a comfort to think how you'll be humbled. Mind, Sherston, I'll have no fooling about this thing—one or the other must be done at once."

As he spoke, he darted a malignant glance at Mark, and went sullenly from the room.

The most pitiful agitation fell upon Serle Sherston, left thus alone with his wife and son.

He rose from his chair, and attempted to approach them, but his tottering limbs refused to bear him, and he would have fallen had not his wife sprung to his aid.

"Serle, Serle," said she, in a voice of the most thrilling tenderness, "you can have nothing to say which will alienate the hearts which love you so much. Put aside this terrible grief, this unnecessary anguish; and remember that only Mark and I are to judge you."

"Oh, that it were any one else! All the world beside, and I would be content!" groaned he, wiping away the drops of perspiration from his forehead.

"Mark, Mark! It is of your anger he stands in fear; he knows me too well to doubt but I shall cling to him as fondly as ever. Speak, Mark, and bid him trust your affection," cried Mrs. Sherston, appealingly.

Mark's face was grave and a little stern.

"It is humiliating to think he need fear a son who has heretofore yielded him implicit obedience, who obeyed him when it was an insult which gave command."

"Cruel Mark, do you not see how he suffers? Ah, women cannot be so pitiless! Affection blinds the eye of judgment. Come away with me, Serle, and I will hear you alone."

She half led, half supported him from the room into the little library opening from it.

Mark lay back on the sofa in dismal anxiety as he heard the door closed, through which every now and then came to him the low murmur of a hoarse, excited voice.

Such moments are almost interminable. At length, slowly the door was unclosed, and heavy, dragging steps came across the room.

Could that be his mother's light, buoyant tread?

Mark turned his head, half prepared for the ghastly face that presented itself.

"Mother, oh, mother!" cried he, raising himself as much as possible, and stretching out his arms to her.

But she slid away from his grasp, and dropping upon her knees, crying in a hoarse, fearfully-changed voice:

"Mark, Mark, if you have any mercy upon me, if you have any love left for your hapless father, who has cared for you so devotedly all those years; so devoted, so unselfish, so idolotrouly attached to you; if you would have your mother's dying blessing, you will marry Jessie!"

"I cannot. Mother! mother! how can you ask of me such a wicked thing? I do not love her."

"You must; I will not rise from my knees till you have promised. Oh! Mark, I shall die here at your feet, if you do not promise."

"What can he have said?" exclaimed the horrified Mark. "That arch villain has cheated you. What if my father has done wrong in any way, we will repair the harm as far as possible. Is it the estate? Let it go, in heaven's name, let it go! I can care for you both; let us face it manfully; but for the love of rectitude and right, let me keep my honour bright, and that can never be when I consent to marry Jessie."

"Oh, Mark! do you think I would ask it for the sake of the estate? Dear as the old Manor is to me, I would go out from it a beggar sooner; but this is more terrible."

"What is it?" cried Mark, impatiently; "my father has wronged some one, been guilty of some shameful act, possibly, though it is hardly credible. Well, we must bear it. Will it be any the less scorching because this crafty man's silence hides it from the world?"

"No, no. Oh, Mark, it is utter ruin, shame, dishonour, for us all, if you refuse; but for him—Mark, Mark, have mercy on your mother, and promise that you will grant his wish, my wish, Mark! It is not so terrible a thing. You have no other attachment. Oh, Mark, my son, save us all! It is not as if you were to give up some one you love better."

"Is it not?" cried Mark bitterly. "Mother, rise up, I beseech you; it is because my heart and soul, and word are pledged to another, that your entreaties fall powerless, like a child's arrow against a wall of stone."

She crouched down upon the floor, sobbing frantically.

"Stone? my son a stone against his mother's pleadings, his father's desperate need? Oh, why have I not died before this!" moaned she.

"It cannot be there is occasion for this frantic grief. What is it my father has done which must needs be concealed. Is he a gambler, a forger, an impostor? In mercy's name speak out and tell me the worst."

She lay there prostrate at his feet, her deathly face clasped in her trembling hands. She drew them away slowly, and looking straight into her son's face, said in a husky whisper:

"It is not gambling, nor forgery, nor imposition that he is accused of."

"In heaven's name, what then?"

"It is murder!"

She whispered the word, and then sank back, shuddering.

"God help me!" cried Mark, turning ghastly pale. She caught his hands, and covered them with wild tears and kisses.

"You will save him, Mark, my own dutiful son, my sweet little lamb, who nestled in my breast so long

ago; my precious little prattler, my own gallant boy; you are going to save us all from this horrible pit. Say so quickly, Mark, before my heart breaks!"

"Give me time, mother," groaned Mark; "if I marry Jessie, I must kill the sweetest hopes my life has known."

"Heaven will help you, Mark. Heaven will bless such a noble sacrifice, do not question it for a moment."

It was Mark's turn to be sorely shaken. Every nerve in his body thrilled with the agony of his mental conflict.

"I will give my answer to-morrow, mother," said he at length, drawing her to his arms. "My hapless mother, this is a fearful trial for you. Heaven knows, I am willing to sacrifice my own ease and happiness for your sake, but not right and honour. Let me see my duty clearly, and I shall follow it without flinching, but I must be sure of it first."

"And you will bear no harsh thought of your unhappy father, Mark? You cannot understand how deep his misery is on our account."

"It is scarcely possible I should not feel indignant at the cause of all this horrible misery," answered Mark.

"You have not heard his story. I forgot that. Look, Mark; you know your mother's quick conscientiousness, her horror of the slightest approach to wrong, and yet she solemnly declares she has not the first reproach to utter. Serle Sherston has been sorely tried, the proofs may be against him, the stain of murder is not on his soul!"

She shook herself as if to disperse all weakness, and went back to the library; and presently returned with the haggard, miserable father, supporting him tenderly with her weak arms; smiling upon him with the angelic devotion of a noble wife, and compelling Mark, by her example, to treat him still with outward respect if not affection.

"Mark, my poor boy, try not to curse me," said Serle Sherston, dejectedly, sinking wearily upon the chair before the sofa. "Heaven knows I would gladly die, if I could save all this. That serpent has coiled around me till I am powerless to move. Your mother tells me you are willing to make the sacrifice, that you will save the terrible disgrace for yourself. I care not for the doom which threatens me, if it could happen without involving you."

Mark made a hasty gesture.

"I did not promise, I asked for a day to decide. I think I shall—I am quite certain I shall comply with the demand, but I do not promise till to-morrow."

His mother bent down and kissed his forehead. Poor Mark was too miserable to be soothed by the caress.

"Do you wish me to tell you the mournful story, or are you too sick to hear it," asked Mr. Sherston, in a dismal, heart-broken tone.

"Hush," said Mrs. Sherston, "the servants are coming."

She went to the door, gave orders that the tray should be carried to another room, and locking the door, came back to the sofa.

"Go on, now, dear Serle," she said, taking one hand tenderly in hers.

"Heaven bless you, my generous, devoted Ernestine; never had husband so true and tender a wife before," sobbed the miserable man, while a shower of those bitter drops—man's tears—fell upon the soft white hands.

"Tell him the story, Serle, that Mark may know how little guilt rests upon your conscience."

"It was Werner Sherston, my second cousin, the co-heir with myself to this estate, who died, alas! by my hand; and yet heaven knows not my will," began he.

"After our great uncle's death, this joint inheritance brought us closely together, Werner and myself; and though we were as different as night and day, we were generally close friends."

"He was bold, fearless, impetuous, strong of will, and self-reliant, but somewhat irritable in temper, though ready to confess a fault as soon as committed. We were both in love, or fancied we were, with the same young lady."

"This was our first cause of alienation; with such foolish, impetuous natures, we soon grew to open quarrels. We had joined quite a party who were out in boats for wild game; and it happened somehow that Werner and I, this Kenneth Kimmouth, and a sickly young fellow named Jones, were in the boat in advance."

"We were sailing along quietly, without sign of the water-fowl, when Kimmouth made some remark to me concerning the young lady, and my prospects of success. I know now it was purposely done to inflame our spirits; but foolish that I was in those days, I took pride in vexing Werner, and I responded in the same vein."

"Our remarks seemed to irritate Werner beyond

anything I had ever before remarked. He coloured violently, and at some silly boast of mine concerning the lady's partiality, he turned suddenly and struck me."

"Take care," cried I fiercely, 'no one shall insult me in that fashion, not even you.'

"I raised my gun unconsciously in a menacing gesture. Good heavens, Mark, it went off!"

"Werner fell at my feet, bathed in blood. I flung away the gun in horror, and knelt down before him, passionately entreating him to forgive me. Too late, too late! He lay motionless. I wrung my hands in frantic terror and remorse."

"You have killed him. They will say you did it to obtain the rest of the property," exclaimed Kimmouth's icy cold voice in my ear.

"Oh, what will become of me? What shall I do? shrieked I."

"Hush, I can save you! Will you promise to obey me implicitly?" cried he.

"Yes, yes," answered I, in the abject extremity of terror and grief.

"He raised the body, and sent it over the side of the boat into the water with a sullen splash, and turning to Jones, he said threateningly:

"Mind that you keep still, or I will bring forward that note you forged. Agree to my story, both of you—Werner has accidentally shot himself and fallen overboard."

"He then fired off Werner's gun, and raised shout after shout for help. The other boats came dashing round the point."

"When they reached us, Kimmouth was frantically swimming around the boat, while I sat paralyzed with horror."

"Why need I dwell upon the pitiable story? No one questioned the manner of poor Werner's death. Jones, held by the threat of disclosing his own delinquency, kept silence; he was a weak creature, and the iron-willed Kimmouth held him, as you have seen him hold another."

"The body was never recovered. No one wondered at my ghastliness, nor my long dejection; we had been close friends, and the shock of witnessing the terrible event, might well account for it."

"Again and again, I was ready to confess the horrible secret, but Kimmouth was near to overcome my feeble spirits, to cajole me with specious promises of silence, to soother my uneasy conscience with subtle reasoning. And once committed to the falsehood, there was no retreat. He left me in peace then for several years. Jones died, and I thought Kimmouth was dead too. As for the young lady, I never set my eyes upon her again, her very name was like a nightmare; I think she disappeared from the neighbourhood. I met your mother, knew at last what was genuine love, and I began to find peace again."

"I cannot tell you, perhaps you can imagine, what a horrible gulf seemed to yawn before me, when Kimmouth suddenly started up again in my path, and with a new face—no longer comforting, wheedling, consoling, but satirical and threatening. He showed me the papers with Jones' testimony drawn up in legal form, with genuine signature and witnesses, and threatened to accuse me of murdering the co-heir to the property I now possessed entirely, unless I conformed to his requests. He brought me his child to adopt, and wanted money to take him to Australia. Wretched man that I was. I had but one terror, lest the hateful story should come to my wife's ears. I was thankful to be rid of him at such a price. I complied. He sent for money every few years. I gave it without grudging. I tried to be a good guardian to the girl, and endeavouring not to detect her for her father's sake."

"I had grown quite hopeful, quite secure from dread of personal molestation, when the shipwreck came; and the passenger you preserved, poor, chivalrous Mark, became my guest and my master also. Heaven help us, it is a pitiable story—a wretched, wretched man who tells it."

"My poor, poor father," cried Mark.

"Ah, I knew you would say it. I told you, Serle, he would not blame you," cried the wife and mother.

"Nor despise me for my fatal error, my culpable weakness?" asked Mr. Sherston.

"Only love and pity, and save if I can, dear father," answered Mark; "would that you had told it before, it might have saved—"

He paused, and was lost in thought.

"Do not admit him here, that arch tempter; disabled as I am, I should be tempted to fly at his throat," said Mark, presently; "send for Rufus White, mother; let him stay with me to-night, and until I am able to help myself. Lock the door when you go out, and my father will admit you again. I cannot, will not, see that man to-night—I am trembling like a child through dread of it."

"You need not fear it. The servants shall carry you to your room, and I will send at once for Rufus," replied his mother, soothingly.



"Keep cheerful hearts, both of you. I will save you from this terrible man, though I lose my own happiness," whispered Mark, as he was lifted by the stout arms of the butler and Rufus in an hour afterward, and carried to his own room.

The Australian came in a few moments after Mark had gone, and looked disappointed enough to find the sofa vacant.

"Well," growled he, "is our young lord's pride a little taken down by this time? What does he say now? A different answer, I'll venture to declare."

"He has taken time to decide. He will give his answer to-morrow," answered Mr. Sherston, with a fierce glare of impotent wrath.

"He gave us every reason to suppose it would be favourable to our wishes," the mother hastened to add, though she could not turn her eyes upon the now more than ever abhorred countenance.

Mr. Kimmouth turned and walked out to the verandah, where Jessie was waiting for him.

She drew her breath pantingly as he approached.

"Well, his answer?" demanded she.

"The young scamp! he must needs take time to decide if he can bring his mind to it. An interesting over for you, Jessie. I've half a mind to give it up now, and torment them with my hatred and vengeance instead of accepting their friendship."

"No, you will not; I shall marry him," answered she.

"I thought you had more pride, Jessie. I expected you would be raving at this ill-concealed aversion of your paragon."

She clenched her slender white hand, and replied in a hard, proud voice:

"Wait and see. I will have my revenge for this; it shall be his turn to sue for a kindly look. I can afford to bear a little coldness, now."

"Now, I recognize my daughter. It's almost a pity to waste your talents upon such a set."

"Where is he?"

"They've carried him to his room. He gives his answer to-morrow."

"I can wait till then. Good night, father."

"Good night."

## CHAPTER XV.

There is no night so dark, but some stars shine—  
So bear thee bravely, and have faith in heaven.

*Mrs. Drama.*

MARK spent a sleepless night, and much to the uneasiness of Rufus White, who slept, or attempted to sleep on the lounge in his room, he tossed and sighed and groaned all night, yet constantly refused his offered services.

"Not yet, Rufus; in the morning you can help me, but not now."

"I'm sorry enough for you, Mister Mark. I suppose the pain is awful bad. We've shifted you about too much, and maybe made the ankle worse. You'd better have stayed on the island."

"I wish to mercy I was there now!" groaned Mark.

"A queer set of inhabitants in that place," muttered Rufus, turning over and yawning in a fashion Mark for the time most heartily envied. "A wizard, a fortune-teller, and an angel—or something pretty nigh it anyhow."

Mark flung up his arms despairingly.

"Yes, yes, Rufus, an angel, and I must lose her! oh, bitter, bitter sacrifice indeed!"

As soon as morning broke, Mark asked Rufus to pass him his writing desk; and that worthy stood by in utter astonishment, watching the swiftly gliding pen and the accumulating pile of closely written sheets.

We need not follow the long explanations. Enough to glance over the concluding portion.

"And now I have laid everything before you, prompted alike by my sore need of advice, and my deep confidence in your friendship. You gave me a vague assurance, when I came away from the island, that you could assist me in thwarting the plans of the evil genius of our family. If you have any power, in heaven's name use it now. I have told you how I resisted steadily when I thought it was only the estate, or our proud old name which would be endangered by my refusal. You know how much more horrible is the alternative. I dare not refuse to cast myself into the gulf for the sake of giving my father secure passage across, and yet my very heart dies within me at the thought of losing Oriole. I dare not think of her, or I shall forget that I am a son and have filial duties."

"Yours in utter wretchedness,

"MARK SHERSTON."

Mark gave the letters to Rufus with the reiterated charge to get them to the wizard as quick as possible.

"Let me bathe your poor ankle, and bring you

some coffee first, Mister Mark; your eyes look as if you had watched on a ship in a high wind and a lee-ward shore, for a week at least."

"No, no, Rufus, send one of the servants in, and get some breakfast yourself, but for heaven's sake don't lose any time for anything else. He may be gone from the island if you delay too long. It is of the utmost importance that he reads my letter as soon as possible; you are to bring me his answer without delay. My ankle is well enough; I think I might safely stand upon it, only I know it is not prudent to venture yet."

Rufus went off without another word, although he inwardly commented.

"Ankle well enough! and tossing about all night—then there's something else the matter. Foul weather a brewing, as sure as I'm a sinner. Wonder if the pretty little craft on the island has anything to do with it."

But Rufus was a faithful messenger. Whether he were in ignorance of his master's plans or not, he always kept strictly to the letter of his instructions.

And though the Australian intercepted him on the beach, and did his best to detain him and get up a conversation about the Wizard's Isle, by the presentation of a bright new crown, Rufus very deliberately informed him he was in a hurry and couldn't be bothered, and shoved off before his eyes in the midst of an earnest exhortation.

When Rufus's boat grazed against ledge of the island, the wizard was there waiting for him.

"You come so early I imagine it is for some unusual purpose. Does it in any way concern our young friend? I hope he hasn't suffered by the hasty removal."

"He'll tell you all about it, your honour, and if you don't mind I am to wait for the answer."

He handed him the letters and respectfully retired. The wizard opened them hastily.

"Well, my noble Mark, you shall see one there who may, perchance, bring you better relief than you can dare to hope for."

He took out his pencil and wrote hastily on a slip of paper:

"KEEP up a good heart, my noble Mark. Tell them you require them all to meet in that little parlour whose long windows open upon the veranda, at nine this evening, and you will give your answer. Let that answer be what your heart, not your fears, dictates. If it still be so, boldly defy him to do you harm. Have no misgivings. I told you I would aid you, and I will. Explanation shall come to-night. All there is for you to do is to put away fear; trust me implicitly, and leave one of the windows so as it can be opened from without. THE WIZARD."

Folding the paper hastily he carried it to Rufus.

"Go back at once and give this to your young master, and be sure that it falls into no other hands. Your pet sail-boat is over in the cove. Perhaps you had better come after it to-night, and I will provide you with a passenger. Not myself—if you have no objection I shall use the skiff you came in this morning—it is a far more agreeable companion than you believe, honest Rufus—the young lady you saw up yonder."

"I will come soon," exclaimed Rufus, with emphasis, adding inwardly, "I should be scared to death of the wizard. I wouldn't sit in the boat with the old witch fortune-teller, but the angel—ah, I'll take her anywhere."

Upon which he hurried away, nor paused until he stood once more beside the pallid, melancholy face of Mark.

(To be continued.)

THE BAGPIPE AN ENGLISH INSTRUMENT.—At a meeting in favour of early closing held in Edinburgh recently, the Lord Advocate, in the course of an address on music, said:—"Most people think that the bagpipe is a Scotch instrument. Some people are proud of the bagpipe, others are afraid of it—(laughter)—but whether by its friends or foes, the bagpipes are looked upon by us as something national. Now, I am not at all sure that we are entitled to any such praise or blame. I believe it could be demonstrated—though our friends on the other side of the Tweed would be excessively indignant—I believe it could be demonstrated that the bagpipe is an English instrument—essentially English—(laughter and applause)—that the English were the original bagpipers; and I find that in confirmation of this that Shakespeare, who was an authority in music, refers to the bagpipes constantly, but he does not introduce them into *Macbeth*. The armies in *Macbeth* don't march on Dunsinane to the sound of the bagpipe—(laughter)—and he speaks of the drone of the Lincolshire and the Yorkshire bagpipe. He speaks of a person 'laughing like a parrot at a bagpiper,' but all without the slightest Caledonian reference. And when we look at the works in the Register House, and show how

our former monarchs spent their income, we find their expenditure for music put down in such entries as the following:—"To the English piper, 3s. 6d."—(laughter and applause.) And Scotchmen were not the pipers—they were harpers. The harp was the old Scotch instrument, and I believe continued to be the old Scotch instrument till within a very recent period."

## HOUSES IN POMPEII.

THE plans of nearly all the houses in the city are alike; the entrance room next the door; the parlour, or drawing-room, next that; then the impluvium or unroofed space in the middle of the house, where the rains were caught and drained into the cistern, and where the household used to come to wash itself, primitively as at a pump; the little garden, with its painted columns, behind the impluvium, and at last, the dining-room.

There are minute bed-chambers on either side, and a shop on one side in front, for the sale of the master's grain, wine and oil.

The pavements of all the houses are of mosaic, which, in the better sort, is very delicate and beautiful, and is found sometimes perfectly uninjured. An exquisite pattern, often repeated, is a ground of tiny cubes of white marble with dots of black dropped regularly into it.

Of course there were many picturesque and fanciful designs, of which the best have been removed to the museum in Naples; but several of these are still left, and (like that of the Wild Boar, in one) give names to the houses in which they are found.

But, after all, the great wonder, the glory, of these Pompeian houses is in their frescoes. If I tried to give an idea of the luxury of colour in Pompeii, the most gorgeous adjectives would be as poorly able to reproduce a vivid and glowing sense of those hues as the photography which now copies the drawing of the decoration; so I do not try.

I know it is a cheap yet feeble thought, and yet will the reader please consider?—a workman nearly two thousand years ago laying upon the walls those soft lines that went to make up fauns and satyrs, nymphs and naiads, heroes and gods and goddesses; and getting weary and lying down to sleep, and dreaming of an eruption of the mountain, of a city buried under a fiery hall, and slumbering in its bed of ashes seventeen centuries; then of its being slowly exhumed again, and after another lapse of years, of some one coming to gather the shadow of that dreamer's work upon a plate of glass, that he might infinitely produce it, and sell it to tourists at from five francs centimes a copy.

I say consider such a dream, in the hot heart of the day, after certain cups of Vesuvian wine? What a piece of Katzenjammer (I can use no milder term) would that workman think it when he awoke again! Again! what is the history and the progress of the arts and sciences but one long Katzenjammer?

Photography cannot give, any more than I, the colours of the frescoes, but it can do the drawing better, and, I suspect, the spirit also. I used the word workman, and not artist, in speaking of the decoration of the walls, for in most cases the painter was only an artisan, and did his work probably by the yard, as the artisan who paints walls and ceilings in Italy does at this day.

But the old workman did his work much more skillfully and tastefully than the modern—threw on expanse of mellow colour, delicately pencilled off the places for the scenes, and pencilled in the figures and draperies (there are usually more of the one than the other) with a deft hand. Of course the houses of the rich were adorned by men of genius; but it is surprising to see the community of thought and feeling in all this work, whether it be from cunninger or clumsier hands.

The subjects are nearly all chosen from the fables of the gods, though they are sometimes in illustration of the poets, Homer and the rest. To suit that soft, luxurious life which people led in Pompeii the themes are commonly amorous, and sometimes not too chaste; there is much of Bacchus and Ariadne, Venus and Adonis, and Diana bathes a good deal with her nymphs, not to mention frequent representations of the toilet of that beautiful monster, which the lascivious art of the time loved to depict.

One of the most pleasing of all the scenes is that in one of the houses of the Judgment of Paris, in which the shepherd sits upon a bank in attitude of ineffable and flattered consequence, with one leg carelessly crossing the other, and both hands resting lightly on his shepherd's crook, while the goddesses before him await his sentence. Naturally, the painter has done his best for the victress in this rivalry, and you see

Italian Aphrodite beautiful,

as she should be, but with a warm and piquant spice of girlish resentment in her attitude, that Paris

should pause for an instant, which is altogether delicious.

And I beheld great Hero's angry eyes.

Awful eyes! How did the painter make them? The wonder of all those Pagan frescoes is the mystery of the eyes—still beautiful and unhuman. You cannot feel that it is wrong for those tranquil-eyed men and women to do evil, they look so calm and abstracted in it all; and in the presence of the celestials, as they bend upon you those eternal orbs, in whose regard you are but a part of space, you feel that here art has achieved the unearthly.

I know of no words in literature which give a sense (nothing gives the idea) of the stare of these gods, except the magnificent line of Kingsley's, describing the advance over the sea toward Andromeda of the oblivious and unsympathizing Nereids. They floated slowly up, and their eyes

Stared on her, silent and still, like the eyes in the house of the Idols.

A false art, in the corrupt ages following the apothecosis of painting in Raphael, would have flattered the badness of its time with the reproduction of the Pagan spirit; but one has only to look into those awful eyes of the frescoes at Pompeii, and there recall the expression in the faces of the heroes and gods Guillo Romano, say, has painted in the Palazzo del T, at Mantua, to see how utterly and signally that apostate art has failed.

Thank heaven, since the old creeds perished, it is not in the heart of man to conceive of sin without consequent suffering and shame.

### GOLDEN SUMMER.

OWEN SPENCER was coming home. Fanny Eldon was standing at the door and heard old Mrs. Damer tell her grandmother the news.

She had no desire to enter the sitting-room after that. She passed through the hall, and went upstairs to her own room, repeating those words to herself, in spite of all her efforts.

She would be obliged to meet him—that was her first thought. Well, it was all nothing to her, and she felt a thrill of passionate anger at herself for having had that sickening dread in her mind even for an instant.

Of course, she had known he would come some time; she had said that to herself over and over again. She had believed that when the tidings reached her as an undeniable truth, they would find her quite unmoved—and here she was shrinking and trembling as if it had only been yesterday that—

Oh! she could not go over it all again; she had so long put every thought connected with their little past out of her mind. It was unbearable to have that rush of memories sweep over her heart like swollen waters forcing aside some barrier that had served to restrain them when they were quiet.

Then she heard her grandmother's voice:

"Fanny, come down, my dear!"

So she hurried downstairs, wearing a proud, almost defiant look, from the inward struggle she was trying to hide; but it was quite wasted, for the visitor was gone, and grandmother was apparently absorbed in a desire to have her tea.

Indeed, she was not a very courageous old lady, or was, at least, a very tender-hearted one; and since the time Fanny had announced there was to be no more mention of Owen Spencer's name, it had not once passed her lips.

Only, after the tea-things were removed, and she was settling down to her knitting, she felt impelled to speak, lest the news she had learned should come suddenly upon her darting.

"Fanny, Mrs. Damer told me that—"

"Mr. Spencer was coming back," interrupted she, unable to bear the old lady's hesitation.

"How did you know, dear?"

"I heard her tell you—it's of no consequence."

Mrs. Eldon did not add another word, it would have been quite out of keeping with the shy, reticent habits of a whole life—and Fanny talked quietly upon indifferent subjects. She established the old lady comfortably near the open window, where she could look out across the garden, gorgeous in the late sunset, whose beauty brought a thrill to her aged heart that many a youthful one has grown too weary to feel under nature's withery.

They had been engaged once—not so very long ago, either—those two young people; but, after Owen's departure from home, a slight misunderstanding assumed formidable proportions; each thought the other in fault, and at last Fanny abruptly broke off the engagement.

An old aunt of Owen's—always called Miss Posy, heaven knows why, for she had been christened Josephine fifty years before, and had lost all resemblance even to the latest sort of autumn blossom—was, in reality, more to blame than anybody else.

She really believed that she had her nephew's welfare at heart; but the truth was, she liked to meddle and domineer, and persuaded herself that it was a case of conscience to keep a sharp look out over Fanny, when it was not conscience that had anything to do with the matter.

So, applying herself diligently to the task of discovering all sorts of faults in Fanny, her eyes soon gained a really microscopic power of enlarging them.

She saw how it was going when that dashing Capt. Seaman appeared on the scene. She knew all about Fanny's impropriety in waiting with him at the ball. And then they must needs be out on horseback; and Fanny had a fall; and they did not get back till all sorts of hours—pretty proceedings.

Truly, what would Owen say? And he had a chance to say whatever hard words he pleased, for Miss Posy detailed the whole affair in four sheets of note-paper, crossed and recrossed.

All this to come back on Fanny to rouse her pride and obstinacy, and make her feel so ill-treated that she would not condescend to explain; besides which, there were rumours that Owen had saved the life of a banker's daughter, who was so devoted to him that she only asked the privilege of throwing herself and her father's hoards at his feet, like a second Jessica.

Among them all they brought the thing about; yet nobody had wished to, not even Miss Posy herself—but it was done.

Nobody outside had any information beyond those vague whispers which would get out if the whole world were deaf and dumb.

Fanny and Miss Posy met very seldom.

The spinster was away a good deal of the time, making a Nemesis of herself among her relatives. When they did chance to meet in the course of Fanny's rides and Miss Posy's drives, the girl would make a sort of ironical military salute, which made the antiquated maid quiver all over with indignation.

It was an added bitterness, too, that she missed Fanny's society, and the visits she had been in the habit of making at the old house, which was a solitary place, and presented few charms to attract young people during Owen's absence.

To find that she regretted Fanny irritated Miss Posy beyond endurance; and she nearly pulled her false curls with rage for being obliged to acknowledge it to herself. But she denied it stoutly; and every time she met Fanny, forced herself to be more angry and additionally severe in manner.

So the winter passed and spring deepened into summer; and the lives that had drifted apart seemed to float farther and farther sunder.

Owen Spencer had come home!

What the actual certainty that he was near again was to Fanny nobody knew; indeed, it would have been impossible for her to describe her own feelings.

It seemed to her that she had only one purpose during those days—to appear her usual self to all. The struggle, and the ceaseless rush of thought and utter impossibility of rest, gave her a strange feeling, not only as if it were a dream, but as though she were some one else, keeping constant watch over her real self, that was so torn and tossed about.

And when they met, it was in such a commonplace sort of way, after all.

With Fanny's overwrought feelings, it was natural that she should have contemplated that first encounter with a dread that something unusual must occur then as a culminating point to all that wretchedness.

She was standing at old Mrs. Damer's gate, and there were two or three young girls beside her. Owen came upon her quite suddenly. She heard his voice in salutation to some one, turned—there they stood, face to face.

Fanny knew that her companions were watching them, and probably the eyes of a dozen gossips beside, and she did nothing out of the ordinary way, or he either.

Then he was gone again, and Fanny stood marvelling and breathless.

It was little enough, and every-day enough; but there is a certain pathos about those meetings with one we have loved, those flashes of a dead life as they come to us in reality.

The girls began to chatter, of course; but Fanny walked into the house to deliver her message to Mrs. Damer, and then made her way home—companionship was not a thing to be desired just then.

Another week passed.

Owen Spencer lived very quietly at home, and troubled himself to pay few visits, somewhat to the indignation of the neighbourhood, and to the great wrath and dismay of Miss Posy, who found her attempts at exhortation put aside with a quiet firmness, that was very unlike the Owen of old times, and which awed her a little, in spite of herself.

A few days after, Fanny and her big dog, Hero, went down to the Glen—a picturesque little spot,

where the great pine-trees made a perpetual twilight, and a noisy brook rushed over the mossy stones, and answered merrily the solemn refrain of the pines.

Hero dashed down the hill in advance of her, and the first thing was a feminine cry, and looking toward the brook, she saw that he had run full-tilt against a lady, and nearly pushed her over.

He looked very fierce; but his looks were a libel on his character—for he was the best-natured creature in the world; but now he was bouncing about, and barking frightfully, by way of apology for his rudeness; but the action and noise sounded so much like a dangerous assault, that any stranger might have been discomfited.

"He won't hurt you," cried Fanny. "Hero! Hero!"

She darted down the hill, and Hero flew at her like an amiable tiger, and barked louder than ever, to express his desire that she should explain matters, and set the lady at her ease.

"I hope he didn't hurt you," said Fanny, good-naturedly. "He never bites, but he is very rough."

"No, no!" replied the stranger; "he frightened me a little, nothing worse!"

She laughed merrily, and Fanny looked in her face.

It was the young lady she had seen several times with the Spencer party during the past week—the one about whom the neighbourhood had already begun to gossip.

This was the beautiful heiress, then. Owen was very devoted to her. People had arranged the whole affair already; and Fanny had heard the matter canvassed until she wished herself deaf and dumb.

"He is a magnificent fellow," continued Miss Morris. "What is his name?"

"Oh, Hero," said Fanny, confusedly.

She had been thinking of Owen Spencer, and her first thought was that the lady referred to him. Then she was furious with herself, and froze at once into great stateliness.

"Hero! Hero! Hero!" cried the other. "He really is picturesquely ugly—nice dog!"

She patted his staggery head, and Hero made friends with her on the spot, behaving so roughly that Fanny had to lay by her stateliness and reduce him to order.

"I am sorry he frightened you," she said, feeling it necessary to speak.

"Don't mention it. I am not given to lady-like timidity."

Fanny called Hero, and made a move to pass on, but the stranger said:

"I hope I am not driving you away. I was just wishing for somebody to admire this pretty place with me."

Then, as if answering some expression in Fanny's face, she added, with another gay laugh:

"You think me as unceremonious as Hero. Well, I believe I am! I have seen you on horseback several times since, and I did so want to know you. It's Miss Eldon, is it not?"

Fanny could not deny her name. Had Owen Spencer mentioned her? Had Miss Posy dared?

"Please to know me as Evelyn Morris," continued the other, rapidly, and with the bewitching manner of a petted child; "and now I hope we are properly introduced. I took such a fancy to you."

It would have been as easy to be stately with a kitten, and Fanny was at a loss what to say; but Miss Morris saved her any trouble.

Fanny got away as soon as it was possible, and hurried home.

She had met and talked with the girl that was to be Owen Spencer's wife—his wife!

It was all true—not a doubt of it! So beautiful and rich, too! Well, this was a dismal world—a dismal world!

Fanny leaned out of her window that night, and looked into the still moonlight, and her sore heart throbbed and ached till that weak longing of early youth rose in her soul—the mad yearning to be done with it all, and be at rest. No help, and heaven looked so far away!

As we grow out of our passionate youth, and have learned that sorrow does not kill, heaven seems nearer with every new trouble that beats its surge across our hearts. Ah! thank God for that!

Two days after, Miss Posy's basket carriage drove up the walk, and Miss Posy herself alighted and confronted Fanny, as she stood on the veranda, looking more majestic and grim than ever.

"You are surprised to see me?" said she.

"I am," said Fanny.

"I had an errand," said she.

"Perhaps you will walk in while you tell it," returned Fanny.

And then they entered the sitting-room, and Fanny gave her a chair, because she was elderly; but she stood herself, and there are different ways of doing



such things—and Fanny's was a diabolically civil way, but not at all meek.

"Have you received my invitation?" asked Miss Posy.

"I have not had any such surprise," replied Fanny. Miss Posy looked vicious, but restrained herself.

"I am going to have a party. We have not been quite good friends, but I thought it right to send you a card. Evelyn made such a point of it, and thought people might talk."

"Is that all?" asked Fanny.

Miss Posy was more confused than she had been in a quarter of a century.

The truth was, she and Owen were so separated by the part she had acted—we always hate the person who opens our eyes to the faults of any one we love—that she had chosen this opportunity to put a little gloss of friendliness over the gulf between herself and Fanny.

But she grew very angry at Fanny's queening it after that fashion. Pride is the hardest thing for Pride to encounter; and her old maid proclivities overcame her good-breeding, and she snapped:

"If it would be painful to you, why, of course, there's an end!"

"Why should it be painful?" Fanny asked.

"You know best," said she.

"If you came here with the intention of doing a civil thing," said Fanny, in a low voice, but sharp as a knife, "I thank you. If you came to say rude words, you must understand distinctly that those must be confined to other people."

"I did wish to be friendly," said Miss Posy.

"Then I thank you."

"And you'll come?"

"Miss Posy's arguments are overwhelming. I shall be happy to accept the invitation."

And Fanny bowed the spinster out, who was more crushed than she had ever been in her whole life. Miss Posy whipped the ponies, and scolded the boy all the way home, and took the rest out on her maid afterwards.

Fanny's mind remained a hopeless chaos. One moment the invitation and the visit seemed a dire insult.

Then she longed for the opportunity of seeing Owen Spencer and his new fancy together, and proving to everybody of how little importance the whole matter was to her.

Fanny's invitation arrived in due course, and so did the evening of the party.

Mrs. Eldon was too old for such gaiety, and an obliging friend was to call for her young favourite. It was very late when Fanny and her chaperone entered the great, old-fashioned drawing-room. Mrs. Wilmot had been unavoidably detained, and the arrivals had ceased long before.

Everybody turned to look, of course; and in her heart, Miss Posy, as she stepped forward to greet them, believed that it was all a device of that artful Fanny to attract attention.

It was in a pause between the dances, and there were numerous strangers ever from Oakwood, so that if the thing had been planned, it could not have been more successful.

Fanny was perfectly marvellous with her clear white face and solemn eyes, and her dress just sufficiently removed from ordinary wear to be extremely effective, without the charge of eccentricity.

She and her grandmother lived such retired lives, that, taken with the vague reports there had been going about in regard to her, even the people of the neighbourhood were gazing with curious eyes.

Up the room walked Fanny, looking more like an enchanted princess than anything mortal; and a score of mothers exchanged whispers to the effect that they disliked that odd sort of face—there certainly was something very peculiar about her.

Then Fanny knew that Owen Spencer was saying some nameless words; and Evelyn Morris was hovering about her with a great show of delight.

Then somebody said:

"I hope you have not quite forgotten me!" and there was Captain Seaman, who had not been in the place since that unfortunate ride.

Fanny's first impulse was to treat him coldly for having been the innocent cause of so much trouble; but Miss Posy's sharp eyes were on her, and she received him with a cordiality that sent Owen Spencer to the farther end of the room, and caused Miss Posy to glare in stony horror.

It was a night of triumph to Fanny, and in the old time would have been intoxicating; but now she just seemed moving and talking in a dream.

Even the waltzing would not bring a tinge of colour to her cheek.

When she complained of being cold, and Evelyn brought a scarlet mantle and threw it over her shoulders, she was perfectly bewitching; and the dowagers decided that she was a monument of artfulness and guile.

Such a long, dreary night to Fanny. She felt as if she had been magnetized, and were watching the scene from the distance of her clairvoyant state.

She was standing in the window for a moment's rest after a redowa, when Evelyn darted through the crowd, saying in her pretty, impetuous way:

"You have not danced with my cousin yet—it's a shame, when he is here!"

"I don't remember that he has asked me," said she.

"I believe I have had that honour twice," said Owen, coldly; and then he was looking at her just as he used in the old time when he was hurt or annoyed.

How dared he look so?

"Then you shall have what is left of this waltz," returned she.

Half way across the dazzling circle the touch of his arm brought Fanny's senses back.

She heard the music—the first time she had ever danced with Owen Spencer it had been to that measure. Dizzy, and faint, and blind, she became, but she made no sign; and once, when she looked up into his face, she saw him with his mouth shut in the old determined way, and a deep furrow between his eyes.

It was not sorrow; she knew he was too cold and hard for that.

It was anger—a mean, pitiful rage, that he had not succeeded in humiliating her by the sight of his happiness with the girl he was to marry.

The music ceased. As he led her away, he spoke for the first time:

"Perhaps you have forgotten that waltz?"

She felt as if a tiny hammer were beating in her throat; but she looked full in his face, and answered carelessly:

"I think I never heard it before."

He bowed and left her; and Fanny was gayer than ever; more cordial with Seaman, and treating Evelyn like a pretty child.

If she had been in the death-agony, she would have dealt those two home-thrusts to Miss Posy and her host; and if it was wrong, it certainly was very natural.

Only few people have the nerve to make thrusts with so sharp a two-edged sword; for, oh! it cut like a flame into her own heart.

"Who invited that man?" Owen growled in Evelyn's ear, as she passed him.

"What man? Captain Seaman? I did, of course. You told me to invite any of my acquaintances; and he came yesterday."

"The most insufferable—"

"I beg your pardon," she interrupted; "you are rude—his my friend! Why, what ails you, my dear old Owen? This isn't like you."

Then she was gone; and not long after, Owen saw her walking up and down an adjoining room with that odious man. Really, this was beyond endurance!

Fanny chanced to see him looking towards Evelyn while all these thoughts were in his mind, and the expression of his face sent another thrill, which she believed anger and scorn, to her heart.

The evening was over at last.

Fanny was at home, in her own room, and she had such hours as were left between her and daylight to let her soul free in a paroxysm of agony; all the stronger for the restraint she had been putting on herself during the past weeks and months.

But when morning came, sunny and bright, and the breakfast hour called her downstairs, she appeared before her grandmother much as usual.

"Was the evening pleasant, dear?" the old lady asked.

"Oh, yes! We danced a great deal."

"And you used to like dancing?"

"So I do now, granny dear," returned Fanny, playfully. "Don't you go insisting that I am growing an old maid."

But the old lady asked few questions, contenting herself until later in the morning, when Mrs. Wilmot appeared and gave such a glowing account of Fanny's triumph that the dear soul was still in a flutter of delight.

It seemed to Fanny that the long summer day would never come to an end. There was nothing beyond which should make her wish to shorten the hours; but they dragged drearily, and the very beauty of the time made it insupportable.

One of those days which are meant for happy people—a day in which to be idle, and dreaming, and at rest; to lie under the shadows of the trees and listen to the murmur of water, and watch the white clouds sail across the blue sky, and feel the mere thrill of living an ecstasy, that makes heart and soul give forth a song of praise.

Certainly it had been no trifier or more pleasant up at the Cedars, except to Evelyn, who, to Owen's boundless amazement and displeasure, was off on a ride with Captain Seaman; and when she did return,

kept herself secluded in her room, from whence, at intervals, Miss Posy grimly watching things set to rights, and Owen, solitary and sullen in the library, "sick of love and life and all things," could hear her voice at intervals breaking out into song glad enough to besit the day and her young heart.

Late in the afternoon, when Owen, not having seen fit to appear at dinner, had been alone until the room seemed like a prison to him, and only the impossibility of escaping from himself kept him shut up there, Evelyn opened the door and looked in.

"Are you sick, cousin Owen?" she asked, coming up to the sofa where he lay.

"No, of course not; tired and lazy."

"Don't get up. I want to tell you something."

"Now, then! You look as if it was a grand secret."

"I must go home sooner than I expected—next week," said Evelyn, hesitatingly.

"I can't see why; won't hear of it. What made you run off with that military blossom this morning?"

"Why, that's just it," returned Evelyn, laughing; "he insists upon running off with me altogether!"

Owen stared in wonder.

And it came out that the pair had been engaged for a year; but it had been a secret until now—an unexpected change in his affairs left the captain free to be happy in the sight of the whole world.

Evelyn told her little story brokenly, and looked as pretty as a wood-nymph; and Owen listened with a vague surprise and envy that any human being could be so joyous.

"I hope you will be happy," said he. "I don't know Seaman much, but if he is half worthy of you—"

"Oh! Owen," interrupted Evelyn. "I wanted to tell you. Don't be angry. I never knew till the other day you had been engaged to that beautiful—"

"Never mind," said he.

"But I must mind, dear; don't think me meddling, I am sure there is some mistake. You ought to clear it up. She never flirted with Seaman. She knew he was engaged. I think, without meaning it, Miss Posy made things worse."

"I—"

"Oh, wait, Owen! She didn't go with him to the races. Her horse ran away, and she was badly hurt. They had to get an old waggon and go on to the town to fetch a conveyance to come back—that was what made it so late."

"But she never said—"

"No, she was too proud. You suspected her; but she loves you, and—"

Owen was off the sofa and out of the house before she could say anything more; and it was just as well, for she had no farther facts to draw upon.

It was getting on towards sunset, and, tired of the house, Fanny wandered down the lane at the back of the house, where the pasture and the fields of ripening grain lay laughing in the sun.

Some one called her name, and Owen Spencer was beside her, holding out his hand and crying:

"Fanny! Fanny! forgive me! I can bear this no longer. Take back your cruel words. Don't leave me alone!"

She could speak no word, could only let him gather her to his heart, and feel the old world reel away out of its night into sudden glory, while he held her closer and poured forth a broken tide of explanation that she understood with her heart.

She tried to talk at last; it seemed now such a thin web of pride only that had kept them apart.

"I was more to blame than you," she cried. "I ought to have explained."

"It was my Aunt Posy's mistaken meddling."

"No, Owen; if we had been right she could not have set us astray. We needed the lesson."

"And you forgive me—you love me?" he said, eagerly.

She held up both hands with a gesture which meant so much; and the common earth floated quite out of sight as they stood there in their regained Eden.

Fanny was leaning on the fence, her fingers unconsciously picking to pieces a blade of golden wheat, while Owen leaned over her, talking eagerly—the old, old story, that shall always be new while fresh summers blossom, and human hearts are young.

Then straight out of the wood beyond walked Evelyn Morris, and was beside them, exclaiming:

"I couldn't wait—you are not to scold."

She was too wise to need explanations; she knew how it had all gone at a glance, and she just hugged Fanny till they were both breathless.

"Now I feel better," said she. "I told George I knew there was only the faintest shadow between you."

"All gone now," said Owen. "Thank Heaven for the blessed sunshine!"

He was holding Fanny's hand, and Evelyn looked smiling up at them; and the birds burst into a new ecstasy of song; and there they stood, mute and thankful for the goodness which had so suddenly changed their night into Golden Summer.

F. L. B.

## BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER.

By E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "Self-Made," "All Alone," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

The tale is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight, but hurt not;  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about my ears, and sometimes voices.  
*Shakespeare.*

A SUNBEAM awoke Justin from a deep and dreamless sleep—a sunbeam that streamed in through the open cabin windows, and struck upon the metal water-service in its fixed receptacle on the cot-table, which stood immediately opposite his state-room door, into which it scintillated rays of dazzling splendour.

Aroused from a state of profound unconsciousness, Justin could not at first recall the events that had preceded his sleep, which was the first one he had enjoyed since the great catastrophe of the ship-wreck.

But soon memory returned, bringing in her train all the horrors of his situation. He knew now that the ship was wrecked upon the breakers of an unknown coast; that the crew had abandoned her to destruction, and left him to share her fate.

When he turned out of his berth he noticed that the cabin was entirely free from water, from which circumstance he judged that the waves had quite subsided.

He climbed up on deck to take a look at the prospects there.

He found that the ship was high and dry upon the rocks, and that the water in her hold had run out.

The sky was perfectly clear, and beautifully blue; and the sun shone down upon a sea as calm as an inland lake.

In the pure atmosphere the distant land could be distinctly seen with its rugged white line of rock-bound coast in strong relief between the deep blue sky and deep blue sea.

But as Justin dropped his eyes upon the intervening space between the land and the wreck, an exclamation of surprise and joy escaped him.

What he saw there was rescue—was safety! It was what could not have been seen at any other period since the gale, for at no other such period had the sea been so low as it was now.

The sea here, then, was an extremely long and narrow chain of rocks, reaching out from the distant shore to the point upon which the ship had been wrecked.

It was a natural causeway, extending from the land far out into the sea.

When the sea was high, this causeway was deeply covered with water, and thus the ship, when driven so far out of her course, had struck upon it, and had been wrecked.

But now the sea had fallen, and the causeway was above the water; so that any expert walker and climber might pass over it almost dry shod to the land.

After the first shock of joy with which Justin greeted this open road to life, he thought of his companions who had committed themselves to the wildness of the sea, in no better vessels than the boats, and he earnestly regretted that they had not remained on the wreck.

And if he thought with regret of them, over whose action he had no sort of control, with what poignant remorse he thought of Britomarte, whom he forced against her will to leave the wreck!

Oh! what if she had never reached the land! He would in that case have been little less than her murderer!

But then, what human insight could have imagined this covered causeway, which was to be revealed, an open road to the land?

Yet how bitterly he lamented that he had forced her to leave him.

But she must be safe, he thought; she could not have been created to perish so miserably. He hoped, prayed, and finally believed that she was safe; for a powerful conviction of her continued existence upon this earth took possession of him and dispelled all his doubts.

Justin was not one of the sort who stand idle and indulge in speculations while there is anything to do. He knew that the first thing for him to do was to try to reach the shore by that causeway.

He knew that there was no danger of the ship breaking up just yet; unless there should be another hurricane, which was not to be expected, at least until the next change of the moon.

He knew, also, that while she held together, the ship afforded a safer place of refuge than the unknown land might offer; for on the ship there was nothing to injure him, while on the land he might fall into the hands of cannibals. And in that case what could one man do against a whole tribe?

Still, he considered, that unless he would perish in the sea when the ship would break up, that unknown land, with all its hidden dangers, must sooner or later be his destination; and he thought the sooner he ventured upon it the better.

With this resolution, he went into the captain's private cabin to look for a small telescope which he felt sure was there, and which he wished to use in surveying the causeway and the shore. He found it, and came out.

The little dog jumped down from the doctor's berth, where he had nestled himself in his accustomed place to sleep, and began barking and jumping up and wagging his tail by way of a morning greeting to his new master.

Justin patted his head, and then went out on deck, followed by his little four-footed companion.

The ship had struck at right angles with the chain of rocks, so that the starboard gangway was towards the shore. There Justin stood, and adjusted his glass to view the far-reaching causeway and the distant land.

But even with the aid of his telescope he could discover little more than he knew before.

He could only more distinctly ascertain that the causeway was a chain of rocks leading to the shore—a road that would be covered with water at high tide, and be entirely bare at low tide—and that the distant land presented only a rock-bound and forbidding aspect.

While he was still gazing, he felt something claw at his boots, lifting pitifully.

Justin, lifting the cat up in his arms, called the dog down into the store-room, and fed them.

While he was busy in this humane duty, he was greeted by a dismal sound—a prolonged "Oom-mow!" that he knew must come from the captain's crew.

He followed the sound until it led him to her pen, which was between decks in the stern, a position that had saved her from being drowned, as the stern was lifted at such a high angle upon the rocks.

Justin had no sooner reached the cowpen, than he was greeted by a perfect Babel of noises from the animals confined in that part of the ship. The hens clucked, the ducks quacked, the sheep bled, and, above all, the pigs squealed as if they would have squealed themselves to death, and their hearers to deafness.

All these animals had been saved by their position from drowning, but they were in great danger of starving.

Justin went back to the store-room, and found an axe, and broke open several boxes of grain; and then went to the fresh water butts, and drew water, and mixed food, and carried it to the pens, and fed the famished creatures.

When he had satisfied their wants, he himself began to feel the cravings of hunger—and of hunger that could no longer be satisfied by dry biscuits. So he resolved to try if he could not prepare for himself something like a comfortable breakfast.

He went first into the caboose or kitchen of the ship, and after a search found some matches and kindling wood, of which he made a fire in the stove; then he filled a kettle with water, and set it on to boil.

Then he went to the store-room, to see what he could find that was fit for food. He found several open boxes of tea and coffee, and barrels of sugar; but their contents were half washed out by the sea, and wholly spoiled.

On further search, however, he found some boxes and barrels that had not been burst open, and on examining these, he saw that their contents were good.

He found a basket, and put into it some coffee and sugar and biscuits; and he took a piece of bacon, that was well wet with sea-water, but some the worse for that, and he carried them all into the caboose, where he began to prepare his breakfast.

He looked up a coffee-pot and a frying-pan, and he made some coffee and set it on to boil, and he cut and washed some rashers of bacon and set them on to fry.

After that he thought he would try to find something like a decent breakfast-service with which to set a table, that he might eat like a civilized creature, and not like a brute or a barbarian.

To do this he went to the dining-cabin, and searched

among the broken crockery-ware that lay in heaps at one end, until he found what he wanted, or what at least would answer his purpose—namely, half of a large dish, a whole plate; a big egg-mug; only the broken handle, and a cracked saucer. Whole knives and forks and spoons were easily enough found.

And with this breakfast-service rescued from chaos, and with a table-cloth that he took as he passed out, he went back into the caboose and set his table.

Then he had only to turn his rashers, and toast his biscuits, and boil his milk, and his breakfast was all ready.

The smell of the savoury food drew the dog and the cat to him, and they stood one on one side and one on the other, begging.

And Justin, while he ate his own breakfast, fed them.

Then he prepared to go on shore, not knowing what he should meet there.

He took every prudent precaution for his own comfort, and that of the creatures he was about to leave behind.

First of all, he placed a quantity of food and drink in the pens where the animals were confined, so that they might not suffer from hunger or thirst.

Then he set a pan of milk in the cabin for the cat; after which he filled a little basket with a day's provisions for himself, and put a pair of revolvers in one pocket and a small telescope and a pocket compass in the other.

Then he put on a broad-brimmed hat, and took in his hand a stout walking-stick, called the dog to follow him, and went carefully down the leaning deck to the bows of the ship, that were nearly on a level with the rocks. With one bound he sprang from the ship to the causeway. The little dog jumped after him.

The causeway was high and dry above the sea, and long and narrow in its course, and irregular and rugged in its aspect.

Walking on it would have been very dangerous, either to a reckless or a timid pedestrian.

But Justin was at the same time careful and fearless, and he and his little companion went on safely enough, though often slowly and with difficulty; for often a deep chasm out the causeway across, and then Justin would be obliged to stop and consider the best way of getting over it; and then, with the aid of his walking-stick, he would have to descend very carefully down one side, and using his stick for a leaping-pole, throw himself across the isthmus at the bottom, and then as carefully ascend the other side.

There were many of these chasms, all more or less difficult and dangerous to cross.

Sometimes the little dog would follow him well enough, tripping down the first side, swimming the isthmus at the bottom, and climbing up the other side; but at other times when the sides were very steep or the stream at the bottom very rapid, the little dog would come to a dead halt, and stand whining miserably, and Justin would have to turn back and take him up in his arms and carry him over.

Thus Justin was two hours in going the distance between the ship and the shore.

As he neared the shore, the causeway became wider and higher, until it began to assume the aspect of a cape or promontory, and so it continued to rise and widen until, almost unawares, Justin, with his dog, found himself ascending a rocky hill, in character almost a barren mountain.

In this ascent he found his walking-stick of great service in getting a purchase upon the difficult ground; but he found his little dog a great trouble to him; for he—the dog—was tired, and would often stop and whine as persistently to be taken up and carried, as any spoiled child.

And Justin always indulged him, for he was much too kind-hearted to leave his little four-footed companion behind.

Another hour's painful toil brought Justin to the top of the mountain, which he judged to be about a thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The summit was as bare of vegetation as the ascent from the causeway had been; so that Justin, from his point of observation, had a very extended view of the landscape.

He took out his telescope, adjusted it, and took a sweeping view around the horizon.

He found that the land was on all sides surrounded by the sea; and that he was on an island, oblong in shape, and as well as he could judge, about twenty miles in length by about ten in its utmost width.

The lofty hill, or mountain, upon which he stood was the highest point upon the island, and was situated near the southern end—the long causeway upon which the ship had been wrecked being the extreme southern point.

And though this mountain was barren on the side ascending from the causeway, yet on the side descending towards the interior, it was fringed with beautiful trees and gemmed with sparkling fountains.



The centre of the island was very luxuriant in tropical vegetation.

Towards the extreme north the land descended and narrowed to a sandy neck of not more than a mile in width from sea to sea; but this neck was thickly wooded with the tall and graceful cocoa-palms.

Having observed so much, and the time being now about two hours after noon, Justin, who was "sharp set" from his long and toilsome walk along the causeway, and up the mountain, sat down and emptied his basket in preparation for his mid-day meal.

It was but a simple luncheon of cold bacon, ship biscuit and milk, but he, and his little dog enjoyed it very much.

Having finished his meal, he began to descend the mountain, with the purpose of exploring the island as far as he could that afternoon, and of spending the night upon it, if he should find a convenient place of repose.

He designed to return on the next morning to the ship to feed the animals, and make preparations for bringing away all that was likely to be useful to him in this strange land, which he forebore would probably be his home for as long as he should live in this world.

With the aid of his stick he slowly descended the difficult mountain side.

About half way down he stopped at a fountain to assuage his thirst.

The little dog, who had kept close to his heels, followed his example, and leaped lower down the stream.

Then Justin resumed his journey, and continued it without interruption until, near the base of the mountain, the little dog started a covey of splendid oriental birds, that burst up from their cover, deafening him with their explosive cries, and dazzling him with their gorgeous colours, so that the whole thing affected him something like the sudden letting off of fireworks would have done.

The little dog took the affair as a personal affront, and continued to bark himself hoarse long after the winged fireworks had disappeared in the distance. Justin pacified him at length, and they went on. As they reached the foot of the mountain, the sun sank behind the horizon.

Justin sat down to rest and to reflect.

"Night before last on the deck of the ship, scudding before a terrible hurricane; last night alone upon the wreck, in the midst of the stormy sea; to-night on an unknown and what seems to be an uninhabited island. What next, I wonder? Well, I earnestly thank God that my life has been preserved! But what has become of her? Of Britomarte, whom I forced to leave the ship? Oh! would to heaven I had permitted her to remain! she would have been even now by my side! And now—where is she?—where? Shall I ever meet her again on this side of the grave? Ah, heaven who can answer any of these questions?"

He groaned, and unable to sit still, he got up and walked forward, still followed by his faithful little four-footed friend.

He walked on and on through the woods at the foot of the mountain, while twilight deepened into night, and the stars came out in the purple-black sky; then he sat down and rested for a little time, while the dog curled itself up and went to sleep at his feet. Then he got up again and resumed his walk, followed still by his sleepy but loyal little adherent.

He walked on until the moon arose, when he discovered that he had come out upon the sea coast, through that grove of cocoa palms that he had seen from the mountain top.

## CHAPTER XXX.

Well met by moonlight, proud Titania!

*Shakespeare.*

AFTER the encounter with the hyena, Britomarte conducted her frightened companion to that thicket of woods and grottoes where she had found the spring.

She made her sit down on a fragment of rock under a spreading tree, and then she went to the spring and found a large leaf, which she doubled up in the form of a cup, and caught some water, which she brought to the woman, who drank it eagerly.

"Ah, thin! bless the Lord for giving us water itself! Sure there's nothing like it, at all, at all, what the thirst is upon one!" said Judith, gratefully drawing a long breath.

Britomarte then went to a tree where she saw fruit resembling the wild plum growing, and she gathered some and brought them to Judith.

But when the woman opened her mouth again, it was not to swallow a plum, but to relieve her feelings on the subject of her *Divil*.

"Ah, then, the horrid object of a brute baste! Sure I shall never get over the looks of him, as he stood there, with his hair on his back bristled up like spikes, and his head heaved back and his jaws open the whole length of his throat, showing all his ghastly

teeth, and his a-laughing and a-ha-ha-ha-ing like the devil himself, to think what a good male he was going to make of me flesh and blood. Ugh! it makes me curdle up all over like scalded cream to think of it now. I wouldn't a-minded if the creature had howled or roared like any other Christian baste; but to stand there and fling his head back, and grin and laugh and ha! ha! out loud with the thought of how he should crush me bones. Ugh!"

"Judith, if I were you, I would not let my mind dwell upon the subject. The beast had no idea of harming you. He was quite as much frightened of you as you were of him. He ran away the instant you started up," said Miss Conyers.

"Did he though? Sure and if I'd fist kept still a minute longer, he'd a made a male of me before he stopped. And I'm thinking the place is full of them. Heaven betune us and harrum! what's that?" suddenly exclaimed the woman, breaking off and glancing in terror up into the tree under which she sat.

"It is only a monkey. I have seen several since I have been here. And you have seen many elsewhere. They are quite harmless."

"Ah, then, how full of frights the place is itself!"

"Take some of these plums, Judith. They are very nice, and I am sure you must need food," said Miss Conyers, pouring a quantity of the luscious fruit into the woman's lap.

"Ah! heaven kape us. What's cowlid plums to do? Sure I want my warum tay and milk toast," whimpered the woman.

"But you can't get either tea or toast. And besides, fruit is our natural food, if we did but know it."

"Yis, but sure myself is not in a state iv nature, but in a state iv grace, iver since I was baptised, thanks be to the Lord and all the holy saints, and so I want me warum tay and toast," whined Judith.

"But nature or grace, as you can't get tea and toast, you had better content yourself with fruit and water."

Miss Conyers laid her hand gently upon the woman's shoulder, and looked her in the face, thus tenderly and silently soothing her agitation.

"That iver we should have lived to see this dark day! Och-hone—och-hone!" howled Judith.

"Do not grieve so, my poor girl. It is quite useless, you know. Try to compose yourself," said Miss Conyers, gently.

"I can't help it—I can't help it! What's to become iv us in this howling wilderness iv a place? Sure there's a laughing baste behind every bush, and a haythen up iver yree! And if we're not kilt by the one we'll be ate alive by the other! Och-hone—och-hone!"

"I begin to think there is no cause for such a fear, Judith. We have seen no sign of human habitation here, either savage or civilized, and no animal more formidable than the hyena."

"Faix, thin, there's small comfort in that same; for if we're not kilt by the haythen nor ate by the bastes we'll perish intirely for the want of our tay!"

"We need not perish from that cause, Judith. Tea is not a necessary of life."

"And if tay is not a necessary of life, I should like to know what is itself! Sure I can do without bacon, and aven pratties, better than me tay! And I'm murdered intirely for the want of it this minute. Och-hone!"

It was a beautiful trait in the character of Britomarte that she never lost patience with the infirmities of her own sex. And now, in the midst of the awful realities of her own position, bereft of all she loved in the world, cast upon an uninhabited island, and hopeless of all deliverance, except by death, she still controlled her own emotions, and tried to soothe her companion's sorrows, which were all from imaginary sources.

"And sure, then, about our clothes itself! We can't go on wearing iv the same clothes for iver and iver! And where are we to get others at all?"

"We may never need others, Judith."

"Ah, Lord kape us, do you mane we may never live to wear these same out, at all, at all? Is that what you mane, sure?"

Finding all her efforts to console her inconsolable companion quite fruitless, Miss Conyers became silent. She hoped that the woman might soon become weary of howling, and stop with exhaustion. But Judith's vocal powers were equal to those of a dog baying the moon.

At length Miss Conyers, nearly deafened by the noise, quietly arose with the intention of walking a little way out of hearing.

But Judith caught her dress and held her, exclaiming:

"Ah, don't lave me in me diatress! Sure it's only a Job's comforter ye are at betel! but, faix, Job's comforter is better nor no comforter at all, at all!"

Miss Conyers very patiently resumed her seat, and

Judith, in a very business-like manner, recommenced her baying, and gave her whole mind to it for the next hour—at the end of which she stopped, as it seemed, for the mere want of breath.

"Judith, you ought to take some food. It is now noon and you have eaten nothing. There are some cocoa-nut trees growing not far from here; and if you cannot eat the plums we will go and try to get some cocoa-nuts. They are very rich and nutritious. I tasted one this morning," said Britomarte.

And Judith, with recovered breath, recommenced her song and sung it straight ahead for another hour; at the end of which she was answered by another howling from the depths of the thicket.

"Lord kape us from harm! there's that laughing divil again!" she exclaimed, jumping up and running in the direction opposite to that from which she had heard the voice of the hyena.

Miss Conyers got up and followed her, with the intention of keeping her in sight and out of danger.

Judith ran straight towards the grove of cocoa-nut trees, and there she sank from the united effects of terror and exhaustion.

But she was not permitted to stay there in peace for one moment; for no sooner had she dropped down there than she was greeted with a chorus of screams and pelted with a shower of missiles.

Looking up, she saw that the tree over her head was filled with monkeys. And with a terrible yell she once more started and ran for her life—and this time she ran towards the sea-coast, and dropped down upon the beach.

There Britomarte at length found her.

"Judith," she said, softly, "I am very sorry to see you suffer so much from fear. I wish I could convince you that there is really no cause for it."

"Isn't there, though? Faix, the place is full iv devils!"

"They were monkeys, Judith, small monkeys; they could not hurt you, seriously."

"Oh, couldn't they? The daymons! Sure, I'm bruised black and blue wid the pelting they gave me, let alone being bate into a jelly! And where are we to slape to-night? And the sun getting low already."

"Here are some cocoa-nuts, Judith. They will at least satisfy your hunger, and your thirst too, perhaps. Stop, let me break them for you," said Miss Conyers.

And she took a sharp-edged fragment of rock, and broke one of the shells open and handed it to the woman, who, pushed to extremity by hunger, consented to take it.

She drank the milk and ate the nut, and then held out her hand with the single word:

"Another."

And Miss Conyers broke another for her, and still another, without once reflecting that she was reversing their positions by waiting upon Judith.

And Judith ate and drank with great avidity, only pausing to take breath, until she had disposed of four cocoa-nuts. After which, with a deep sigh of satisfaction, she exclaimed:

"Ah, Lord be thanked! Sure when one can't get tay and toast for breakfast, nor mate and vigitables for dinner, cokey-nut and milk is good."

Miss Conyers made a meal of the plums she had gathered.

But Judith, now that her appetite was satisfied, found another source of trouble.

"Sure the sun is setting, and it will soon be dark. And Lord kape us, where shall we slape?"

"It is a lovely summer evening, Judith, and there is a deep dry grotto in the thicket that we left. We will stay here through the twilight and through the dark hours before moon-rise, and then we will go to the grotto and sleep."

"And have the laughing baste for a bed-fellow! Yes, I reckon I will."

"I tell you, my girl, that the 'laughing baste,' as you call him, will keep out of your way as zealously as you would keep out of his."

"Well, may be so, and may be not. Divil a bit will I risk it!" said Judith.

And as the woman was determined to remain where she was, Miss Conyers concluded to stay with her.

And there they sat through the short twilight, and through the long dark hours that intervened before the moon arose. The moon arose, a glorious golden globe, illumining with its rich, soft light the broad expanse of sea, and the strange, wild land, with its stately palm trees.

Britomarte sat gazing with something like calm enjoyment upon the exceeding beauty of the scene. Sleeping or forgotten in this quiet hour seemed all her sorrows.

Judith gradually fell into a fitful sleep, from which every little sound—the rustling of a leaf in the breeze, the motion of a bird in its nest, the footstep of a small animal over the ground—awoke her with a start.

On one of these occasions, when she was trembling excessively, Britomarte again tried to persuade her to seek shelter in the grotto in the thicket.

"Judith," she said, "the dew is falling very heavily; and the dews in these latitudes are deadly, as you know. Let us go to the grotto. We shall be sheltered from the night air there, and safer, also, from the animals you fear so much, than we are here."

But her arguments were all in vain.

"No, but," Judith replied, "sure if they come upon me here, I can run away, 'wid a fair field and no favour,' as they say. But if they come in at me, in the hole iv a grotty, sure they'd have me all right, and ate me at their leisure, so they would."

And in another instant Judith fell to nodding and snoring.

She was awakened up with a vengeance.

A firm footstep came crunching through the pebbles on the beach.

With a scream Judith started to her feet.

Miss Conyers also arose and listened.

And almost at the same instant Justin Rosenthal appeared before them.

"Lord kape us—it's his sperrit!" gasped Judith, who was too panic-stricken to turn and fly; but stood with her face blanched as white as snow, and her mouth and eyes distended with terror.

Almost as much amazed stood Justin and Britomarte, gazing upon each other in incredulous astonishment and unspeakable joy! For an instant they stood thus, and then their joy broke forth:

"Saved! Oh, thank God! thank God!" exclaimed Justin, holding out his arms towards her.

She extended her hands. She could not speak; the overwhelming tide of joy had deprived her of the power.

But he caught her to his bosom; and she dropped her head upon his shoulder, and burst into a passion of tears and sobs.

"Oh, my own! my own!" he cried; "my beloved! my peerless treasure! This is the very happiest moment of my life! How cheaply purchased with shipwreck and the loss of everything else!"

Still she sobbed upon his shoulder, unable to make any other reply.

"You are with me! I have you, and I care for nothing that can befall me that does not part us!" he continued.

"And I'm left out in the cold entirely," said Judith, who had gradually recovered from her panic, and recognized the apparition as Mr. Rosenthal in the flesh.

"Britomarte! love! love! do you know how happy I am? Speak to me, love! I have not heard the sound of your voice yet, except in sobs. Speak to me, my own, only love!" whispered Justin.

"Oh, I am so glad, so glad, that you are saved! Oh, thank God! thank God! Oh, in what words can I thank God enough!" exclaimed Britomarte, with an emotion that shook her whole delicate frame.

He caught her closer to his bosom, and bent down his head over hers until his lips touched her forehead and his auburn locks mingled with her dark brown tresses.

"God bless you for every sweet word you have spoken, oh, my dearest! my dearest!" he murmured.

But it was not until her great passion of joy had somewhat exhausted itself that she recollected herself, and gently attempted to withdraw from his embrace.

But of course he held her fast; until at length she said, ever so kindly but ever so firmly:

"Let me go, please. I am not quite sane, I think. Oh, I am so glad, so glad you are safe! Thank heaven, with all my heart and soul! Oh, I thank Him for ever and ever! I do not care that I am shipwrecked on this foreign shore now!" she added, earnestly.

"Nor I; not one whit. I rather like it," agreed Justin, as he sat her down upon a ledge of rock, and took a seat by her side.

"No more would I, if I had Fore-top Tom for a nainet me, and daddy, and could get me tae, and toast and mate, and granes rigalar," muttered Judith, dropping into her old place.

"I was so overjoyed to see you safe, that I forgot to ask how you were saved, or where your companions are," said Justin.

"My companions! Ah, Mr. Rosenthal, how selfish I was to forget them for a moment! They are all lost! Our boat, foundered in that last gale! Only myself and Judith Rordan chanced to be saved by having life-preservers on, and by being cast ashore by a wave. Our companions are lost!" said Britomarte, solemnly.

"Lost!" repeated Justin, gravely.

And a deep silence fell between them—reverential silence in tribute to the dead, taken away so awfully; a long silence, broken at length by the voice of Judith, who, reminded of her losses, recommenced her howling.

"Lost!" again repeated Justin. "Well, God's will be done. All our grief will not restore them to us. And much as I lament the calamity, I am too happy in this hour of re-union with you to feel inconsolable at any circumstance whatever."

"How were you saved? Though I am so glad to see you saved that I have scarcely room to feel curious about the manner," said Miss Conyers.

"When the storm was over and the waves and wind had fallen, the ship was left high and dry upon the rocks in a cervice in which the stern was tightly wedged. These rocks formed the extremity of a long chain, or natural causeway, extending from the land far out into the sea. When the subsiding of the sea left this chain bare, I passed over it to the land. And here I am, your lover and servant, to work for you and defend you, through life and unto death."

"Again and again! and for ever and for ever, thank heaven you are safe! But for the rest—"

She paused and hesitated.

"Yes, for the rest—for the rest, Britomarte!" he eagerly repeated.

"Do not speak of it now, or here. It would be scarcely generous, or like yourself, to do so."

"It would not be like myself to do anything repugnant to your feelings," said Justin, a little abashed.

Then, recovering his self-possession and dignity, added, slowly and thoughtfully, as if he weighed every word before he uttered it:

"We three persons—being two women and one man—are cast here upon this uninhabited island, where we may remain for years, or even for the term of our natural lives; for however little we do know of it, we know that it is out of the course of ships, since our own ship was driven very far out of her course before she was wrecked upon its shores. There are no habitations here, nor any of the common conveniences of human life. All these have to be provided by labour—hard manual labour, such as women cannot perform—such as men only can accomplish. This being so, Miss Conyers, while ever we remain together on this island, whether it be for years, or for our lives, I will serve you with all the honour a subject owes his queen, and all the love a brother bears his sister. Let us close hands upon that."

"Willingly," said Britomarte, giving her hand. "Be—not my subject, for that savours too much of the old folly—but be my brother, and as my brother, I will love and honour you infinitely! I will pray God to bless you always."

"Agreed! But this compact is to last so long as we remain on this island," said Justin.

"Yes."

"And when we are rescued, if ever we should be, when I see you among your friends again—if ever I should see you so—then, Britomarte—then I shall sue for some nearer and dearer tie than that which unites the most loving brother and sister!"

"Mr. Rosenthal! Justin! why will you advert to this forbidden subject? I esteem and honour you beyond all men, because you are an exceptional man, but I tell you I esteem and honour you only as a good and noble brother. In no other light can I ever regard you. You know what my principles are, and what my frequent declarations have been: that I never will become the wife of any man while the present unjust laws of marriage prevail," said Miss Conyers, earnestly.

And while she spoke these cold words, the sound of other words—uttered in her wild agony, at that bitter moment of parting, were echoing through his memory—"Justin! Justin! With you! My beloved! My beloved!"

And he saw again the outstretched arms and the wild, appealing gaze with which she had uttered them.

Had she forgotten them?—or did she wish to ignore them?

He could not tell. But he felt, of course, that honour and delicacy forbade him to allude to them, or even to the joy with which he received them—all these circumstances being "proof as strong as Holy Writ" that she loved him as no sister ever loved a brother.

Now he answered her cold words as calmly as she had spoken them:

"While we remain on this island I will never even ask you for a promise or a hope of the sort; and this is the last time I will ever allude to the subject. But now you should have some repose. I can understand why you should deem it prudent to watch the night out rather than sleep, in this strange land, which might, for aught you know, be infested with wild beasts; but now that I am here to defend you, there is no reason why you should not sleep in peace."

"I was not afraid to go to sleep," replied Miss Conyers, a little proudly; "but my companion here refused to go into the shelter that I proposed, and I did not think it right to leave her alone."

"It was like you to think of others first; but now you can both seek shelter and sleep while I watch. There is a fine grotto that I passed in my ramble over the island, which I think would afford you a safe place of refuge for to-night. To-morrow better shelter shall be provided."

"I thank you earnestly," said Miss Conyers. "That grotto was the place of shelter I first wished to go to. Come Judith."

"Sure and I'll not budge a fut unless the gentleman promises to stand at the hole all night to keep off the laughing baste!" said the woman, defiantly.

"I promise that, Judith; I had a good night's rest on the wreck last night, and so I can very well afford to lose this night's sleep," replied Mr. Rosenthal.

Britomarte objected strongly to Justin's proposed watching; but he succeeded in convincing her that he could watch without inconvenience. And so they all went to the grotto in the thicket.

Justin spread his great coat on the floor to make a bed for Britomarte, and then he bade her good-night and went out and took up his stand as sentinel before her rude bower.

(To be continued.)

## RICE IN ITALY.

MR. SACKVILLE WEST, in his "Commercial Report on Italy for the year 1863," says that rice is more extensively cultivated in Italy than in any other part of Europe, although the date of its introduction is comparatively recent.

Its cultivation, for sanitary reasons, has always been more or less restricted by legislative measures, and the question as to whether it is really pernicious or not to the health of the surrounding populations has ever been, and still is, seriously discussed.

The rice which is grown in Italy must be cultivated under a system of irrigation. There does not appear to be sufficient humidity in the air to admit of the successful cultivation of the species "mountain rice" (*riso di montagna*) which was brought by M. Poivre from Cochinchina to the Mauritius, from whence it was subsequently brought to Europe, where it is proved to have germinated and come to maturity in climates possessing the requisite amount of humidity.

Neither the Greeks nor Romans appear to have cultivated rice, although it is certain they knew of such produce as coming from Asia by the Red Sea to the ports of the Mediterranean. The Arabs are supposed to have cultivated it, and to have introduced it into Egypt, and the southern parts of Europe, with which they came into contact, but nothing is certain as its existence in Europe until its introduction into Spain by the Moors in 1824, although a certain Peter Crescentinus mentions it as growing in the marshy lands about Bologna as early as 1801.

There are legislative enactments extant of Francesco Sforza and Ludovico the Moor, which prove that it was cultivated to a considerable extent in the Milanese in the fifteenth century. In the year 1585, the Spanish Governor of Milan, the Marquis Aymonte, prohibited it as a pestiferous production.

Notwithstanding, however, all efforts to restrict its extension, it continued to spread throughout Italy, especially on the coasts of the Adriatic about Venice and Ancona in the valley of the Po.

In Spain and Portugal sufficient care and attention were not bestowed on its cultivation as to render the crop important.

It was grown to some extent in some parts of France until Cardinal Fleury put a stop to its cultivation, and at the present time it is by no means a profitable speculation. In Italy, however, the contrary is the case, and the crop is most remunerative, but it is a matter of serious consideration for the government to decide the question as to its pernicious effect on the health of the population, and if necessary, to adopt the most judicious measures to prevent the evil consequences consequent on an undue extension of its cultivation near great towns.

REMARKABLE PREDICTIONS.—According to the following German prediction, Napoleon is to lose his throne by death or otherwise in 1869. The prediction is based upon the facts stated below, and numbers of people believe it. The correspondence between him and Louis Philippe is, to say the least, remarkable and striking. Louis Philippe came to the throne in 1830.

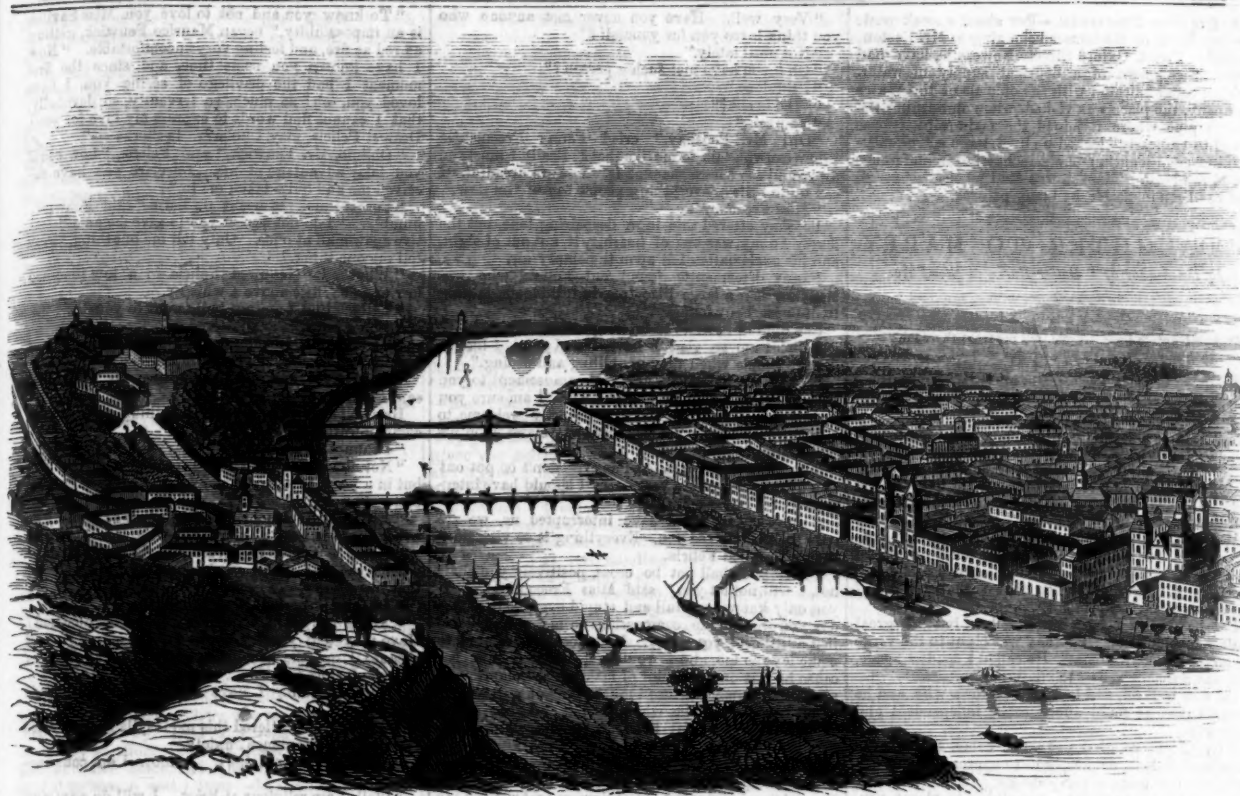
He was born ..... 1773-1-7-7-3-18 & 18 1830-1848  
He was married ..... 1809-1-3-9-18 & 18 1830-1848  
His wife (Amelia) born ..... 1790-1-7-3-2-18 & 18 1830-1848

Everyone knows that he lost his throne in 1848. Louis Napoleon came to the throne in 1852.

He was born ..... 1803-1-3-8-17 & 17 1832-1869  
He was married ..... 1833-1-3-3-17 & 17 1852-1869  
His wife (Eugenie) born ..... 1824-1-3-2-6-17 & 17 1852-1869

In 1869 he will lose the throne





[PESTH, THE CAPITAL OF HUNGARY.]

## PESTH.

In Austrian politics the great embarrassment has always been the Hungarian question, which invariably has stood forth as its prominent difficulty. Hungary has persistently resisted the power of the Austrian Reichsrath, or Parliament, and would not hear of the Empire of Austria, and would only know and recognize her own Diet and her own king. Austrian ministers, on the other hand, have desired to absorb the old Magyar nation into a comprehensive Austrian empire, the entire unity of which was their cherished dream. But Hungary remained unshakable in her resistance; she resolved to have no other tie with the various countries ruled by the House of Hapsburg than the person of the sovereign, which she called the personal union—real union appearing to her a violation of her historical rights and her independence; and the government and emperor have been compelled to yield to this invincible repugnance.

The grand objection of the Hungarians to the proposed imperial parliamentary system for the entire empire is that their kingdom is something essentially different from the Austrian provinces, and only forms part of the same empire by accident, from the fact of the King of Hungary being at the same time Emperor of Austria. According to the order of succession established in Hungary and the German provinces, it is possible that at some future period the king of the one might not be the ruler of the other; but, like Hanover and the English nation, which became separated after a joint existence of one hundred and twenty years, that one branch of the royal house might succeed to the kingdom of Hungary, while another took the hereditary provinces. Moreover, the Hungarian Diet claims privileges incompatible with the idea of being controlled by an imperial parliament, and their objection to that system being in order to bring about the re-establishment of provincial Diets which existed previously to 1848.

It speaks well for the liberal policy (or political wisdom) of the emperor that he has seen fit to yield, but not without a struggle, to the desire of the Hungarian people to have their own sovereign and their own Diet. In his recent journey to the capital of Hungary he was therefore most enthusiastically received. In brief, he has been crowned King of Hungary, and has therefore ceased his oppression and illegal government in that country; he has proved his respect for constitutional restraints by the administration of the rest of his empire; and, lastly, he ap-

proached the Magyars, not to tell them to choose representatives to a new house erected by his Imperial decree, but to ask them, when summoned in the Reichsrath in the regular and ancient form, to accept or modify the new constitution laid before them. This makes a mighty difference, both as to the form he adopts and as to the guarantee he offers. The new constitution does not supersede the Diet, but is the creation of the Diet—it is the handiwork, instead of the destruction, of Hungarian liberty. We now trust that the loyalty of the Hungarians will flow in the old channel, that they will frankly accept an offer made with evident sincerity, and that the long dislocated fabric of the Austrian empire may at last become a living and harmonious whole, strong in the might of numbers and vigorous with the energy of freedom.

One cannot know the destinies of a people well without studying the soil which is the theatre of their actions; for nations, like individuals, have a body which imposes its necessary laws on them, and regulates thereby the use they make of their liberty. It is sufficient to look at a map to see how Austria and Hungary, united by nature, have never been able, without reciprocal danger, to break the tie which joins them to one another. Without Austria, Hungary, isolated from Europe, would have no connection with the West; and without Hungary, Austria loses her action on the East. They are linked together by a geographical hyphen, the Marchfeld, a narrow valley between the Danube and the March, which prevents the last buttress of the Norio Alps from joining with the Carpathians, and thus opens a thoroughfare to the populations of the surrounding countries. It is here that Moravia, Hungary, Bohemia, Styria, and Carinthia, separated by insurmountable mountains, can have fraternal communication with each other; and placed like a sentinel in the middle of the defile, Vienna is the necessary arbiter of their struggles, rivalries, and wants.

The "kingdom of Hungary" comprehends Hungary, Slavonia, and Croatia. The kingdom is bounded on the north by Moravia, Silesia, and Galicia; on the east by Transylvania; on the south by the military frontier separating it from Turkey; and on the west by Illyria, Styria, Lower Austria, and Moravia. The area of the kingdom amounts to 87,812 square miles; the population cannot be so accurately ascertained as in most other countries of Europe, but is probably about 12,000,000.

The kingdom is divided into Hungary Proper, Slavonia, Croatia, and certain privileged districts. Hungary Proper has four divisions, called circles; the circle on this side of the Danube having an area of

22,368 square miles, 26 cities, 176 towns, 2,507 villages, and 93 hamlets. It includes 13 counties and three small districts; one of the principal of these counties is Pesth, having an area of 4,011 square miles, with a chief town of the same name, and Buda, on the opposite side of the Danube, and the capital of the kingdom. We give an illustration of Pesth, where the sittings of the Diet are held.

Pesth contains many fine edifices, among which are a royal palace, a national museum, and a rich university. Pesth has several manufactures of silk, woollen, leather, hats, oil, tobacco, &c., but its great dependence is on that of meerschaum pipe bowls. It is a thriving town, and its growth of late years has been most rapid.

Hungary consists, for the most part, of a vast plain south of the Carpathians, traversed by the Danube and its great arm the Theiss, and is divided into Upper Hungary, which is the east, and Lower Hungary on the west. It abounds with mines, and the soil is in general of great fertility, though marshy towards the rivers. There are uncultivable tracts called pusztas, consisting of deep, naked sand, interspersed with soda lakes, which dry up in summer, and leave the ground encrusted with the mineral. Buda, also called Ofen, or Ofen, in allusion to its hot waters; and Pesth, on the opposite banks of the Danube, connected with it by a suspension bridge, erected by an English engineer, form the capital, and together contain a population of upwards of 180,000. It is the residence of the principal Hungarian nobility, and has churches, convents, and a military hospital. Buda is overlooked by a stern castle, in which the crown of Hungary was long preserved with care, as a monument of the former independence of the country. It was carried off by Kossuth during the late war, but subsequently fell into the hands of the Austrians, and is now at Vienna. Debrecin, eastward of the Theiss, with more than 60,000 inhabitants, has been called the largest village in Europe, on account of its wide, rambling, unpaved streets, scattered one-storied houses, and the total absence of roads in the neighbourhood. During the late insurrection it was for a short time the seat of the national Diet. Kremnitz is noted for gold, Schemnitz for silver mines, and Tokay for its wines. The Banat, a rich agricultural but marshy district, forms the most southern part of the Hungarian plain.

GENERAL BRAUNEGARD, the ex-Confederate commander, writes to contradict a report of his intention to take the command of the Pope's Army.

**A STRANGE DISCOVERY.**—For about a week past, the occupants of the houses belonging to Mr. Easton, Snowden Street, Oxford Street, Newcastle, have had cause to complain of a deficient supply of water. Having communicated with the officials of the Water Company, the place was visited, when on opening the branch pipe where it joined the main pipe, it was found to be nearly blocked up by a large eel, twenty-two inches in length, and six inches in circumference round the head. The fish was dead when discovered, and has been inspected by many persons.

## A DAUGHTER TO MARRY.

By the Author of "Butler Burke at Eton," &c.

### CHAPTER XIV.

*Lucia.*—Now, tell me, Marcella, tell me from thy soul, if thou believeest 'tis possible for woman  
To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?  
*Marcella.*—Oh, Lucia, Lucia, might my big swell'n heart  
Vent all its grief, and give a vent to sorrow,  
Marcella could answer thee in sighs, keep pace  
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.  
*Lucia.*—I know thou'rt doomed alike to be beloved  
By Juba, and thy father's friend, Sempronius.

*Cato.*

FELICIA made herself more agreeable to Mr. Fenwick than she did to her brother or to Messrs. Percival and Pooshay.

With the latter Fanny Freemantle flirted outrageously; but Fanny considered herself privileged to flirt with any number of men, because she had plenty of admirers, and when that is the case, a girl can afford to be independent.

Pooshay was a good-natured fellow, but his great fault was bluntness. Pooshay was blunt to the verge of incivility and rudeness. He called a spade a spade, and was not ashamed of the designation.

He was well off, and looking out for a wife, and he thought that he could afford to be independent and eccentric.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come, Mortimer!" exclaimed Felicia, as her brother approached. "We wanted a few more to complete our game."

"I am glad I have done something to please you, for once in my life," replied Mortimer Saville, rather caustically, casting a side glance at Maurice Fenwick.

"You will play, Mr. Pooshay?" said Felicia.

"No, thanks; I never play at anything," he replied, twirling his moustache.

"Oh, what a model husband you would be," replied Felicia; "the girl who gets you will be quite fortunate."

"So I always say," exclaimed Pooshay, doing violence to his incipient whiskers.

It was finally arranged that Mortimer and Maurice Fenwick should embark in the game, and Maurice, by some species of juggling in which feminine minds are an adept, became the partner of Felicia.

Pooshay adhered to his original determination, and steadfastly refused to play. He paired off with Miss Freemantle, and they walked up and down the square in an unconcerned manner, as if they wished to make those who were watching them believe they were not making love.

"Do you not find yourself very lonely, Mr. Pooshay?" queried Miss Freemantle.

"Well, no. I can't say I am lonely," replied Pooshay; "you see, I've got lots of money, and fellows are always running after me. Some fellow, now, will take me out to dinner, and when we've had a couple of bottles of champagne, he'll say, 'Pooshay, my boy, I know you've a great regard for me, and it's all untrue, because I haven't. I care more about the man's dinner than I do about him; and then he'll ask me to back a bill for a hundred, and when I say no, he'll come down to the loan of a five pound note. No, Miss Freemantle, I'm not lonely, but what I complain of is, I've no one to love me—no one to take any interest in me."

"Perhaps you don't go the right way to work."

"Oh, yes, I do; I have lots of girls after me, Miss Freemantle, because I've got twenty thousand pounds, which brings me in about six hundred a year, and that, with my pay in the Belligerent Office, makes up a decent income. But I have never yet met with any young lady who valued me for myself."

"Never?" said Fanny Freemantle, looking up in his face with, oh! such an ingenuous look.

"Well, I won't say never," replied Pooshay, rather overcome by this amorous demonstration. "But I never have until lately."

"How lately?"

"Oh! come now, that's pushing a fellow too hard," said Pooshay.

"You ought to tell me."

"Well, look here."

"What?"

"You ask me questions and I'll answer you."

"Very well. Have you never met anyone who you think loves you for yourself?"

"Not until lately."

"Oh! you have met such a person?"

"I think so."

"Who is she?"

"Yourself."

"Oh! Mr. Pooshay," cried Fanny Freemantle, "how can you talk to me like that? Really I must run away and see where mamma is. You are dreadful. I can quite believe everything people say of you now."

"Miss Freemantle—"

Pooshay uttered this in a despairing tone, but the lovely Fauny was out of hearing, if not out of sight, and his exclamation fell upon the empty air.

Fanny Freemantle found out Felicia, who was standing near a large lilac tree in full bloom, talking to Maurice Fenwick.

She did not hesitate to interrupt them, saying:

"Oh! I am so glad I have found you. I like to disturb people when they are billing and cooing."

"That may be a more agreeable amusement to you than to others," replied Felicia; "but I am sure you do not interrupt me. You are perfectly welcome to Mr. Fenwick's society if you have any claim upon his good nature."

"My dear child," replied Fauny, "don't be put out at a mere trifle. I am very sorry I should have interrupted you, but—"

"Don't say that you have interrupted us, we are only too glad to see you. Everything is so very slow to-day," replied Felicia.

"Now you shall not be cross, positively you shall not, I will not let you," said Miss Freemantle. "If you only know how dull and stupid everybody is to-day you would take compassion on me and give me just a little of your pity. Mr. Pooshay wanted to make love to me, and I would not listen to him, because he was on the point of making a declaration—now don't frown, because I must give you a catalogue of my griefs. Well, when I left Pooshay, who should I come across but Mr. Fenwick, and he was dreadfully tiresome."

"He really is," interrupted Maurice Fenwick.

"He wanted to talk history to me," continued Fanny, "and compared Lord Somers to Aristides, as if I knew who either of them was; and then he talked about Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights. Fancy! Did you ever know such a thing?"

"Go to Mortimer," said Felicia.

"Oh! I have seen him, and he is as bad as any one."

"What is he doing?"

"Writing verses for that odious Miss Juniper, the biggest flirt in London; I quite abominate her. But I see it is useless for me to talk to you, so I shall run away and go melancholy mad."

So saying, she walked quickly away, and once more tolerated Mr. Pooshay, in the absence of anyone better, murmuring, "After all, it's agreeable to be made love to and told you are pretty."

"I am so glad we are alone again, Miss Saville," said Fenwick; "we have seen so little of one another lately, that it is quite refreshing to have a quiet half-hour's chat."

"Why have you not called upon us?" said Felicia, casting down her eyes before the young man's ardent and impassioned glance.

"For this reason. When I have visited, your mother has not received me as I could wish, and I began to fancy that I was anything but a welcome guest."

Felicia did not raise her eyes from the grass, neither did she speak.

"Your silence, Miss Saville, confirms my suspicions," continued Maurice. "I trust that you do not share your mother's antipathy?"

"Oh, no; believe me I do not," she replied, in an animated tone. "But if I must tell the truth, mamma does not like you, and I would have you be on your guard."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the young man, in surprise. "You astonish me. May I ask the cause of so much inveterate hatred?"

Felicia could not reply to this query. She left him to solve the enigma for himself.

"I have had something on my mind for a long time, Miss Saville," Maurice Fenwick went on. "May I confess to you? Will you hear my confession, and be kind enough not to think me unparadoxically presumptuous?"

"Yes," she replied, timidly.

"You will? Thanks for that. Your goodness makes me courageous."

"If you have to confess anything very bad, I must not listen to you," said Felicia, with a shy glance.

"Is it very bad?"

"That depends entirely upon the construction you place upon it. I would rather you should hear the confession; it is very simple," he said, with a pleading look.

"You ask so prettily that I can refuse no longer," said Felicia, with a crimson blush.

"To know you and not to love you, Miss Saville, is an impossibility," began Maurice Fenwick, getting as red as fire, and feeling very uncomfortable. "Now I have known you some time, and since the first moment I had the privilege of seeing you, I have loved you, oh! so much, so fervently, so devotedly, that I cannot find words to express my love for you! Dearest Felicia, may I hope? Is there—"

"Oh! no, Mr. Fenwick," said Felicia, "how could you take advantage of me. I declare you have deceived me and quite taken me in."

"Forgive me. I meant no harm," said Fenwick, humbly. "I do not expect you to give me an affirmative answer all at once. Only tell me something. Pray tell me one thing."

"What is it?" inquired Felicia in a low tone—so low as to be little above a whisper.

"Tell me that I am not indifferent to you."

"You are not," she answered.

"Oh! thanks, thanks—a million thanks for that welcome assurance," he cried, rapturously.

"But I must tell you another thing, Mr. Fenwick," said Felicia, gravely.

He also looked grave, but said nothing, awaiting her communication.

"I cannot marry you."

"Not now. I—I did not expect that you would, but in a year or two's time, when I get on and am better off."

"No, I must not hold out false hopes to you. I do not know that I can ever be your wife, Mr. Fenwick."

"Never? Oh, do not crush me, do not quite overwhelm me. It seems so dreadful to hear you say that."

"I have my reasons."

"Am I not good enough to be your husband? Have they told you all about my parentage? Is it because I am the son of a country apothecary or village chemist?"

"Oh! not at all. I have none of that silly pride about me."

"What?" He uttered this monosyllable in a voice full of the most intense anxiety.

"I am, I hope, religious. I know I am conscientious."

"Well, I am religious at heart. I will do anything and be anything to gain your love and your hand."

"It is not that. The fact is I have a history, my family has a history, and perhaps—perhaps—"

Here she broke off abruptly. There was a pause, at the expiration of which she added: "Mr. Fenwick I am speaking to you in the strictest confidence?"

"Oh yes."

"And I trust to your honour as a gentleman that not one word I utter shall go any further?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, I was going to say that perhaps if you were acquainted with that history—that is to say, with our antecedents—you would not care about marrying me."

"Believe me, you are mistaken," said Maurice Fenwick, looking puzzled. "As you have given me your confidence thus far, continue to do so. Let me hear what the antecedents you speak of are, and then let me give you my assurance that they will have no weight or influence whatever with me."

"No, I cannot do that. The secret, if secret it may be called, is not altogether mine, and I cannot tell you more than I have already revealed. You must be satisfied with hints. I will never put it in any man's power to say to me, 'You deceived me,' or 'You obtained a husband under false pretences. Had I known so and so, I would not have made you my wife.' The day may come when I shall have more liberty to act, but until that period of freedom of action arrives, I am condemned to silence which I may not break."

"Still you love me? You said that did you not?" exclaimed Maurice Fenwick, clinging with desperate energy to a straw.

"I say it now," she replied, allowing her hand to slip into his.

"That is a gleam of sunshine," he murmured, pressing her delicate hand gently.

"We must look our love up in our hearts," she continued. "No one must suspect our attachment. When we meet it must be as friends. You understand me, Maurice. Even if the effort break our hearts, we must persevere. I ask this offer as the first sacrifice of your love. If you repent having made the declaration to which I have just listened, pray let me know, and I will at once absolve you. All shall be forgotten, as if it had never happened."

"No, no!" he said, half suffocating with grief, and afraid to trust himself to say any more, lest the effort should shake him, and cost him his life.

"Give me a corner of your heart," said Felicia, "and make me a little shrine there until the clouds which obscure our affection blow over, and the sun shines full once more. And now go; please leave me—I wish to be alone, my emotion is so—"

She broke down, unable to say more. Maurice



Fenwick raised her hand to his lips, kissed it with the fervid devotion of a fanatic, and walked slowly away.

He had not gone far before Poshay came up to him, saying:

"Have you change for half-a-sovereign? We were playing croquet just now, and I struck the ball rather hard, and sent it flying through the railings. There are a lot of boys trying to look on, and it hit a couple of them, and now they're crying. I must give them something to quiet them."

In the evening, Mrs. Sandford Saville ordered her carriage, saying that she was going to a conversation. Her husband said nothing to her, for he generally allowed her to do as she liked. In point of fact, she never so much as asked his permission or thought of consulting him.

She told the coachman to drive to Upper Wimpole Street, Devonshire Place; but after going some little way, she pulled the check-string, saying:

"I have changed my mind. Go to Alphonse Pastille's, the perfumer, in Soho Square."

The man touched his hat, and the carriage rolled off in another direction.

## CHAPTER XV.

For that kind word

Then let me fall thus humbly to the earth,  
Weep on your feet, and bless you for this goodness.  
The Fair Penitent.

MR. SANDFORD SAVILLE spoke to Mr. Morley, the head cashier, and Mr. Morley spoke to somebody else, as soon as Francis Barclay was seen to enter the bank. Then Mr. Morley beckoned to detectives Barr and Bannister, and those worthies stealthily followed the young man, who had gone into the manager's room to report to that functionary about some little matter of business which had lately engaged his attention.

Barclay was surrounded as by the sinuous folds of a gigantic anaconda. There was no escape for him. Mrs. Posh, that hysterical and weak-minded female, having by an effort of will dismissed the idea that her last hour had come, had suffered herself to be persuaded to take a seat, upon which she sat with a doleful visage, as if she fully expected to be carried off to prison, there to pass the remnant of a blighted and miserable existence.

With a preliminary "hem!" in order to clear his throat and ease his conscience, Mr. Sandford Saville proceeded to address Barclay, upon whom, owing to Mrs. Posh's revelation, suspicion had fallen.

"You are late this morning, Barclay."

"Yes, sir. I was up till a late hour last night."

"Now I must caution you against making incautious replies to any questions I may put to you, Barclay."

"Caution me, sir!" cried the clerk, as his countenance fell.

"Yes. You are in the presence of two police-officers, who are no doubt making notes of every word that falls from your lips, and any incautions admission, I am bound in candour and frankness to say, will be used in evidence against you."

"Police-officers!—incautions admission!—used in evidence against me!" repeated Francis Barclay, turning the colour of ashes, and looking as intensely surprised as if he had seen the ghost of a friend. "What do you mean, sir?—what do you mean?"

"Why, just this. I think I may as well tell him, Mr. Morley?"

"You will use your own discretion, sir," returned the cashier, who was looking very grave, as became the solemnity of the occasion.

"Well, yes. He must know it, sooner or later, and it had better come from me than from the officers of justice. The fact is, Barclay, the bank was broken into last night, and a considerable amount of property stolen from the iron safe. The—"

"The bank robbed!" cried Barclay. "Broken into! Oh! my God, and I was here!"

This crushing revelation seemed to overwhelm him entirely. The fact that the bank had been robbed did not disturb him as much as the reflection that he had visited the bank late at night. Everything flashed upon him in an instant. He saw the inevitable construction that would be placed upon his conduct by every one. The bank had been robbed. He went to the bank on the night of the robbery, giving a suspicious excuse to the housekeeper, and, of course, was either the guilty party or a confederate of a daring gang of burglars.

Unhappily for him, burglaries in the City had been very numerous of late. Several of the richest jewellers had had their shops broken into and pilfered. The state of affairs was considered alarming in the extreme. The police were looked upon as next to useless, and everybody was wishing for and looking forward to the capture of the horde of robbers, who were the terror of merchants and tradesmen.

Mrs. Posh thought that the time had arrived

when it was incumbent upon her in self defence to say something to clear her character, so standing up, she said, in a deeply tragic voice:

"Oh, Mr. Barclay, sir, don't go for to deny it all, and get a poor lone widdy woman into trouble. Up like a man, sir, and say as how you done it, and you hopes the court will have mercy upon you on account of your youth."

"Sit down, my good woman, sit down," said Mr. Sandford Saville. "I cannot allow the proceedings to be interrupted by your noisy and purposeless demonstrations."

Mrs. Posh resumed her seat with an elaborate bow, which was intended as an indication of humility, but which breathed defiance and insubordination.

"Take a chair, Barclay," said Mr. Saville, as the young man staggered tottering towards the mantelpiece and leant his arm upon it, placing his drooping head upon his coat sleeve.

"No, thank you, I would rather stand," was the faint reply.

"You know, Barclay, that I have always taken the—the I may say the deepest interest in you," continued Mr. Saville. "I have looked upon you as a very promising and industrious young man. I have given you encouragement to the best of my ability, and it grieves me beyond the power of expression to find you in the very unpleasant dilemma in which you now are. I suppose you do not intend to deny that you were here last night?"

"No, sir," said Barclay, raising his head and looking at those who were standing round with a fearless countenance and a flashing eye; "I admit most fully that I was here for some time last night, but I deny in the most forcible, emphatic, and indignant manner that I was here with any felonious intention."

"That," said Mr. Sandford Saville, "is a matter to be decided by the magistrates, and I am afraid, subsequently, by a jury. But I will say this before you all," he added, turning to the on-lookers; "I will say this, that I do not believe Mr. Barclay is guilty of the crime with which he will soon stand charged—I don't think for a moment that he is guilty, although appearances, it must be admitted, are dead against him. At present the evidence is more circumstantial than direct, and I declare unhesitatingly that I will, with the utmost pleasure, put in bail to any amount for him."

A slight murmur of applause was heard at the end of this speech, for Barclay was a good fellow, and a favourite with those amongst whom it was his daily lot to associate.

The effect of these words upon Barclay was extraordinary. He sprang forward and caught Mr. Saville by the hand, wringing it heartily, and showing the most violent symptoms of extreme gratitude.

"God bless you for that!" he exclaimed. "Perhaps I shall some day have an opportunity of showing my gratitude to you for your great kindness. It is one consolation to know that you do not believe me guilty; and I declare, as heaven hears me, that I am as innocent of this crime as—as"—he wanted a simile and said—"as you are."

Mr. Bannister, the detective, approached and said: "I think, sir, the time has arrived for us to go to the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor will be taking his seat soon, and when the night charges are disposed of we shall come on. I think you said you were prepared to give this young gentleman in charge for robbing the bank?"

"On suspicion, constable."

"It's the same thing, sir, till it's proved. I shall want you, sir, as manager, the cashier, the house-keeper, and the clerk who shut up the safe last night before leaving the bank."

"That was me," said Mr. Eastlake.

"Very well, sir. Then I will trouble you to join in the procession."

Bannister made a sign to Barr, who approached Barclay, and produced a pair of handcuffs.

"Hold out your hands!" he said, in a rough tone.

"Oh, no! Do not put those on. I am not guilty; besides, it is unnecessary. I will go quietly enough. If I were a violent character, and you apprehended personal violence at my hands, it would be another thing. Do not handcuff me, I will go quietly enough."

"It's our rule. Besides, it's safer. Who knows, you might see a chance and bolt, and then the public would say, 'Well, I never, what was Barr and Bannister about? That ain't the way they does business usually.'"

"Mr. Saville, speak for me to these men, will you?" appealed Barclay, in a pleading tone.

"Really, Mr. Barr, I think you are exceeding your duty in taking such extraordinary precautions," said Mr. Sandford Saville.

The phrase "exceeding your duty" did not appear at all palatable to Barr, for he said:

"I'm the best judge, sir, of what my duty is, and

what is an ordinary and what an extraordinary precaution. Do you give this young man in charge or not?"

"It is my painful duty, in obedience to the facts before me, to do so; though I sincerely hope—"

"Never mind what you hopes. He's give in charge, and I shall put the bracelets on."

A shudder convulsed Barclay's frame as the cold steel touched his naked flesh. He wore one of those large overcoats known as an Inverness cape, and he thrust his manacled hands beneath its folds as if anxious to hide his disgrace.

Mr. Saville also seemed perturbed at this stern behaviour of the police, for he sat down as if unable to stand up, and his legs trembled as if the weight of his body was too much for them to support. Those who noticed him put it down to a natural dislike to see a young man's career blighted in its outset. They took it to be an indication of goodness of heart, and gave him credit for possessing more sensibility than had cropped up to the surface before.

"He can't be such a bad fellow if he feels like that," muttered Mr. Morley.

The messenger was sent for two cabs, for although the distance was short, Mr. Saville did not wish to be observed and spoken to by his friends as he went through the streets to the Mansion House.

When the party arrived at that palatial residence, they proceeded at once to the inspector's office, and the charge against Francis Barclay was entered upon the charge-sheet and subsequently on the books of the establishment.

A couple of drunken women, sent to gaol for a fortnight, were dragged, howling and screaming, into the cells, and Francis Barclay's flesh crept as he thought he should have to herd with such as they were.

"God help me," murmured the poor fellow, "I have little to expect from man, therefore I will hope the more for aid from heaven."

At twelve o'clock the business of the court was nearly over, the night charges had been got rid of, the summonses granted, and Barclay was arraigned at the bar, or, more correctly, placed in the dock, charged with having committed a burglary on the premises of the Royal Bubble Bank, situated in Old Broad Street. Mr. Eastlake was the first witness examined. He proved leaving the bank at a certain hour, placing so much bullion in the safe, and so much money in notes. He stated that the dogs were well and healthy, and that all the usual precautions were taken.

Mrs. Posh succeeded the last witness, and she said that Mr. Francis Barclay, whom she knew well as being one of the clerks in the bank, had called at the private door in the court at a late hour, and demanded admittance, as he had left some shorthand notes in his coat pocket. She gave him permission to go into the counting-house, thinking no harm, and he stopped there some time. When he went away he called her down to lock the door after him, and she went upstairs again to her friend, and knew nothing about the robbery till the morning, when she saw the dogs dead.

The magistrate kindly suggested that a remand would probably enable the accused to produce witnesses and fortify his defence.

In reply to this, Barclay vehemently declared his innocence, stated that he could say no more if the case were remanded for a month, and asked that he should either be discharged or that the case should be sent for trial.

As he said this, a card was put in his hand by one of the officers of the court. On it was written:

"Mr. Candlemass, solicitor—Fee, two guineas."

"What is this?" said Barclay to the officer.

"Hand him the money, sir, and he'll speak up for you, sir."

"Oh—I see! You mean he will conduct my case!"

"That's it."

Barclay felt in his pocket and produced two pounds and two shillings.

"Here you are," he said. "Give Mr. Candlemass the money."

The magistrate was busily engaged in looking over some papers which the clerk had placed before him. They were the dispositions in the case. When he looked up, and it was possible to catch his eye, a little stout man with a florid face and iron-grey hair jumped up in the body of the court, and said, in a clear, business-like voice, the tones of which were heard in every corner of the large room:

"My lord, I appear for the accused, and I respectfully submit that the evidence against him is so slight as not even to justify a remand. I call upon your lordship to discharge him."

"That is simply impossible. I will grant a remand, if you wish it," said the Lord Mayor.

"We have no objection to a remand, my lord, provided the question of bail—"

"I am ready to put in bail for any amount," exclaimed Mr. Saville.

"And I," cried a voice in the crowd.

Every one turned round to see who the speaker was. The voice was so deep and so sonorous, possessing such a powerful cadence, that it went direct to the susceptibilities of the hearer. Mr. Saville caught sight of a tall man with dark hair, bushy whiskers, and a long beard of the same colour. The countenance was striking, the nose aquiline, the mouth well cut, the lips full and determined, the forehead high and massive. Barclay saw him, too, but neither the clerk nor the manager ever remembered having seen him before.

"In the event of my accepting bail for the prisoner," said the Lord Mayor, "I should require two sureties of a thousand pounds each, and the prisoner himself in fifteen hundred; but on consideration, I am inclined to remand the case for a week."

"Will you accept bail in the mean time?" said Mr. Candlemass.

"No."

"My lord?"

"I cannot hear you now. The prisoner stands remanded."

The witnesses were bound over and left the court, while Francis Barclay was taken below to the cells. As he passed, the stranger who had offered to put in bail for his re-appearance, said:

"Keep up your spirits, you have friends in a quarter you do not dream of."

Barclay looked up to thank this unknown benefactor, but when he did so he was gone; he could only see his tall form retreating and vanishing in the distance.

He was locked up in the cells and left to his own reflections until four o'clock, when he was bundled into a police van, and carried off to a house of detention, where he languished on bread and water for a week. On his re-appearance he was fully committed for trial, but as the Old Bailey sessions were then nearly over, he had the disagreeable prospect of languishing in prison for nearly two months. His only comfort was the consciousness of possessing an innocent mind, and a firm hope that he would finally be delivered from the toils into which he had been entrapped. His wife visited him whenever opportunity permitted, and he waited with impatience for the day of trial to arrive.

(To be continued.)

**THIEVES AT A COURT DINNER.**—The Grand Marshal of the Court of Berlin has given notice to the police that on the occasion of the State dinner given at the Court in honour of the Princess Alexandra's marriage, some ill-advised persons stole several pieces of plate, and in particular two silver dishes, ten large spoons, and five forks of the same metal, with a dozen spoons and forks in plated ware, without doubt supposed to be silver.

**A CHINESE COSMETIC.**—Jaundice continues to be very prevalent among the Pekingese, but one case only has occurred amongst the foreign community. I ascertained a mode of treatment they adopt for restoring the colour of the skin. It consists of smearing the pit of the stomach with a paste made of flour and water. A sheet of strong brown paper, on which some melted wax has been poured, so as to give it a curdaceous coating, is then taken and rolled up in a tubular form. The patient lies down before a fire and applies one end of the tube to the part of the stomach where the paste has been smeared; the other end is held as near as possible to the fire, and kept there until the paper gets too hot to be retained longer. The wax is then examined, and is generally found to have become yellow like the skin. This operation is completed until the whole of the bilious pigment has been extracted from the skin. My informant spoke confidently with reference to the efficacy of this curious mechanical cosmetic.—*Rennie's Peking and the Pekingese.*

**FLIGHT OF TIME.**—He that is carried forward, however swiftly, by a motion equable and easy, perceives not the change of place but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus silently along, passed on through undistinguishable uniformity, we should never mark its approaches to the end of the course. If one hour were like another; if the passage of the sun did not show that the day is wasting; if the change of seasons did not impress upon us the flight of the year; quantities of duration equal to days and years would glide unobserved. If the parts of time were not variously coloured, we should never discern their departure or succession, but should live thoughtless of the past and careless of the future, without will, and perhaps without power, to compute the periods of life, and to compare the time which is already lost with that which probably remains. Yet it is certain that the admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many who mark with accuracy the course of time, appear to have little sen-

sibility of the decline of life. Every man has something to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat. From this inattention, so general and so mischievous, let it be every man's study to exempt himself. Let him that desires to see others happy, make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember that every moment of delay takes something from the value of his benefaction; and let him who purposes his own happiness reflect, that while he forms his purpose, the day rolls on, and "the night cometh when no man can work."

## WATAWA.

### CHAPTER IX.

THE words of the Indian, his pre-occupied manner, his self-confidence, and his lawless admiration of the maiden—everything in his declarations and manners—inspired her with a terrible fear.

"Our steps will be hidden?" she repeated, sinking into a chair.

"The White Fawn shall see."

He proceeded to the bed-room, throwing the door wide open, and waving his hand toward the corpse he had brought with him.

Bessie uttered a cry of surprise and horror, for her first impression was that she beheld the body of Jenny Hale, and that she had been killed or drugged by the remorseless savage. The face was turned from her, and the outlines of the stiff figure, cast in the mould of youth and beauty, very nearly agreed with those of Jenny; but a glance at the dark tresses of the dead maiden showed the frightened observer that she beheld a daughter of Scalp-Robe's own people.

"She's dead!" she murmured, hardly conscious of speaking.

"Waugh! the White Fawn speaks truly!" answered the savage, with an increased preoccupation of manner, as his glances alternated between the dead and the living. "It is but a piece of earth that we look upon—the shell of a tortoise, the skin of a snake, the empty body of a sweet spirit!"

"She died?" murmured Bessie. "You did not kill her?"

"Waugh! she died! The silent hand took her suddenly. A quarter moon only she wasted. Her people knew only that her eyes were bright with fever ere they were dimmed for ever. It is a day which dawns upon all living!"

"And why is she here? Why have you brought her to our cabin?"

"The White Fawn cannot read the mystery. Only the Great Eagle knows it!"

He entered the bed-room, lifted the body in his arms, and brought it into the main apartment, placing it in front of the fire, which he quietly replenished with fuel.

At this strange demonstration, Bessie was filled with excitement and wonder. She even ceased to weep, a sort of horrible curiosity taking possession of her as she arose and advanced a few steps, contemplating the face and form before her.

"She is young?" she murmured, involuntarily.

"About the age of the White Fawn," replied Scalp-Robe, grimly, as he rubbed his hands joyfully together.

The characteristics of the dead Indian girl rendered the mystery of her presence profoundly startling and exciting, and Bessie recoiled to the lounge she had occupied at the moment of discovering the intruder's presence.

"Some horrid plot is behind this strange conduct!" she murmured, struggling with her terrors. "What is it that the Great Chief is doing?"

"The White Fawn shall be answered," he responded.

"The secret will soon be known to her."

While she stared in silence at him he made another visit to her bed-room, and came back with one of her gowns and a liberal supply of her clothing.

"The flower of the pale-faces will give them to her dead sister?" he asked, holding them up before her. "The White Fawn does not comprehend the Great Eagle's purpose."

He then mounted a chair, as Bessie had done before him, and surveyed through the little window the shores and waters in the vicinity of the cabin.

"All is well," he said, as a deep glow mantled his inflamed visage. "No one is near!"

He seized a flaming brand from the fire, and his intention of setting fire to the strange sacrifice he had prepared was so apparent, that Bessie, horrified and screaming, again started to her feet, and sprang to his side, seizing his hand.

"Heavens! what would you do?" she cried. "What madness has seized you? Why such a cruel outrage to the dead?"

The savage waved her off with an impatient gesture,

and with a stern menace, as he set fire in several places to the garments in which he had wrapped the dead maiden.

"Peace! peace!" he commanded, with another stern menace, as Bessie shrieked with horror and terror. "So is so much cold earth. She feels nothing—suffers nothing!"

He pushed her away from him, and she tottered back to her seat, while the room appeared to reel around her.

Speechless with the horrible wonder that came over her, she stared fixedly at what followed.

The progress of the flames was at first slow, owing to the compactness of the garments, and they were nearly hidden by volumes of dense smoke, but they caught some ends and edges to work upon, and ere long the whole exterior of the devoted body was a mass of fire.

Securing a stick of wood from the chimney corner, and shading his face from the burning mass, the Indian moved the body towards the centre of the room, then towards outside of it, next to the outer door and back, and finally pushed it back to the hearth, turning it over and over occasionally, so that the fire would have free access to every fibre of the garments.

As can be readily foreseen, the result of these proceedings was to give to the room precisely the aspect it would have had if the clothes of a living woman had caught fire, and she had rushed frantically around the apartment.

Fragments of the burning materials dropped here and there, some of them burned to a cinder, and the fire in others of them becoming extinguished, so that the whole room was strewn with these apparent evidences of a horrible catastrophe.

And the roaring of the flames, the seething of the flesh as the fire reached it, and the smoke that filled the apartment, to say nothing of the odour that arose from the strange sacrifice, all was terrible!

And well in keeping with the terrible scene was the fixed gaze and preoccupied manner of the Indian, his stern satisfaction, his dogged triumph, the care he displayed in his terrible task, and the suppressed gloom with which he acquitted himself of it.

Staring wildly at the dreadful scene before her, and with all her senses seized by a paralyzing horror, Bessie sat like one forsaken of her senses.

She could not move or speak.

A fit of shuddering, a struggle with herself, and the mist seemed to clear away from Bessie's vision.

Her eyes rested upon the large family bible, which lay on a stand at the foot of the lounge; and upon a small blank book, with a pencil stuck in it, in which her father kept his simple accounts.

While the savage watched, with a fixed and calculating gaze, the flames playing over the garments and person of the dead maiden, Bessie secured the pencil, drew the bible towards her and opened it, and commenced writing on one of its broad margins.

She trembled like a leaf as she did so.

She presumed that the savage did not know anything about writing, but she feared that he would detect what she was doing, and that his natural guardedness and suspicion would lead him to destroy the communication she was making.

Occupied, however, with his terrible work, the Indian did not mark her proceedings.

Bessie wrote, therefore, a few lines, in a rapid but intelligible hand, and then closed the bible, leaving it away from its accustomed place, and retaining the pencil, with a view to provoking the attention of her brother or any friend who might come to the cabin.

At length the horrible process undertaken by the savage was finished.

Bessie's brain again reeled, as glancing from the bible, her eyes again surveyed the terrible spectacle the hearth and the whole floor of the cabin presented.

She saw that the floor had nowhere taken fire, so far as she could see in the smoke, and that the flames kindled by the savage, having little more to feed upon, were nearly extinct.

With a long-drawn breath of relief—for it was a relief to feel that the dreadful deed was over—she arose to her feet, shuddering, wondering, struggling with the thoughts the terrible scene had caused her.

The savage arose to his feet at the same moment, with a stolid exclamation of satisfaction.

"The White Fawn need not be shocked. The task is finished."

With a hasty step or two, he approached Bessie, and producing the key of the outer door, said:

"All is ready for our departure. We will go."

A scream that was almost maniacal in its depth and intensity burst from the pallid lips of Bessie Lincoln at that moment.

A terrible vision seemed to have passed before her—a horrible perception to have dawned upon her.

Perhaps she was beside herself—her hope exhausted.



her self-possession broken down, her every sense and feeling under the domination of the wildest terror.

Be that as it may, she suddenly caught a pitcher from the table, and shivered it into fragments against the face of the savage.

Ere he recovered from his astonishment, she bounded across the room to the outer door, and from thence to her bed-room, uttering several wild screams in succession.

Flushed, howling in his native tongue, and with the spirit of a demon blazing on his bleeding visage, the Indian followed her, clutching at her, striking at her, as much beside himself with rage as she was with terror.

Ere he returned to the main apartment, and flew to the stairs leading to the chamber, which she partially ascended, but he followed closely after her, and seized her by one of her feet, drawing her down.

Turning upon him even as she descended, with the fury of a tigress, she tore her nails into his eyes and face, bit the hand that held her, and wrenched herself from his grasp, again fleeing, again screaming.

Oh! it was terrible! the heroism of the poor girl's efforts to escape the doom by which she was menaced.

Raving, with burning eyes, half-blinded, the savage again pursued her, mingling ejaculations of astonishment with execrations of rage.

Round and round the room they went, now here, now there, half hidden by the smoke, the maiden now hurling a chair at her pursuer, the savage now clutching at her dishevelled hair; he frequently seizing her, and she as often breaking away from him, both panting with their exertions, and dishes, stools, and other articles rattling in wild disorder around them.

At length, clearing the table at a bound, Bessie gained the corner of the room, raised the trap leading to the cellar, and hurled herself headlong downwards, regardless of the stairs and the hard cellar bottom beneath her.

As quick as she had been in executing this movement, she had not been quick enough to avoid her pursuer, now lashed by his rage to a fury.

Heated and maddened, and glowering like a fiend, he overtook her in time to seize her by her clothes in a vice-like grip, even as she was passing through the trap, and dragged her back to the floor, at the same time closing the opening.

The maiden had expended all her strength in these efforts, and their final failure naturally brought a reaction of feeling that was too much for her.

She fainted.

Learning the fact from the manner in which she hung a dead weight upon his arm, the savage laid her on the lounge.

"Good!" he muttered.

He hastened to do away with a portion of the signs of disorder presented by the apartment, placing the chairs against the wall, and gathering some of the objects that had been thrown around the room during the wild struggle.

He was especially careful to make the cabin safe against fire, picking up some fragments of the burning garments, and pushing the fire in the fireplace well away from the hearth.

In a moment he had disposed everything to his liking, and again mounted a chair, to survey the scene around the cabin, including the surface of the river.

"All very good," he muttered, assured that no one was within sight or hearing. "We go!"

He secured his rifle, gathered the insensible form of Bessie under his left arm, as readily as if she had been a child, and proceeded to open the door of the cabin. Passing out he closed and locked the door, threw the key through the nearest window, and hugged his burden closer to his wicked heart, as he bounded toward the upper end of the island.

At this moment the sun was setting.

Heavy patches of shadows were lying here and there on the ground, and they even covered the whole cabin, for the sun had descended behind the trees which bounded the western horizon, and its rays were more or less intercepted.

Thomas Lincoln was not yet in sight on his return from his visit to Jenny.

Neither was the scout in the vicinity, for, as will be remembered, he was at that very moment two or three miles away, taking his leave of Robert Hale, as recorded.

Gaining the rocks and bushes where he had left his canoe, Scalp-Robe looked searchingly around on every hand and listened.

The only form he saw was Bessie's; the only sounds that reached him were her means of returning consciousness.

Launching his canoe, he laid the maiden in one end of it, and sprinkled her face freely with water.

Ere long she opened her eyes, becoming conscious, and her glances encountered those of the savage.

"Let the White Fawn know the heart of the Great Eagle!" he said, sternly.

"Speak!" she murmured.

Producing a piece of wood, which he had evidently provided beforehand to use as a gag, the Indian informed her that she was in his power, and that she must go away with him—that she could go either in bonds or unbound, as she might choose—that he would allow her her voice and her freedom of action if she would remain quiet, but that he would gag and bind her to the spot if she did not promise to remain quiet and silent.

Under these circumstances Bessie resolved to accept the least of two inevitable evils, and accordingly told him that she recognized her state of captivity and helplessness, and that she would remain both quiet and silent.

"The White Fawn has well chosen," was Scalp-Robe's grim comment, as he spread a skin in the bottom of his canoe for her. "The Great Eagle would not look back at the new squaw he has chosen. He would have nothing but smiles and good words for her."

He bathed his face and hands again, scanned the scene around him, pushed off the canoe, seized his oars, and rode swiftly away in the direction from which he had come to the island.

#### CHAPTER X.

THE strange savage who had seized Bessie Lincoln continued to row swiftly and silently up the river, looking around with watchful glances, and keeping in the shade of the trees and bushes overhanging the water.

These latter movements did not seem to be occasioned by anxiety, and much less by fear, but to result from his habitual caution and prudence.

The silence round the couple was that of a great wilderness—a silence broken only by the paddle, the occasional cry of a bird, the sighing of the wind, the fall of a dead branch, or the rustling of leaves under the feet of a frightened rabbit.

The shadows of evening deepened around the canoe, and ere long they shut out the island from Bessie's view, when a bend in the river seemed to further shut her out from the home from which she had been so cruelly riven.

Thus being carried into the wilderness, with a murderous savage her sole companion, and with the shades of night gathering around her, it was natural for the captive to realize her forlorn situation, and to ask herself questions that severely tested her courage.

What had happened to her father? Should she ever again see her brother and Jenny? And to what sort of a place or doom was she going?

She recalled horrible reminiscences of white girls who had been carried off by the savages, and never been found or rescued, but who had dragged out wretched years of captivity in the lodges of their captors, and finally gone to their graves broken-hearted.

Perhaps her fate would be similar.

Not if her feeble energies could avail, however, for she summoned all her energies to her aid, and commenced tearing a handkerchief into strips, with the intention of scattering them upon the bushes beside her route.

Favoured by the increasing darkness, the brave girl prepared a whole handful of these signals, and nerved herself to scatter them at the first opportunities that might offer.

A full hour was occupied by this voyage up the river, notwithstanding the vigour and perseverance with which the savage toiled at his oars, or paddles, for the current was strong and the distance considerable, as has been noted.

The hoarse voice of Scalp-Robe at length interrupted the maiden's musings.

"The White Fawn hears nothing?" he said.

She looked earnestly around into the dull night, but all was grimly silent.

"Nothing!" she then answered.

"That is because her ears are not wise," continued the savage. "The ears of the Great Eagle tell him that we are near the cataract."

Informed of its nearness, the captive soon distinguished the roar of the torrent, which grew louder with every stroke of the Indian's paddles.

In a few minutes the canoe reached the mouth of the mountain stream from which Scalp-Robe had set out on his expedition. By this time the darkness of night had fully set in, particularly in the forests, and among the mountains.

Landing at the foot of the torrent, the Indian assisted the maiden ashore, and drew the canoe out of the water.

"The daughter of the pale-faces knows where she is?" said Scalp-Robe.

"Yes. My father and I have often ascended the river, and of course, I have noticed the hills and the torrent."

The Indian scowled and looked thoughtful.

Bessie improved the pause by putting several strips

of her handkerchief upon the bushes near her, taking care not to be detected by her captor.

She knew that Scalp-Robe had lately haunted that vicinity, and she doubted not that a search for her, should one be made, would be commenced at that point.

"Where are we going?" she asked, appalled at the solitude around her. "The people of the Great Eagle do not live here."

"No. The White Fawn will not see the people of the Great Eagle at present."

"And why not?"

"Because the Great Eagle is not ready to take her to them."

What could he mean? The maiden's heart quickened its beatings.

She felt that it would be a protection and a relief to have his people around her, and she intimated as much to him.

He smiled grimly, regarding her with a look of burning admiration.

"For a time the Great Eagle will keep the White Fawn all to himself," he declared. "Her people must not know where to look for her. The moon must not see her, neither the sun; and neither the squaws of the Great Eagle's people. The Son of the Cataract must alone feast his eyes on her beauty. She must be to all others as one whom the earth has swallowed."

A tremor of fear shook the hearer.

"The wigwam of the Great Eagle is not here?" she murmured.

"No. This is merely the way to it. The canoe cannot ascend the torrent, and we must go a-lar over the rocks and through the bushes."

"The wigwam, then, is above the torrent?"

"Waugh! the new squaw of the Great Eagle speaks like a wise woman. She is going above the torrent."

As he spoke he took the maiden by the arm, shouldered his canoe, and ascended the rocks beside the mountain stream, climbing higher and higher, until he reached the top of the gorge where he was first introduced to our notice. As the couple advanced, Bessie continued, from time to time, to hang the fragments of her handkerchief upon the bushes.

Above the rapids, the Indian again launched the canoe, and requested his captive to place herself in it, which she did, murmuring:

"This, then, is not the end of our journey?"

"No—there, at the base of the hill."

He waved his hand towards the group of hills towering above them, in the direction in which they had been proceeding.

No sign of any living thing was seen by Bessie, no hope of flight or of rescue came to her. In darkness, the very silence of the wilderness became oppressive.

"It is not far?" she faltered.

"No," replied the savage. "A squaw of our people would carry a deer the whole distance."

He seated himself in the canoe, and commenced paddling toward the hills. The stream was very wide, but its waters were smooth, and wound gracefully under the trees, now passing under the shadows of overhanging cliffs and ledges, and now winding through open plains and lowlands. At length the savage turned into a branch which approached the abrupt face of one of the hills at which he had pointed, and the maiden saw a spot of intense blackness directly ahead of her.

She remarked the fact to her companion, and her voice sounded hollow and strange, echoing and re-echoing under the weighty cliffs.

"Does not the White Fawn know what the black spot is?" asked the Indian.

"No—no!"

"It is an opening into the hill—a great cave."

Even as he spoke, the boat glided into the mouth of one of those immense limestone caves, for which Kentucky is remarkable.

"What a terrible place!" murmured Bessie, with a shudder, as the cool air of the cavern struck her.

"The White Fawn shall see it by torch-light," was the reply. "She will then call it pretty."

He ceased rowing, and fumbled in the end of the canoe, and Bessie knew that he was endeavouring to strike a light.

After a few fruitless efforts, the savage succeeded in lighting a resinous splinter of wood of large dimensions, and a red light was soon shed around them.

"The daughter of the white chief has never been here?" said Scalp-Robe.

"No, but I have heard my father speak of the place, I suppose, if it be the only cave in this vicinity. It is called the Limestone Cave."

"The White Fawn has spoken truly," said the savage. "It is here that the Great Eagle has his wigwam."

"Here?"

And the maiden again shuddered.

"Yes. The new squaw of Watawa shall see it."

He placed the torch in the maiden's hand, and rowed slowly onward, bidding her look around.

She obeyed him, with a wonder and admiration superior to her fears.

The cavern from which a branch of the mountain stream thus flowed was immense, covering at least an acre of space with its deep recesses, galleries, and chambers, which were all in the limestone peculiar to the region.

The source of the stream traversing the cavern was lost in the darkness and chaos of its innermost recesses, but it was several rods wide throughout the greater part of its course, and was studded with small islands of rock, some barely large enough to stand upon, which arose from a few inches to a few feet above the black and sluggish waters.

On each side of this stream were immense caverns, irregular in form, the roofs of which were supported by pillars of limestone, also jagged and chaotic, in the centre of the cave. The roof above these wild-looking supporters was so high that the rays of the torch held by Bessie could not reveal it to her.

"Few of the White Fawn's people have ever been here," said the Indian. "The white chief has not seen its secrets. Even the fish in these waters are blind. No eyes save those of the Great Eagle will see White Fawn."

Bessie continued to look around her, partly to admire the splendours of this marvellous temple of nature, and partly to fix its principal landmarks in her memory.

The chief continued to row onward, the boat winding here and there, according to the exigencies of the place, until it reached a point where the stream terminated, losing itself under a craggy wall of rock, and here he approached one of the limestone shores, sprang out, drew the canoe half out of the water, and assisted the maiden to land from it.

Before her rose a wall of rock, which seemed cavernous, and behind her lay the immense cave, with its gleaming stalactites, with its rocky chapels on each side, connected by arched passages, and with its sluggish stream lying like a silvery serpent in its centre.

"And this is your wigwam?" exclaimed Bessie, with a bitterness her apprehensions could not banish.

The oppressive solitude around her, a recognition of the character of her companion, her thoughts of her father and brother, and her natural anxieties about her own future—all made her heart-sick.

Without replying, but with a gleam in his eyes expressive of satisfaction at the maiden's apparent bewilderment, Scalp-Robe advanced to a certain point of the rocky wall, and partially stooping, passed his hand rapidly over its uneven protuberances; to Bessie's surprise, he soon displaced a slab of limestone which had seemed solid rock, when a long and narrow passage was revealed.

"The White Fawn can enter," said Scalp-Robe, with an imperative gesture. "It is her home."

Holding the torch before her, and as high as the roof of the passage would permit, Bessie passed through it to a cave, of which it was the entrance, and was followed by the Indian after he had restored the slab of stone to its previous position.

Once within this secret cave, the savage closed and locked a massive door fitted to two upright poles which had been wedged between the floor and the roof, at the inner end of the passage.

"This is the lodge, for the present, of the white chief's daughter," added the savage. "She is well."

He glided past her with his quick, stealthy tread, and the next moment a bright light illuminated the cave. He had uncovered a slumbering fire in one corner and thrown some dry stuff upon it.

By the light thus afforded the captive surveyed her prison.

It was a magnificent work of nature.

The roof was vaulted, and glittered with bleached stalactites which looked like icicles, while the floor was covered with stalagmites, whose broken tops had been worn by time to smoothness and roundness. The circular walls gleamed as if made of newly fallen snow, and it would have been easy for the maiden, had her imagination been active at the moment, to have imagined herself in a Polar temple. In one corner, where the stalagmites were fewer, was spread a couch of skins, and in another was stored a quantity of provisions.

Off this natural temple was a tiny cave or niche, wherein was seen a subterranean spring, glittering in the light like crystal, and overflowing in a crevice below with a plashing and musical sound.

The smoke, resulting from the fire, was carried into some minor recesses of the cavern, and dissipated through a thousand invisible nooks before reaching the outer air, so that there was no danger of its betraying the secret of its origin.

This strange retreat was evidently a favourite haunt of the savage, and he waved his hand towards the fire and his provisions as proudly as if he had been welcoming his captive to a lovely palace.

"The White Fawn is welcome to the secret lodge of Watawa!" he said, as he threw himself on the couch of skins, and waved her to a seat at his feet. "The Great Spirit smiles upon his chosen warrior. We shall be very happy!"

He extended his hand behind his couch, and drew forth a large bottle of whisky, with which he proceeded to gratify the taste we have already remarked in him.

"The people of the Great Eagle are not here," faltered Bessie, with a chilling sense of her helplessness.

"No. There is no one near to trouble the Great Eagle and the squaw he has chosen."

Bessie shuddered at the assurance, combining with the loneliness of her prison, the mood of her admirer, and all the features of her situation.

Hope and reason as she would, her future looked appalling.

A moment of silence, succeeded, Bessie being occupied with her dismal anticipations, and the savage with his emotions of joy and triumph.

"Are you not ashamed to treat me in this manner?" the maiden then demanded. "Is this your Indian gratitude? You have often been fed and lodged at our cabin. The white chief has given you many presents, and you have spoken many soft words to him."

The savage flushed at the rebuke, and appeared more ashamed than angered.

For three years, during the continuance of peace, he had often been entertained at Lincoln's cabin, as well as regaled with many gifts, and the Indians had often been to the settlement singly or in squads, to sell their moosehorns and other products, or to exchange them for trinkets.

During this period, however, the chief had not worn the ghastly robe which had distinguished him in former wars, and its assumption on the present occasion was in itself an indication that he was again on the war-path.

"Waugh! Watawa has spoken many soft words, it is true," he responded; "but soft words are as plenty as blackberries. The red man's heart is unchanged. He is a red man always. He laughs in his spirit when the white man calls him brother."

Bessie realized that this was true Indian philosophy, but she could not restrain her scorn, and she exclaimed:

"And so your friendship has been only a name? You have had lies on your lips and wickedness in your heart."

"The red man never changes," repeated the chief, doggedly. "He is always the enemy of your people."

"But you do not hate me, Watawa?"

The grim features of the chief relaxed, and his eyes beamed more softly.

"Hate the White Fawn!" he murmured. "Impossible! She is like the sun at noonday. It has been many moons since the Great Eagle gave his heart to her."

"But the Son of the Cataract has never spoken to the White Fawn of his love. Even his eyes have been silent."

The savage shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"The red man knows how to bury his thoughts," he responded. "Watawa did not wish to speak empty words. He waited till his voice was full of meaning."

"In other words, you waited until I was a captive. This, then, is the secret of your frequent visits to our cabin."

"Waugh; the White Fawn is a wise woman. She has spoken truly."

"And so you have revolved on a new war?" murmured Bessie, after another thoughtful pause. "You have again put on this terrible robe!"

"There can be no real peace between the pale-faces and the red man," he answered, as doggedly as before. "The Great Eagle is the same he was ten years ago. He hates the white chief. He has many warriors, and he will drive the pale-faces from the hunting-grounds of his father!"

"No you won't!" declared Bessie, boldly. "You will be defeated in your new war, and your people will be driven away or destroyed!"

"And who tells me this?" demanded the chief, arising, excitedly. "Asquaw, who knows not what she is saying. Already have the warriors of the Great Eagle seized the white chief, even as the Great Eagle himself has seized the White Fawn!"

The face of the hearer blanched—the Indian spoke in such a tone of conviction.

"Your warriors have seized my father?" she faltered.

"The Son of the Cataract has said it—they have seized him! The Kentucky nations are again on the war-path. The white chief's settlement will be burned before the sun again rises!"

Bessie was overcome by horror.

"The Son of the Cataract has long had his eyes and ears open," resumed the savage, in wild and discordant tones. "The pale-faces will all be killed or taken prisoners, and the White Fawn herself will be as one dead. No eye has seen her come to the hills, no foot will track her to the lodge of Watawa. Should any of her people escape, they will bury the body of the dead Indian maiden, and think that it is the body of the white chief's daughter!"

The savage again applied the bottle of whisky to his lips, and his flushed face grew hotter with his jubilant passions.

Despite all her courage and self-possession, Bessie could not help but be moved by the revelations of her captor.

Had she not thought, with a faint hope, of the writing she had left behind her, in the family bible, she would have utterly despaired.

She saw that her captivity was but a link in the chain of horrors that had been planned against her people, and it was with especial anguish and foreboding that she repeated to herself the statement he had made concerning her father.

"Long enough has the red man been wronged by the pale-faces," resumed Scalp-Robe, with beaming eyes and excited manner. "The Great Spirit has called him to vengeance. The flower of the pale-faces shall be the squaw of Watawa; and the white chief shall perish. The Son of the Cataract has spoken."

He took a final drink from his bottle, pointed out the provisions in the corner of the cave, commanding them to his captive, and then added:

"The Great Eagle must now leave the White Fawn until morning. He goes to the council fire, and to lead his warriors to battle. He leaves his new squaw to gather her smiles for him. Let her not try to escape, for Watawa has made all secure, and the walls of the cave cannot be broken. The Great Eagle has finished."

He turned on his heel, after a long and burning look of admiration at his captive, and silently left the secret cave, securing its entrance in the strongest manner.

Bessie was indeed a captive.

(To be continued.)

THE nephew of the late Sir Charles Eastlake writes to say that his uncle was in Italy on his official and annual tour in search of pictures for the National Gallery.

THE young King of Bavaria has to pay forfeit for recognizing Italy by the loss of a rich wife in the person of Maria Theresa, niece of the Duc de Modena, one of the wealthiest heiresses in Europe. This lady, born in 1840, not only succeeds to the vast inheritance of the d'Este family, but to its reversionary rights on the duchy, which are vested in her. Her uncle positively refuses his sanction to a match which had been almost concluded early in last year.

THE King of Prussia received a few days back M. Kuke, who came to offer his thanks for the title of Court Chimney Sweep (Hofschornsteinfegermeister), which his majesty had conferred on him. In Prussia the sweeping of chimneys is one of the State charges, and the master sweeps appointed by the prefect have to pass several examinations. To each of them is assigned a special district, where he reigns sovereignly over the chimneys. He inspects them or has them examined every three months, for which service an official payment is levied. Each circumscription produces from £400 to £480 a year to the master sweep. He is naturally decorated with the Black Eagle.

GORDON'S COURT-MARTIAL.—As a specimen of the ignorance that characterises these pseudophilanthropic gentlemen, it would be a monstrous pity to omit all mention of one little point immediately connected with the Army and Navy, and upon which Erster Haff has rung its changes with a vengeance. Mr. Eyre has been accused of handing Gordon and other rebels over to the tender mercies of a court-martial composed of "three youths," "three striplings," "three beardless boys." It has never occurred to them to reflect for one moment that a Lieutenant and Commander in the Royal Navy is an officer of both service and reputation, and that a man may be an Ensign with grey hairs on his head. It so happens that the two naval officers were Commanders, and of the Ensign I am enabled to speak personally, and to add that he has worn her Majesty's uniform for very many years, and is a man whose judgment is in every way to be relied upon. I merely mention this fact to exemplify into what blunders ignorance will lead people, and to clear away an impression, entertained even by many of Mr. Eyre's supporters, that the court-martial which tried Gordon was composed of mere inexperienced youngsters.—British Army and Navy Review.



## EVA ASHLEY.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

## THE FIRST FLIGHT FROM HOME.

At the last it was with extreme reluctance that Bessie parted, for the first time in her life, from her darling Minny. But for Mrs. Ashley's firmness in insisting that she should go, in spite of the young girl's eager desire to leave the scenes of her childhood for a season, her affectionate heart would have prompted her to give up this charming tour sooner than leave the lady of Ashurst alone in that deserted and solitary mansion.

But Mrs. Ashley clearly saw the revival in Bessie's spirits which the mere prospect of change had caused, and she quietly overlooked the packing of her clothing, and that every garment was in proper order, and drew from her banker a sufficient sum to cover every expense her daughter could possibly incur. This was placed in Mr. Welby's hands for Bessie's use, and every arrangement made that she thought could promote her darling's enjoyment.

When the morning actually came and the carriage was at the door, Mrs. Ashley steadily put aside the regrets which she saw only increased the nervousness of her companion, and quietly assumed her seat in the vehicle.

Bessie had already taken leave of the servants, but old Jupiter, with the freedom of a privileged retainer, came up to the side of the carriage, and respectfully lifting his hat from his head, said:

"I hopes as how you'll come back to us safe, Miss Bessie; but I members how Miss El'nor went off last as you're going, an' she never come back agin no more. She run off, an' that was the last, these old 'yes ever see o' her bright face."

"Don't fancy that you are going to get rid of me so easily, for I have not the least idea of going away from my beautiful home to stay for ever. Like a bad penny, I shall be sure to be returned on your hands."

"Thank you, Miss Bessie. You don't look a bit like any of the old stock, but I must say that you're as pretty spoken as any on 'em ever was."

"Drive on," said Mrs. Ashley, in a sharper tone than she was in the habit of using, and the coachman instantly obeyed her.

Bessie glanced at her face, and saw that she was annoyed.

"You will write to me every other day, Bessie, and oh, my darling, still continue to confide in me as you have hitherto done. Tell me all your thoughts, describe each new impression made upon you in the scenes in which you are about to appear, and if you can, Bessie, try and discipline your feelings to accept the destiny which, I am sure, will bring happiness to you."

In that parting hour, poor Bessie would have pledged herself to anything her beloved Minny asked, and with a tremulous thrill in her voice, she said:

"I have tried, Minny, but I will make a yet stronger effort to reconcile myself to the path duty points out as the right one. Now that I am separated from Frank, and there will be no one to urge his claims upon me, I may be able to think more complacently of uniting my fate with his. I am a very wayward person, I am afraid, and perhaps, when I am left to the dictates of my own feelings, I may choose to love him better than any one else. I will do my best not to disappoint your wishes. I know that you only seek my good, and I thank you as sincerely as if your views and mine agreed on this momentous subject."

"They must yet agree, my darling, and all will be happily settled at last. If I did not part from you in this belief, I should be very, very unhappy."

"Yes," replied Bessie, vaguely, "God will direct us in the right path, and I pray constantly to him for guidance."

Mrs. Ashley seemed to shrink within herself at this reply, and she remained nearly silent till the end of the drive, holding the hand of Bessie tenderly clasped to her own.

At length the carriage drew up in front of the station, a rough and noisy place, the platform of which was covered with the luggage of travellers. The rest of the party was already there, and they were momentarily expecting the shrill warning which gives notice of the approach of the train.

Mrs. Ashley had scarcely time for a few parting words when the piercing whistle of the engine was heard; in a few more moments the train thundered past them, and was suddenly checked.

One convulsive embrace, a long, long kiss, and Bessie was parted from her mother; again that wild shriek pierced the air, the train went rushing onward, and Mrs. Ashley stood desolate, almost despairing, as she caught the last glimpses of her vanishing idol.

She regretted now that she had not gone with her; anything would have been better than to yearn with every passing hour for a glimpse of that beloved

face—to grow heartsick for the sound of that fresh young voice. But it was now too late—Bessie was gone, and she must return to her lonely home, and endure her absence as she best could. She mechanically stepped into her carriage, and wept bitterly all the way back to Ashurst.

She endeavoured to stifle the forebodings of evil that assailed her, but they would not be set at rest, and long before the day closed in she had deeply repented allowing her daughter to leave her.

In the meantime, Bessie had almost become reconciled to her separation from her beloved Minny. When they parted, it seemed to her that scarcely a moment had elapsed before she was whirled away with the speed of the wind, leaving behind her the scenes she had once regarded as the very Eden of the world. Yet she was gladly leaving them, with such anticipations of the brilliant panoramas about to open before her, as only the young and inexperienced can indulge.

A few bitter tears were shed, but the life and bustle on the train soon caused her to forget everything but what was passing around her. Her travelling companions sought to divert her mind from dwelling on the recent parting, and when they reached London, late at night, she declared that she had enjoyed her trip exceedingly, and already felt better for the change.

And there our two youthful novices found a new pleasure in selecting their own dresses and ornaments—a privilege which had hitherto been exercised for them by their elders.

Mrs. Welby decided that so far from her own home, it would be perfectly proper for Miss Ashley to appear in half mourning, and the most exquisite demi-tint, with rich black trimmings, were chosen for her, to be worn with jet ornaments.

No style of dress could more charmingly have set off the natural attractions of Bessie. Her radiant complexion and golden brown hair seemed to harmonize with the grave colours, and the brilliant animation of her piquant face rendered her an object of attention wherever she appeared.

After ten days spent in London, the party set out for Scotland.

Pleasant rooms had been secured for them, and one was assigned to Kate Welby and her friend.

The first day was spent in exploring every nook, for so eager were our young tyros to see all that was to be seen as soon as possible, that Mr. Welby good-naturedly consented to allow them to take a cursory view of every object of interest, though they were to be again visited and enjoyed.

Mrs. Welby declared herself too much fatigued to appear that evening, but the two girls could not resist the sounds of gay music which came from the ball room, and after a crowd had collected in the scene of gaiety, Rufus Welby, feeling as proud as a peacock of his fine plumes, entered the brilliantly lighted saloon with his fair sister leaning on one arm, and Bessie, stately as a young princess, on the other.

The fire of expectation lighted up her beautiful eyes, and brought back the roses to her cheeks, the ruby red to her mobile lips. Already had her health marvellously improved, and in her new freedom, she rarely gave a thought to the shackles which had so deeply eaten into her soul in the solitude of Ashurst.

Young Welby found many acquaintances who had been known to him while at college, and he found himself soon beset by requests for introductions to the fair young creatures he had escorted into the ball-room.

Kate was soon on the floor, whirling around in the fascinating mazes of a waltz, but Bessie declined dancing. She promenaded with several of her new acquaintances, and charmed each one by the mingled simplicity, shrewdness, and native wit her conversation displayed.

As the evening was drawing to a close, Rufus came toward her, accompanied by a tall, finely-formed young man, with a dark expressive face, and large, black, dreamy eyes.

He presented the stranger as he gaily said:

"Miss Ashley, my college chum and particular friend, Mr. Ernest Delancey, wishes to make your acquaintance. He has been going into ecstasies over your exquisite hair, which, to tell you the truth, I think, is almost as red as my own."

A faint colour flashed into the olive cheek of Delancey, and bowing before Bessie, he said:

"Pray excuse my friend's freedom, Miss Ashley, and do not attribute any want of respect to me. I merely asked an introduction to the young lady with radiant hair, the hue that painters love."

Bessie smiled graciously, shook her finger at Welby, and said:

"Mr. Welby and I have been children together, and he feels privileged to say what he pleases to me. As to the colour of my hair, persons differ. Some call it red, others golden auburn, but so long as it suits the style of my face, I do not care what name it receives."

"You are quite philosophical on the subject, I perceive, Miss Ashley; but if it were less becoming, I

fancy you would care a little," replied Delancey, with an admiring glance at the lovely face crowned by the golden aureole which seemed to glitter in the flood of light that filled the room. "When you passed through London did you visit the Gallery?"

"Of course—that is one of the chief attractions to be found in the metropolis."

"Then you saw there the picture of 'Tasso reading the poem of Jerusalem Delivered to the Family of D'Este.' Do you remember the beautiful hair which two of the ladies have? Yours is precisely of the same tint."

"Yes, I remember; but I think the painter has taken the liberty of bestowing locks of his favourite colour on at least one of them. History does not tell us that Leonora D'Este had blonde hair."

"I am not sure that history gives any accurate description of her; but as the portrait was ideal, the artist was at liberty to bestow on her every attraction which, in his eyes, would enhance her charms. Do you not agree with me?"

Before she could reply, Welby, who had remained near them, laughingly said:

"A curious taste he must have had if he considered red hair an attraction."

With a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, he made his escape, and Delancey offered his arm to Bessie as he said:

"Shall we promenade, Miss Ashley? That is, if you are not already fatigued with walking about in the heat and glare of the ball-room."

"If we can escape from it into the open air I shall be very glad to take a short walk to some point from which we can see the effect of the moonlight upon the scenery," she thoughtlessly replied. "Half its beauty must be lost in the garish light of day."

"That is my own feeling exactly," said Delancey, with a sudden touch of awakened interest in his voice. He had been struck by her pretty face, and commenced, as all men do with an attractive woman, by flattering her; but her last words showed him that there was something in common between them, and he earnestly went on:

"And if you are not afraid to venture out in the night air in evening dress, I shall be happy to point out to you a few of them."

"Oh, I walk out in the night air when I am at home with nothing over my head. I do not think that half an hour will do me any harm. But there is Mrs. Welby coming in now. I suppose she was afraid to trust us too long out of her sight, so set aside her fatigue and followed us."

Delancey conducted her to the side of her chaperon, who seemed to have quite recovered, and looked around with an air of enjoyment as rare as it was agreeable in the anxious mother of a family.

Mrs. Welby at first objected to her young charge leaving the ball-room, but the entreaties of Bessie finally prevailed.

But before she left, the elder lady took from her own shoulders a lace shawl, and insisted that Bessie should throw it over her head.

This was readily agreed to, and in great glee at her success, the wifely young girl threaded her way through the crowd with her cavalier.

The moon was full, and the wild panorama was as distinctly seen as by day, yet clothed with that misty light which softens every asperity, and gives its own charm to all it shines upon.

The usual loungers seemed to have abjured romance and left the scene to night and solitude, for the bridge was quite deserted; and the young pair leaned on the railing of the rustic structure, and talked as neither of them had ever talked before.

Each one felt a charm in the mere presence of the other, which they made no attempt to define, and the open sesame of hearts must have been applied to theirs, for they spoke together more as friends of old standing, than as acquaintances of an hour.

Delancey at length pointed out the exquisite effect of light and shadow in the scene before them, and decanted with such earnest interest on their beauties, that Bessie said:

"You must be an artist, Mr. Delancey—nay, I am sure you are one, or you could not have so lofty an appreciation of the beauties of nature."

"I have the honour to enrol myself among the followers of that noble craft, Miss Ashley. I aspire to be an artist in the truest sense of the word, and not a mere copier of nature. I feel her loveliness in every thrilling pulse of my being, and my unskilful hand has essayed to transfer the spirit as well as the form of things to my pictures. I have not yet satisfied myself, but I shall—I will do it, if life is only granted me."

He lightly raised his hat, as if in reverence for the majesty of the theme he discussed, and Bessie's eyes were fascinated by his face, which seemed to become almost luminous with the fire that glowed within.

She softly said:

"I see that you are indeed a true artist, Mr. Delancey."



[A NARROW ESCAPE.]

cey, and I shall take great pleasure in seeing some of your productions."

"They will always be at your service, Miss Ashley; but I have nothing with me here."

"Will Mrs. Welby approve of your wandering so far from the house?" he respectfully asked.

Bessie blushed vividly and hastily said: "Perhaps not. I was thoughtless, as I often am. We have already lingered here a long time, and we had better return at once."

As they were stepping off the bridge, two figures were approaching them from the house. One of them wore a white nubia over her head, and Bessie recognized her friend Kate, attended by her brother.

Miss Welby gaily spoke:

"Mamma sent us in search of you, Bessie, but she did not tell us to come back as soon as we had found you; so, if you are agreeable, we will take a moonlight stroll round this romantic island."

"Oh, Katy, you have divined my wishes!" said Bessie, joyfully, "so we will go at once."

With perfect sang froid, Rufus walked to the speaker's side, and offering her his arm, said to Delancey:

"Exchange is no robbery, Ernest. I will give you my sister in lieu of Miss Ashley for the remainder of the walk."

Though neither Bessie nor her companion were particularly pleased with this exchange, it was made with perfect good breeding on both sides, and the four walked on.

The exaltation Bessie had lately felt sunk to the flattest, prosaic level as she listened to the bantering of young Welby on the conquest she had made.

Just as they were approaching the hermit's bath, Rufus said something that both excited and annoyed her.

She turned her clear eyes upon him and disdainfully asked:

"Am I to understand, then, that I am to be guarded from the attentions of every agreeable man I may meet, because my cousin Frank has some chimerical claim upon my hand. Mr. Welby, you are impertinent to hint such a thing to me, and if that is why you were sent hither to take me from Mr. Delancey, I frankly tell you that in future you may spare yourself any such trouble; I can guard myself sufficiently."

He deprecatingly replied:

"I beg that you won't get angry with me, Bessie. It was my mother that sent me after you. Mrs. Ashley spoke seriously to her about you, and she told me herself that she gave you over to my special charge."

"Which you interpret to mean that I am not to enjoy a rational and agreeable conversation with any gentleman without being interfered with. I am not a flirt—neither am I a susceptible young lady, so you may spare your cares on my account."

Bessie was vexed and in one of her reckless moods; ignorant of the danger she incurred, she sprang suddenly upon the nearest ledge of rock before the warning voice of Delancey could be heard.

The surface was slippery; she lost her footing, and in another instant she must have been borne bruised and bleeding down over the rocks, had not the presence of mind of the young artist saved her.

As she stood balancing on the very brink of destruction, struggling to maintain her perilous footing, Delancey sprang to her side, struck the heel of his shoe in a crevice in the shelving rock, which his quick eye had detected, and heedless of danger to himself, caught her tottering form in his arms. In another instant he regained the firm earth, holding her clasped to his breast.

Extreme as her danger had been, Bessie had not had time to realize all the horror of the terrible fate that menaced her, before she found herself safe. Panting and blushing, she extricated herself from the strong clasp which had just saved her from a doom she shuddered to think of, and said:

"Oh! Mr. Delancey, but for you I must have gone down—down into those terrible waters, and been never—never seen again by mortal creature!"

"You do owe your life to my strong arm and quick eye, Miss Ashley; if every crevice around this spot had not been perfectly known to me, you must have perished. But I ran no risk myself, and therefore you need not thank me for what I have done. Do you feel too tremulous to walk on? The moon is so very bright to-night."

"Let us go on," said Bessie, impulsively. "I am as well as I ever was in my life; and when Mrs. Welby hears what a narrow escape I have had, I know she will not permit us to come out again by moonlight during our stay here."

Rufus attempted to remonstrate, but Kate aided with her friend, and the party went on; but now Bessie clung to the arm which had so lately saved her, and a glance at young Welby showed him that she understood his tactics, and was determined to defeat them.

He offered his arm to his sister as he whispered:

"It is no go. Bessie is like a colt that has never felt the curb, and 'tis of no use for your good mamma to manoeuvre to keep her out of danger. She will rush into it in the very spirit of defiance."

"So ma sent us here to interrupt a flirtation, then,"

said Kate, saucily. "I wondered why she so suddenly became uneasy about Bessie. I understand now; you were to appropriate her, and force my society on Mr. Delancey, victimizing both of us; for he greatly preferred Bessie to me, and I did not find walking with him half as agreeable as dancing with Fred. Ellery. You made me forfeit my last waltz with him."

Her brother mockingly said:

"I dare say you think you have made a wonderful discovery now, Miss Welby. But what will you think when I tell you that mamma commented on your dancing three times with Fred. Ellery, and ordered me to take you away before you had made it patent to all the world that you and he have fallen in love with each other at first sight. What do you say to that?"

Kate blushed and defiantly tossed her head, but she thought it safest to make no reply to her teasing brother, and they walked on in silence.

The party turned in the direction of the house, but Delancey and his fair companion lingered some distance behind the others, again forgetting all the world but themselves in the absorbing interest of their conversation.

Bessie marvelled that she felt so little shyness toward one she had known so short a time, and when they gained the entrance of the hotel, she placed her hand in that of Delancey with perfect frankness, and said:

"Good-night, Mr. Delancey; I have enjoyed a most charming walk, and gained from you so many new and beautiful thoughts, that I feel quite grateful to you. We shall, of course, see you to-morrow, and Mrs. Welby will thank you for the service you have rendered me, far better than I can. I must also see your drawings."

"I shall be charmed to call on you, Miss Ashley, and also to exhibit my pictures to yourself and your friends. I will bring my portfolio, and leave its contents to be inspected at your leisure. I have no studio here, unless the spot in the open air on which my easel is set up can be called by that name. Good night, young ladies, and may the angel of dreams shed her sweetest influence over your slumbers."

"I shall dream of being tossed in a seething cauldron, and drowned in a cloud of spray," said the incorrigible Rufus. "Macbeth's witches are nothing to the modern ones. Good night, young sisters."

"Good night! good night!" exclaimed the girls in chorus, and they tripped up to their apartment, leaving the young men together.

(To be continued.)





[THE MORNING AFTER THE ESCAPE.]

## THE BELLE OF THE SEASON.

By W. E. CHADWICK.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

And faint not, heart of man, though years wane slow!  
There have been those that from the deepest caves,  
And cells of night, and fastnesses below  
The stormy dashing of the ocean waves,  
Down, farther down than gold lies hid, have nurs'd  
A quenchless hope, and watched their time, and burst  
On the bright day, like wakeners from the grave.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

THE captured fugitive, whose fortunes we have traced since his first appearance to Walter Lorraine upon the shores of Rock Land, waited long and in vain in his cell at Mure Hall for the appearance of his keeper's face at the aperture in the door. After a while he heard his footsteps pacing regularly to and fro in the corridor, but he did not look in, and the prisoner began to fear that his newly-formed hope would prove utterly fruitless.

He drove back his rising despair by remembering that the doctor had denounced Warks to his brother as capable of freeing a patient for money, particularly if he felt assured of the patient's sanity. He scarcely dared to nourish a hope of escape, yet the words would recur to him again and again, and he felt it providential that he had Walter's purse in his pocket.

He tried to remember how Warks looked, but his bewildered mind could present to him no image of the keeper. At length, feverish and eager, he arose from the edge of his couch, and pressed towards the door, his chains clanking at every step. Reaching the grated aperture, he looked out into the corridor.

Any one seeing his face at that moment might have been pardoned for believing the persecuted man insane, for his flushed face, his wild, eager eyes, his dishevelled hair, all gave him an aspect not altogether unlike the faces at the other apertures.

He clung to the grating for support, as he heard the returning tramp of the keeper, and when the latter had approached sufficiently near, he whispered: "Warks!"

The keeper started, glanced around, and encountered the prisoner's gaze.

Warks was a tall, strong man, with an ugly face which wore an honest, good-hearted expression. There was something in his eyes, the expression of his wide mouth, in the general character of his countenance, that inspired the prisoner with a wild hope, as sudden as it was strong.

"Did you call me, Number Eight?" he asked. The prisoner held up his finger cautiously, and beckoned him to approach.

The keeper did so, with evident surprise, saying: "You're the patient from the other ward—the one who escaped the other day, and was brought back to-day, I suppose. What do you want? Are you hungry?"

"No—no. I am not insane, Warks, indeed I am not—"

The keeper smiled, with an involuntary glance at the pale wild face of the speaker, who realised that his appearance told against him.

"So they all say," said Warks, soothingly. "Of course you're not insane. You'd better lie down, while I attend to my duty!"

"But, Warks—"

"I have no time to spare. I must move on!"

"Wait one moment. You bring me my supper, don't you?"

Warks nodded, and resumed his beat.

"I shall see him to-night," thought the prisoner, still clinging to the bars before him. "He evidently thinks me insane, and my first step is to convince him to the contrary. How can I do so?"

His common sense suggested a course of action that might lead to the desired result. Going to the wash-stand, he bathed his face, combed his hair smoothly, and arranged his torn garments in the best order possible. When he had completed his toilet, he tottered back to his seat upon the bed and awaited evening and Wark's appearance with his supper.

The hours dragged away, and the monotony of the cell was varied only by the tramp of the keeper in the corridor, or the occasional appearance of his face at the door. He evidently regarded the silence of the prisoner as something remarkable, or feared it might betoken an attempt to escape.

Before the daylight had begun to fade, he brought in the supper, but started back at the sight of the pale, sad-looking gentleman that met his gaze.

The effect of the prisoner's toilet was fully equal to what had been intended, for Warks had not been used to see insane people so carefully attired.

"Don't go yet, Warks," said the prisoner, carefully restraining all excitement of voice or manner. "Listen to me. I am not insane, but shut up here by a relative. You have heard of such things, have you not?"

The calm, evenly-modulated tones surprised the keeper as much as the change in appearance, but in his own mind he tried to set it down as the cunning of a madman.

"Such things are not common," he replied, setting

down the supply of bread and water, and edging towards the door.

"Thank God, then, that they are not!" said the prisoner, fervently. "You do not believe that I am sane, Warks, I see you do not. And yet I am as sane as yourself. Assist me to escape, and there is nothing I will not do for you! I have a daughter who thinks me dead, and who would welcome me as from the grave. For her sake, for the sake of justice and right, help me to get free!"

This address, being different from anything Warks had heard during his experience at Mure Hall, staggered his belief in the prisoner's madness, and he asked, doubtfully:

"How long have you been here? You were here long before I came and that's six months!"

"I have been here years," was the reply. "How many I know not, but they have seemed centuries to me. My daughter is, perhaps, grown up now—yes, she must be!"

The keeper regarded the prisoner with a puzzled, pitying look, and asked:

"But if you were free, what would you do? Kill your relative?"

"No; vengeance belongs to the Lord. Besides, I loved my—my relative once, and tears came to the speaker's eyes. "I loved him—oh, how tenderly! No, I should not hurt him. I should expel him from my position, I should reclaim my daughter, and resume my rights!"

Warks had expected to hear terrible threatnings against the enemy who had so deeply wronged the prisoner—if the prisoner's tale were true—and the mildness of his reply led him to give more credence to his story.

"Do I look insane?" asked the prisoner, perceiving the advantage he had gained.

Warks looked at him more narrowly and was obliged to answer in the negative.

"And I am not! Have pity upon me. If you had a daughter, you could feel for me!"

"I have a daughter," replied Warks, in a moved tone, "a little girl only four years old! I have a wife, too—"

"Where are they?"

"In the Orkneys—where I was born and always lived till a year since. I have a cottage and garden there of my own, and a boat for fishing. My wife had a long sickness a while ago, and I mortgaged the cottage. When she got better, I lost my luck at fishing, and finally came here to better myself and get money to pay off my debt. My wife has let the boat to a neighbour and manages to get along, and I have

saved almost enough to take up my mortgage. In two months I shall go home to stay!"

The keeper paused, as if ashamed of his communicativeness with a "patient" and then added:

"I hardly know how I came to tell you all this. Even the doctor don't know my birthplace and home, nor how I came here. He only knows that he hired me to work his yacht and afterwards put me into his house. I shall be glad enough to get away!"

"I know how you came to tell me so much of yourself, Works," replied the prisoner. "It is because I can assist you to pay off your mortgage and begin the world anew. If you set me free, I will give you a handsome sum of money—fifty pounds!"

"Fifty pounds! Why, I only lack ten!" exclaimed the keeper. "Fifty pounds! Oh, I suppose you mean when you get back your fortune!"

"No. I mean to give it you the moment you set me free. I have it on my person at this moment. Look!"

He drew Walter's purse from his pocket, opened it and displayed to the wondering keeper its contents, exhibiting the crisp bank-notes and the small pile of gold that made up the promised amount.

"Where did you get that?" asked the keeper.

"From a friend. It shall all be yours, if you will aid me to escape," responded the captive, restoring the money to his pocket. "You say you lack but ten pounds to make up the sum you want, but you will have to work two months here to get it. I offer it to you for a service that can cost you little, and you will have forty pounds extra for a new boat, or for your child, or to lay up against future need. Free me to-night, and to-morrow you can be on your way home with these fifty pounds in your pocket!"

The keeper became thoughtful, canvassing the subject in his own mind.

The collected manner, the quiet speech, the gentlemanly appearance of the captive, all combined to give him faith in his statements and belief in his sanity. And, believing him sane, every instinct in the keeper's honest nature pleaded in his behalf. The purse of money, the pleasant cottage freed from its mortgage, the waiting patient wife and pretty child—all these were additional arguments in favor of the captive.

The thought did at first enter the keeper's mind that the captive might be, after all, but a cunning maniac, but even in that case he entertained no blood-thirsty sentiments and intended to injure no one.

The latter idea did not linger, however. It was impossible for Works to entertain it long in presence of the quiet self-possessed prisoner.

"I believe you are sane," he said, after a pause. "Thank God!" ejaculated the captive. "And you will help me to escape. Say you will!"

Works was about to reply when he heard a softly approaching footstep in the corridor—a footstep which he knew well.

His answer, therefore, to the captive's infinite surprise, was irrelevant, and uttered in an apparently angry tone.

"Very well, then," he said, picking up the food he had brought; "if you won't eat such as is set before you, go without. You're not compelled to eat if you don't want to. If I have to spend another ten minutes in trying to make you eat what's allowed you, I'll report you to the doctor."

The captive looked up in wondering astonishment at this contradictory speech, half-inclined to think that the keeper had lost his senses, but his wandering glances noticed a face at the aperture—the face of the doctor himself.

Agreeably to his intentions expressed to his brother, the doctor had determined to keep a vigilant eye upon his suspected keeper in his dealings with the recovered fugitive. Having sent him with the evening repast, he had followed him some minutes later to learn if the captive made any appeals to him and, with what success; but owing to the keen hearing of Works, he had simply heard the speech intended for his ears.

The loud and angry voice of the keeper, as well as the expression he had assumed, allayed any suspicions of the doctor in regard to his interview with the captive.

"That's right, Works," said the doctor. "Don't be harsh with him; but if he don't behave himself, report him to me. If he won't eat, don't urge him to!"

Works hesitated about carrying away the food, but the captive made a gesture, which he obeyed by departing with it.

As he was locking the door behind him, the doctor said:

"Well, how does he get on, Works? Is he as violent as ever?"

"He's as crazy as he can be," responded the keeper. "Of course, though, I can't be paying attention to every maniac. If I did, I'd soon be crazy myself!"

Dr. Mure was satisfied with this reply and with

Works, and went back to his own far pleasanter domains where his late dinner awaited him.

The captive waited a long time for the re-appearance of the keeper, hearing him occasionally in the corridor, as he passed from one room to another with the evening meals, and he began to fear that Works would, after all, disappoint him.

But at length the keeper's visage appeared at the door, and his voice whispered:

"I say, Number Eight, are you awake?"

The captive sprang up from his bed, upon which he had thrown himself, and made his way to the door as noiselessly as possible, answering:

"Yes—yes, I am awake."

"I've decided whether to help you or not," said the keeper, looking up and down the corridor cautiously.

"Well?" ejaculated the prisoner, in breathless suspense.

"I believe your story, and I'll help you to get free. You said money down the minute you get away?"

The captive was so overcome with joy at the keeper's decision that he could hardly answer his question in the affirmative.

"All I'm to do," continued Works, "is to get you away from here. Once free of these grounds, you must shift for yourself. Do you agree to that?"

The prisoner assented, and asked:

"Can you get me free to-night, Works?"

"No, not before to-morrow night. You see I've got to get hold of the keys to unlock your irons, and it's too late to do that to-night. They are in the doctor's laboratory, and that's locked every evening. You must be patient to-morrow, and be careful not to betray our plan by word or look when the doctor comes round."

The captive eagerly promised to be guarded in manner and words, but to his impatient soul the day that must intervene before the attempt at escape could be made seemed an eternity.

"The attempt must be made at midnight," resumed the keeper. "Leave it all to me. I will think out my plans to-morrow and let you know what to do in good time. You had better lie down now and go to sleep!"

At this moment the door at the end of the corridor connecting the wing with the main building gently opened, and Works turned from the door of Number Eight just as Dr. Mure slipped into the narrow hall.

"All going on right, Works?" said the doctor, suspiciously noting the proximity of the keeper to the end room.

"All right, sir!"

Notwithstanding the assurance, the doctor took the trouble to look into every cell, particularly Number Eight, and assure himself that the fetters and chains on his most prized captive were intact.

When he had finished his investigation, the keeper locked the door, retaining the key, and resumed his beat.

It was evident that the doctor was suspicious of the relations between Works and his captive, but did not like to show his suspicions or take away the key, lest by such conduct he should bring about the very end he desired to avoid.

He loitered a little while in the corridor, endeavouring to elicit Works's confidence, and finally withdrew. The keeper noticed that he left the door slightly ajar behind him, and was careful, therefore, not to renew his late conversation.

At a later hour, when the patients grew quiet, Works threw himself upon a couch in the hall, as was his nightly custom, and went to sleep.

But the captive, excited by hopes of freedom, was unable to close his eyes in slumber, and welcomed the first beams of morning, believing and praying that he should never again behold them in captivity.

The doctor himself brought up his breakfast, and watched him narrowly while he ate it; but even his keen eyes could not detect a difference in the captive's manner, so strong was the self-control he compelled himself to exert.

During the day the keeper had no chance to speak with him, the doctor busying himself in the corridor and adjoining cells, and bringing up the frugal dinner; but towards evening he relaxed his unusual vigilance, and went down to his own repast.

"The doctor suspects something," said Works, when he had gone. "We must be on our guard. I am going down now for the keys to your fetters. Don't speak to me during the evening unless I address you first."

He left the corridor, and stole down to the laboratory unseen. It was not yet locked for the night, and was unoccupied. Works quietly entered it, and began looking for the keys he sought.

He had one day, quite by accident, seen the doctor stowing away his keys in a drawer of his desk, and he hoped now to find them in the same place. He was not disappointed, soon finding a large bunch of

them, and from this bunch he proceeded to remove the ones bearing a number corresponding with the letters worn by the occupant of Number Eight.

He then restored the rest of the keys to their hiding-place, gained the hall unnoticed, and sped back to his corridor, not breathing freely until he had entered its familiar precincts.

"I've got the keys," he whispered at the door of Number Eight. "It's now seven o'clock. At twelve we will make our attempt to get away."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

What is life?  
'Tis not to stalk about and draw fresh air  
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun:  
'Tis to be free!

Adrian.

HAVING had his dinner, the doctor's vigilance seemed to increase, for he brought up his captive's evening meal himself, watched him while he ate it, and again looked at his fetters, making sure they were secure. The prisoner at first feared that all these precautions showed that Works was suspected, and their secret perhaps known, but he was reassured by the fact that the key was, as on the previous night, left in the keeper's charge.

As the night deepened the cell was lighted only by the hall-lamp, whose feeble gleams found their way through the barred aperture in the door, and its silence was broken only by the quick breathing of its anxious, restless occupant. He wondered why Works did not come and speak with him, but did not dare to raise his voice, even in a whisper, to summon him.

Works sat in the corridor, under the lamp, apparently deeply engaged in a book, but his glances now and then wandered towards the door, which was slightly ajar, as on the previous night.

The keeper knew very well that the doctor was sitting outside that door, waiting and watching for some sign of treason on his part, or to learn if there existed any secret understanding between him and Number Eight. This very suspicion and vigilance on the part of Dr. Mure did more to confirm Works's belief in the captive's sanity than anything else could have done, and he inwardly resolved to restore him to freedom, even if the attempt brought peril on himself.

He smiled once or twice at an uneasy movement outside the door as if the watcher were tired, but he did not appear to notice it, or be conscious of a spy upon his actions. At length, he heard the sound of gently retreating footsteps, and knew that the doctor had gone to his tea, and that there would be a brief respite from his vigilance.

Stealing to the door of Number Eight, he was about to call up its occupant when he noticed that he was standing by the aperture, pale and haggard, yet with a stern and forced composure of manner, as if he feared by any exhibition of excitement to weaken the keeper's confidence in his sanity.

"The doctor's been watching and listening all the evening," he whispered to the captive. "It is evident he suspects us. You must lie down and pretend to sleep, as he will perhaps look in on you before he retires. When he goes, I will release you!"

The captive thrust his attenuated hand through the grating, and pressed the keeper's, not daring to trust his voice to speak.

"Should we be seen in our attempt to leave," pursued Works, "I want you to find your way out, and go towards the sea-coast. There's a little cave amongst the rocks three or four miles from here—"

"I knew the spot," whispered the captive. "I stopped there to rest when I went before."

"Then, if we should be separated, go to that spot. We may not be, you know—I don't suppose we will—only I like to guard against contingencies. I will meet you there to receive the money."

The captive again gave his hand a grateful and understanding pressure, and the keeper added:

"Lie down now, and don't say a word till I speak to you. Pretend to be asleep."

The captive stole softly towards his bed, and the keeper returned to his seat and his book.

It was not long before the keen hearing of the latter detected the return of the doctor to his post but he continued to hope that his vigilance might be eluded.

At ten o'clock, the ward becoming quiet, Works, as usual, made a tour of the cells, peering into each, and then flung himself upon his lounge, where his deep, sonorous breathing soon seemed to announce that he slept soundly.

More than an hour thus passed, when the door at the end of the corridor opened more widely, giving admittance to the doctor. He advanced stealthily, paused a moment by the side of the keeper, then advanced to the door of Number Eight, listening intently.

The quiet, regular breathing of the captive satis-



fed him that he too slept, and he softly withdrew, muttering:

"How foolish I have been; but it's better to be too suspicious than too careless."

As he passed out of the corridor, he gently closed the door behind him, and his retreating footsteps were heard.

A few minutes elapsed and then Warks sat up, rubbed his eyes, and stole towards the door of Number Eight, unlocking it as noiselessly as he could.

"Are you awake?" he whispered.

The captive replied by rising to a sitting position.

"Good. This is like a regular prison. The doctor's gone to bed now, I think. Give me your hands."

Sufficient light came in through the open door to enable the keeper to unlock all the fetters of his prisoner, and the latter then rose to his feet unencumbered.

"Heaven bless you, Warks!" he said, fervently. "Oh! if we can now get away safely! Do you think we can?"

"I hope so!" was the reply. "We must go into the main building to get out. The doors to that are always locked, but I've noticed that the keys are left in the locks. The doctor thinks it's safe enough so—there being so many fastenings to the wing. Do you feel strong?"

"I was never stronger in my life," responded the captive, eagerly. "I feel like a boy."

"That is good. Should we encounter anyone in the halls, we must run instead of fighting. You know the doors, of course?"

"Some of them."

"Now, stay here a moment while I go on ahead as a scout," said the keeper. "I'll just see the corridor is clear. You have got your purse all safe?"

The captive replied in the affirmative, and Warks then went out into the corridor of the wing, even looking into the main building, after which he returned, saying:

"All safe. Take off your shoes and come!"

The prisoner obeyed, putting his shoes under his arms, and then glided into the passage, his heart throbbing like a muffled drum.

The slight noise aroused one or two patients, who looked at their departing companion without a word, much to his relief, he having feared that one of their shrill cries might yet frustrate his escape.

With his finger uplifted as a warning of caution, the keeper passed out of the wing, followed by the captive, and led the way downstairs to the ground-floor.

Here he paused and whispered:

"Be very careful now. We have got to pass the doctor's door, and I think he's always awake. Come close behind me."

Warks had no light with him, the corridors being always dimly lighted, and he wore a pair of cloth slippers, which muffled the sound of his footsteps. He therefore proceeded lightly and rapidly ahead of his companion.

They had gone nearly through the passage when a door at one side opened and the doctor looked out, with a suspicious manner.

The keeper and the captive both instinctively paused.

"Oh, is it you, Warks?" asked the doctor, in surprise. "What are you doing in this part of the house at this time of night? Who is that with you?"

He advanced into the corridor, at the same moment recognising the captive.

"Ah! an escape!" he exclaimed, raising his voice. "Ho, help!"

The captive turned like a hunted deer brought to bay, as if determined not to yield himself a prisoner again without a struggle.

"Run!" cried Warks. "Run for your life. They can't hurt me!"

The captive hesitated a second, long enough to see the keeper rush upon the doctor to prevent his pursuit, and he then ran down the corridor, plunging into a wider hall. Here he was for a moment bewildered, not knowing which way to go; but the sounds of a great commotion coming to his hearing, he dashed through several rooms, gained a small vestibule, and found himself in front of a door with a key in its lock.

To turn the key and vanish through the door was the work of a moment, and the fugitive found himself in the vegetable garden, which was shut in only by a low hedge.

Crossing the garden, he leaped the hedge and started towards the coast, his pace greatly accelerated by the sound of a door slamming behind him. He seemed actually winged by fear, so swiftly did he traverse the fields that lay between him and the sea.

At length he gained the welcome rocks and glanced

back at Mure Hall. It was so hidden in foliage that he could see no more than a light or two. Not a sound of pursuit came to his ears, and somewhat encouraged, he resumed his wild flight towards the rendezvous so thoughtfully appointed by the keeper.

His feet were soon cut and bleeding, but he did not stop to put on his shoes, every wave that beat on the shore seeming to him to announce his whereabouts to his pursuers. His way lay over rocks, interspersed with strips of pebbly beach where the waves were quieter, but in his excitement he hardly noticed that the way was not all rocks or all sand.

At last the rendezvous was gained. It was a little nook in the rocks, hollowed out by the sea into a small cave with a smooth floor. It faced the sea, of course, and seemed quite secluded, jagged rocks being piled above and around it.

The fugitive rushed into this nook and flung himself upon its bottom, panting and exhausted.

Yet he gave no thought to his bodily sufferings at that moment. He had only room in his mind for joy—the wildest joy—that he was free!

His quivering lips uttered a prayer of thanksgiving as he looked out upon the sea, glittering in the moonlight, and felt the cool air fan his hot, wet forehead, and his heart filled with ecstatic emotion.

But gradually the intense delight in his newly-acquired freedom gave place to apprehensions for the keeper's safety and thoughts of his own welfare. His feet felt sore, so he put on his shoes, lest they should grow worse, and then began to wonder what could have detained Warks so long, if he could have been captured and shut up, and if they could legally punish him for assisting his escape.

At length, alarmed for his own safety, he resolved to leave his purse in the cave for Warks, should he seek him there, and resume his own flight, but just as he had arrived at this decision he heard the sound of footsteps without, and the next moment the keeper made his appearance.

"You're here?" exclaimed Warks, wiping his forehead, and sinking down beside the fugitive. "I feared you had got out into the front yard where the patients walk, and were there yet! You never could have climbed that high wall."

"Are you pursued?"

"No—not in this direction. I had a hard time to get away. The doctor tried to hold me while he yelled for help, but I knocked him down and got away. Luckily I found a door wide open, leading into the back garden—the door by which you escaped, I suppose—and I ran through it and started up the coast, pursued by the doctor, his brother and two or three others!"

"Up the coast?"

"Yes. I wanted to throw them off the track, you know. I ran out of their sight, cut round, and made my way here. I suspect they are still running northward!"

The fugitive breathed more freely.

"I hope you haven't lost your purse?" exclaimed Warks.

"No, here it is!" and the fugitive pressed it into the keeper's hands. "Take with it my gratitude! I shall never forget your service of this night—your generous self-sacrifice in my behalf!"

"Have you kept anything to pay your way with?"

"Yes, enough to carry me to London. I shall be very cautious, and go there as soon as I can elude my enemies. You will not return to the Hall?"

"I should rather think not!" replied Warks. "The Hall would be rather unpleasant to me after to-night's adventure. I've no clothes nor nothing there, and shall start homewards this very night. I'm glad enough to get away from this place, so I'm almost as grateful to you as you are to me!"

"The doctor cannot harm you?"

"Why, he don't know where I live! And if he did, he wouldn't dare to bring me before a magistrate, for I would swear that you were sane, and illegally deprived of your liberty! It's not me he will search for—but you! I advise you to keep hid a week or two if you can before going to London. You won't have any trouble there, I hope?"

"I hope not!" sighed the fugitive. "I have a friend there—a young artist, who will assist me, I know. I shall go to him!"

"Well, I wish you luck. Let me know if you ever come to your rights. I must be off now, on my way home!"

The keeper's honest face glowed as he mentioned the goal of his journey, and thought of the loved ones from whom he was not again to be parted, and he wrung the thin hand of the fugitive as he bade him adieu, again wishing him God-speed.

And then the two quitted the little cave together, looked up and down the coast, seeing nothing of any pursuers, and separated, Warks proceeding inland to a railway station, and the persecuted gentleman resuming his flight along the coast.

After a while the moonlight vanished and the

darkness which precedes day enveloped the scene. The fugitive felt renewed courage, when he felt that his person could not serve as a mark to his pursuers, and pressed onward, insensible to pain and fatigue.

When morning came he found himself upon a shingly beach, on the outskirts of a pretty fishing village. He did not dare to enter it in search of food and rest, and there were no rocks near among which he could hide himself. In this dilemma, he discovered an old boat-house, the door of which was slightly ajar, and towards this he bent his steps.

It proved to be occupied by an old worm-eaten boat, long past use, and into this the wanderer crept with a prayer that he might not be discovered.

In this retreat he spent the day, sleeping part of the time, his weariness overcoming his resolve not to relax in watchfulness, and giving way to a strange feeling of languor.

He had a strong constitution, and, in all his years of captivity, had never had a serious illness. This might partly be attributed to his energy and will in never giving way to slight attacks of disease, but now he felt a singular powerlessness and prostration which he feared betokened approaching illness.

"Oh, for night, so that I can resume my journey!" he prayed, as he looked through the crevices of the boat-house upon the active, happy villagers. "If I only dared to demand aid and succour here! By this time, though, they are probably on the look out for an escaped lunatic, and he smiled bitterly, "and the moment I am seen I shall be seized!"

Evening at length came, bright and pleasant, with a starlight that looked ominously clear to the fugitive, and when the villagers had gathered into their houses he resumed his journey.

He did not feel hungry, even with his day's fast, but he was consumed with an intolerable thirst, which he endeavoured to sate when he again approached some rocks among which were found a few pools of stagnant water.

The thirst increased, his brain reeled and his flesh burned, while the blood poured through his veins as it seemed to him in heavy waves that surged to and fro. His legs tottered under his weight, his vision became blinded, and at length he murmured feebly:

"I am going to be very ill. I feel a fever coming on. My enemies will soon find me and take me back, and I cannot resist them. Perhaps I am dying—"

A few incoherent words followed and he then sank down upon the sandy beach—he having left the rocks behind him in utter prostration and strengthlessness. His senses deserted him, and there alone, upon a starlit shore, he raved wildly, in the mad delirium of fever.

(To be continued.)

AMONGST the residents of Tunbridge Wells is an aged gentleman, totally blind, who is a lineal descendant of Cromwell. His great-uncle, James Cromwell, died without issue about the year 1775, and is supposed to have been the last but one of the male descendants of the Protector bearing that name. It is generally believed that the last male descendant named Cromwell died in the year 1821.

PERTH.—ARTIFICIAL PROPAGATION OF SALMON.—The experiments are still being continued for the stocking of Stormontfield breeding ponds, near Perth. On Thursday the boats were out, and at the confluence of the rivers Almond and Tay, three shots were made, the result being the capture of twelve fish, four of them females. From these, 20,000 ova were obtained, and deposited in the breeding-boxes, making altogether a total of 200,000 put into the ponds this season. There are at present upwards of twenty fish confined in a lair near the ponds for the purpose of ripening, and from these other 200,000 ova are expected, which will fully stock the ponds. At present all the rivers in the district are swarming with fish to a degree unknown for many years past. There is little or no poaching going on.

STRANGE CURE OF THE CATTLE PLAGUE.—A remarkable cure of cattle plague has been effected by Mr. John Parker, of Crow Trees, near Colne, in East Lancashire. It appears that a cow belonging to Mr. Preston, a neighbouring farmer, had got to an advanced stage in the plague, and had been ordered to be destroyed. Parker, however, begged to be permitted to try a few experiments upon the animal, and he was ultimately allowed to do so. In the first place, he took a knife, and made an incision across the loins of the cow from one side to the other. He then drew the knife along each side of the ribs up to the shoulders. Then he made a deep cut in the neck, which penetrated close to the windpipe and gullet. Afterwards the wounds thus made were filled with salt and saltpetre. Next morning they were washed with salt and water, and then rubbed with vinegar which had previously been boiled. Parker next filled the wounds with "green salve"—a preparation well known

amongst farmers. Immediately after the operation the animal showed symptoms of improvement; the skin and the flesh, as far as they had been cut, mortified, and now flesh and skin rapidly re-formed. The animal is now healthy, and eats well. Two other animals suffering from the plague have since been treated in a similar manner. One of them recovered, whilst the other became dropsical and died.

## THE TAMBOURINE GIRL.

### CHAPTER I.

"Come in here, you sweet little wail of Italy!"

Perhaps the dreamy-eyed, sweet-faced, sweet-voiced little wanderer, who stood before an elegant mansion in one of the great city's most aristocratic streets, did not quite understand the English sentence addressed her, save the one sweet word "Italy," but she could not mistake the earnest tone, or the beckoning hand outstretched from the upraised window where a young man was looking down upon her.

Lifting her tambourine, into which he had flung a shower of golden coin, she dropped a low curtsy, and tripped up the flight of marble steps, to disappear within the great hall door which suddenly opened to admit her.

The same handsome young man, with graceful, slender figure, and high-bred air, who had summoned her from the window, now stood in the upper hall looking over the carved oaken balusters.

"Up here, *cara mia*!" he called, with a smile, as the soft dulcet epithet slipped from his tongue; and the little tambourine girl sprang up the velvet-carpeted staircase, to follow him into a room fitted up with books, pictures, German pipes, lounges, and various knick-knackeries—the young gentleman's studio.

"Another of Lord Richard's freaks!" exclaimed the grave middle-aged porter, who closed the massive door of Hungerford House, and looked up the winding stair-case where the little Italian girl gilded past-niched sculptures and overwoven Sorrento roses. "The other day a poor beggar, then a rag-woman, and now a strolling tambourine girl. What would my lady say, if she knew of his doings? But young Lord Richard is a noble fellow—aside from these caprices, and will not disgrace the old lord—heaven rest his soul under the marble slabs of Westminster."

With this rather incongruous benediction upon the departed lord, who had gone to his last sleep but a year previous, with the honours of an old English nobleman upon him, the grave serving-man walked back to his station, whence he had been summoned by his young master to give admittance to the strange visitor.

Meantime young Lord Richard had thrown himself into a superb lounging chair, leaned his head against the crimson velvet, and was eyeing the tambourine girl to whom his caprice had so suddenly given ingress into that aristocratic mansion.

Was it caprice, benevolence, or simply to gratify his artistic eye, that had prompted this summons? He hardly knew; for he had simply seen the girl from his window, where he sat idly dreaming away the hours after his late breakfast; and struck by a sudden fancy, he had raised the sash and called her.

The Italian words addressed to her as she stood in the hall, had been uttered more to enjoy the surprise of the grave porter, who viewed the little girl in consternation, than from any other motive; but now, as he gazed long and steadily upon her, the nobleness of a high souled nature prompted their repetition to the shy, trembling little thing before him.

"*Cara mia*!"

The words brought a flush to the thin, pale cheeks, and a light to the dreamy eyes. She sprang forward, knelt at his feet, and kissed the shapely white hand wearing a lord's signet ring that hung over the arm of the crimson velvet chair.

As thus she knelt the young nobleman's eyes took in a picture which we will endeavour to portray for the reader—a lithe, slender figure, all grace and beauty, from the little classic head, with its wealth of dusky hair that fell in sad neglect over her exquisitely formed shoulders, down to the small and delicately arched feet that peeped from beneath her tattered gown.

Her features were perfect in contour; her complexion, the pale olive that speaks of Southern suns; her hands like a sculptor's model; and her entire personelle that of a delicately reared child *en masquerade* in the garments of a beggar.

She might have been ten or twelve; and it was a sad thought that the life of so rarely beautiful a child had been passed in the streets of great, noisy, wicked London.

So mused young Hungerford, as his gaze rested

upon the beautiful picture; and involuntarily arose a wish to rescue her—as sudden a desire as the fancy to summon her had been.

"Sal I sing for zo signore?" cried the girl, in her broken English, darting up and catching her tambourine. "Zo signore was vei good to Bianca—and it made glad her heart to hear two little words of her own Italie!"

And then, without waiting his command, she broke forth into such a flood of delicious warbling that enraptured the ear of the critical frequenter of the best London opera circles.

When the last bird-note had died away, and the child stood with her slender throat still vibrating with the wonderful melody, the door was suddenly flung open, and a rustling of silks came over the threshold.

Lady Hungerford stood in the apartment.

"Really, my son Richard, what means this? Have we an incipient Alibi or a beggar-girl before me? Methinks a Hungerford is excessively fastidious in his tastes this morning."

It is impossible to convey an idea of the quiet, cool sarcasm of that stately lady in her rustling silks standing there and critically viewing the poor little tambourine girl.

Her son, who had courteously risen at the entrance of his lady mother, grew red under her cutting irony, but answered quietly:

"Neither, my lady; but instead, a sweet-voiced child singer, whose eyes bring me a dream of Italy; nor can I believe that the best blood in England could be contaminated by an act of simple benevolence. You will perceive, my mother, that the poor little thing is young and beautiful and neglected."

"It is not my son's benevolence I would call in question, but the propriety of receiving this sort of people into Hungerford House," replied the lady, with cold hauteur. "The girl does look sadly tattered, and is, doubtless, very poor. Yet she may be an impostor. People of this class are going about daily to impose on the sympathies of the charitable."

"Really, my lady mother, I had not thought to question the little thing as to her credentials," said the young man with a spice of her own sarcasm. "Bianca, *cara*, come hither!"

The tambourine girl obeyed him, and a half distrustful glance at the stately lady whose conversation she had not wholly understood, though she had gathered sufficient to know that she looked coldly upon her.

"Where are you and where do you live, little Bianca?" he asked kindly, stroking her purple black hair. "I mean, have you any home, save the city streets?"

"Home! Ah, zo poor tambourine girl remembers a dream of beautiful Italie across zo waters," replied the child sadly; "but now, she roams zo cities streets all zo long day, and brings only few pence to old Antonio at night."

"Is Antonio your father?" asked the young man.

"Yes, signora. He calls me 'child'; but I remember another home—oh, so grand and beautiful! And a sweet Signora, with Madonna face, who called me '*Cara mia*, little Bianca,' in a voice of music. And, often, when I go to sleep in the poor garret, I dream of zat sweet Madonna and my own Italie! and zen I wake in tears; but Antonio scold and beat me."

"Send her away, you are insane, my son! The creature will bring some infectious disease into the house. How dreadful!"

"Yes, my lady mother, it is dreadful—to think that this delicate young girl, who, I am persuaded, has been stolen from some Italian home, should be reared in the most degraded portion of our city. I can send her away from here, to be sure; but you cannot object to my seeking her and rescuing her. She has a rare voice, which, under cultivation, may prove her future support. Go now, Bianca," he said, turning to the child and dropping a gold piece into her hand, "but I will visit you to-morrow, and talk with Antonio, and prevent his scolding you any more."

Catching his hand with passionate, grateful gesture, she pressed it to her scarlet lips; then, dropping a graceful curtsy to the haughty lady who drew back as she passed her, Bianca, the tambourine girl, glided from the apartment.

"Enthusiast and visionary—you will be awakened some day, I fear, Richard!" said his mother, when they were alone again. "They always tell the same story—these gossamers—all stolen from Italy, by some villain, who ill-treats them, and sends them out into the streets to earn their bread. It is a story coined for the purpose of imposing upon us. Ten to one you will find nobody answering to Antonio; and this little artful beggar is laughing in her sleeve at your credulity."

Young Lord Hungerford did not reply as his lady mother sailed from his room, but turned to the window to watch the beautiful little tambourine girl, who had emerged from the door of Hungerford House upon the pavement.

For a moment she lifted her eyes to the window, and catching a glimpse of her benefactor, she gracefully kissed her hand, and flung him a greeting with all the fervour of her impassioned tropic nature.

"What eyes!—dusky, lambent, soul full! Splendid now—what will they be four years hence, in the blooming Italian woman? Ah, my lady-mother, perhaps you were right in dubbing me 'enthusiast'; for already such wild, sweet dreams are filling my heart, as would shock your pride, and the worldly sensibilities moulded after the fashion of Grosvenor Square! To find a pure, fresh young nature—to mould it after one's own modelling—then, to gather it home, sweet, pure, and true—but pshaw! what visions am I, Lord Richard Hungerford, destined husband of one of England's noble ladies, weaving?—building a *chateau d'Espagne* upon the moraine's adventure with a poor tambourine girl!"

### CHAPTER II.

Four years after this episode Lord Richard Hungerford again set his foot in his native England, after a long period of continental wanderings.

He had lingered on every soil of Europe, including the three Isles of his own sovereign's kingdom—looked upon the pine forests, midnight sun, and glittering snows of Scandinavia, listening to stirring tales of old Vikings and Norsemen—smoked Dutch pipes in *de Nederlands*—bivouached with the German students, studied at their universities, fought their duels, smoked their meerschaums, and quaffed their flasks of "sparkling Moselle and golden Budesheimer"—lived like a monk, in old castellated ruins on the Rhine—flitted, like a moth, through the glare of Parisian gaieties—crossed St. Bernard, and tarried at Mont Blanc—in the soft Southland, listened to Italians' songs, floating by night in cushioned gondolas on the lagoon of Venice—stood amid the classic ruins of old Greece and Rome, musing of those days when "the mistress of the world" sat enthroned upon her "seven hills"—thence, sailing through the blue, island-studded Archipelago, to the shores of the Holy Land.

And through all the perils and temptations to which the wealthy, impulsive, titled young Englishman was exposed—whether at proud, courtly circles, or in the student quarter of bright-eyed, grisette-haunting Paris—whether among the fair northern German maidens, or the soft-voiced daughters of Andalusia or Tuscany—the flash of one pair of haunting orbs afar in his own English Isle, had kept him pure and true.

And these were not the clear blue, haughty eyes of the fair and stately Lady Diana Lenox, but the dusky, lambent, soul-full ones of Bianca, the tambourine girl.

Lord Richard Hungerford was not really the betrothed of the proud English girl; but it had long been understood between the houses of Hungerford and Lenox that a union of the sole remaining scions of both noble families would be a desirable blending of, not only proud lineage, but vast estates; and so it had been talked over between the old lord and his lady and the young Lady Diana's sire, a courtly earl, who viewed the proposed alliance with high favour.

And thus, young Lord Richard had come to regard it as a settled thing; dissonant in no wise from the openly-expressed plans of his lady mother, and looking forward to the time when—his university days and his travels over—he should settle down, as the head of Hungerford House, to his mapped-out future.

But he did not dream, all this time, what hold the beautiful, warm-hearted, dark-eyed child whom he had rescued from a life of poverty and degradation, had upon his heart.

Just prior to setting out on his journeyings, he had called upon Bianca to bid her good-by.

He pressed a kind kiss upon her glowing cheeks and left her, happy and beloved, under the care of a celebrated singer, with whom he had secured her a home and instruction, and to whom she had already endeared herself by her winning ways.

Often in those four years of wanderings the memory of the Italian girl's parting-cares came over his heart like the balmy breath of the soft south wind over a bank of flowers, waking it into bloom. And so, when he first set foot again in his native London, after the greetings to his stately mother, and to the proud Lady Diana Lenox were over, came thoughts of his protégée.

"She must be changed. I shall find a child no longer, but a woman. I wonder if she has ripened into that rare beauty of which she gave promise, and if her voice, too, has developed as Marillo prophesied? I will visit her to-morrow."

But with the morrow Lord Richard was doomed to a sad disappointment.

No trace of the singer could be found. Musical



circles, in which Marillo had been a celebrity, could give no information concerning him.

The world of London had not heard his voice for two years. He must have departed the country, if still living.

"He has probably taken Bianca to Italy!" said Lord Richard, in extreme disappointment. "But I will wait patiently. Some day, she may flash upon us, with her glorious young voice. I shall see her, and hear her sing, again!"

After that he fell into the habit of frequenting the opera-house whenever a new *débutant* was announced. His lady mother credited it to his cultivated taste; and the Lady Diana, usually in his company, to a desire to show off her stately beauty and blazing diamonds; but neither knew the restlessness that sent him, nightly, into those circles.

#### CHAPTER III.

ONE day there was a "sensation" in Hungerford House. The Lady Diana Lenox had been married, privately, at St. Paul's, two days preceding; and had started for Dover for the continent. False as fair, a coronet had won her; and she was now the Countess of Warwickshire. The bridal had been in private; but fabulous stories were told of the magnificence of the wedding-dress and diamonds.

The "sensation" was not confined to Hungerford House alone. All London was astir with it. In courtly circles there was a new theme for gossip.

The majority pitied "poor Lord Hungerford." "Betrotted from youth," they said, "he would take it to heart so sadly!"

A few—heartless, and fashion-serving as the coronetted bride—envied her. "What was a lord beside an earl?" Besides, "Hungerford had been absent four long years, and he could not be so very deeply attached to her."

For once, the gossips were right.

Lord Richard did not feel Lady Diana's desertion so very keenly. His mother was more deeply grieved and disappointed.

After the first shock was over, he was surprised to find how calmly he could play the rôle of an injured lover. True, at first he was mortified at the publicity of the occurrence.

"If Lady Diana had wished a release, she could have had it from my lips, or she could have improved the four years when I was absent from England," he said, bitterly.

He did not reflect that the titled old earl, who had won her, had not appeared in London circles until since his return, and that Lady Diana had not had the opportunity to desert him earlier.

But the stir died away; the Countess of Warwickshire led the mode in gay, giddy Paris; the world of fashion in London moved as of old; and Lord Richard settled down to his former life again.

He passed his days in the studio where we first met him, which he had now ornamented with many articles of *virtù* brought from abroad; and the evenings did not find him absent from society.

"He does not seem broken-hearted, at all," voted the circles in which he mingled. "After all, he either was not deeply attached to his *fiancée*, or he has recovered quickly."

It did not suit his mood to contradict either of these assertions; so, after a short time, he found himself courted and caressed by fond ambitious mammas with marriageable daughters who joyfully rejoiced that Lord Hungerford was free again.

But, though polite to all, Lord Richard did not choose to become enamoured speedily; hence lavishing his *dévotion* at no particular shrine, he continued a favourite with all, because each had hopes of being the fortunate winner.

Thus the winter passed by—then a summer at Bath, whither he accompanied his mother—and then another winter found them in London again.

Fairly established once more in the society of Grosvenor Square, Lady Hungerford's proclivities for match-making awoke again.

A wealthy and noble Italian widow, with a beautiful daughter, had appeared in their midst, with an *entrée* into the most select circles.

Madame Carlotta was still in the prime of her years, and a mellow beauty, which was softened by a look of settled sadness she continually wore. But it was her young and exquisitely beautiful daughter Bertha who set the London world of fashion and nobility in a furor of admiration wherever she appeared, at private entertainment or opera, she was the cynosure of all eyes, and half the young nobles of London were at her feet.

Lord Richard Hungerford stood aloof from her presence for some time after she appeared, simply from the fact that his mother was continually urging him to the acquaintance, for she had become a firm friend of the foreigners at first; but, at length, chance threw him into the society of the fascinating Bertha.

Immediately he became greatly interested in her—not so much for her rare beauty, grace and accomplishments, as because she seemed to evoke from the past some sleeping dreams. He could not define the nameless feeling that wholly invested him.

He was not in love; his feelings for her were such as a brother might have cherished for a sister; yet he constantly sought her society.

One evening, when she sat at the piano, singing an opera air, something in her attitude, and the expression of her large, dreamy eyes, recalled the thought of Bianca, the tambourine girl. He started in astonishment.

"How like to what Bianca must be now! And just her age, too—sixteen!" and a wild suspicion darted through his mind. But before the evening was over, that suspicion was crushed. Bertha had always been with her mother, was reared in Italy, and then polished by travel. Adroitly he led the conversation to her youth, and she spoke freely of her childhood days, and scenes in which she had mingled. Her father she never knew, she said, as he had died when she was an infant.

That night Lord Hungerford retired to his room with a shade of disappointment mingled with his evening's enjoyment. He understood, fully, his feelings for Bertha, now.

"She has reminded me of lost Bianca," he said. "That was the charm that drew me to her. Her eyes, hair, smile, even, are the same, and she is, perhaps, more beautiful; but ah, I miss the warmth, impassioned nature, and abandon of that sweet child of song, whom, perhaps, I shall never meet again! What would my mother say, if she heard me now? She has set her heart upon my wooing Bertha Carlotta."

A few days afterwards, Lady Hungerford met her son, with the intelligence that a new *prima donna* had electrified London; and she trusted he would make one of a party, comprising Lady Carlotta, her daughter, and herself, to the opera.

Smiling covertly at the transparency of his mother's plans, the young man immediately accepted; his heart leaping at the words "*prima donna*," though he knew nothing yet of the new star, for he had been absent two weeks from London.

For once, he asked no questions, and looked at no bulletins which placarded the city, heralding this wonderful daughter of song; but that evening, from the curtained box where the beautiful Bertha was quite as much the attraction as the expected *débutante*, he looked impatiently towards the stage for the rising of the curtain.

Strange, that his heart beat so heavily, and his face was so pale with emotion! He seemed to have a presentiment that his fate lay but a step before him.

Suddenly came the crash of the orchestra—their prelude—the uprising of the curtain—and then every eye was bent upon the stage.

Was that the *prima donna*—that slender girlish, yet exquisitely rounded figure standing before them? Nay, indeed, one would almost have sworn it was Bertha Carlotta—so perfect a similitude; and a murmur of surprise ran round the house, and eyes were turned alternately from stage to box, and box to stage again.

But *prima donna* she must indeed be, for suddenly uprose on the hushed air such a wondrous voice as flung a spell of enchantment never felt before by the frequenters of Covent Garden. The house was still as death, other performers in the opera were unheeded, all being impatient for that glorious young voice again, and when her rôle was ended, and she retired, a perfect tempest of applause called her forth again.

She came, but a few minutes had elapsed, and yet, how complete the metamorphosis. Not now in satin robes and with jewels in her braided hair, but with those dusky purple-black locks unbound and floating loosely on her shoulders, her dress that of a poor neglected street wanderer, and in her slender fingers, into which she gathered up the rain of bouquets and jewels that had been flung upon the stage, a tambourine.

Lord Richard Hungerford sat breathless. He had noticed no one in that vast theatre—not even Bertha, or strangely agitated Madame Carlotta who started forward with a low cry and kept her burning eyes rivetted wildly on the stage—none save the *prima donna*. Nor did it need this trick of the tambourine to tell him that he had found Bianca, for when her eyes, sweeping round the theatre, fell on his, and the rich red stole on her cheek, he recognized her.

Just then, while he sat breathless Marillo came forward and took her by the hand. He spoke a few words both for himself and for his pupil. He closed by saying:

"You have been more than kind, and Bianca La Tambourina is grateful for the favours lavished on Carina, the *prima donna*."

Amid the applause that rent the air, Lord Richard's ear was alive to one request that came, in thick, agitated words, from Madame Carlotta's lips, her hand grasping his arm tightly.

"Lord Hungerford, I must see her—Bianca! Take me behind the scenes to the green-room."

Glad of any excuse to seek her side, he arose, and they left the box together, leaving his mother and Bertha in care of a friend near by.

But little more remains to add, save to explain the wonderful revelation that followed the agitated Madame Carlotta's appearance in the green-room, to claim, in the *fitted prima donna*, a twin-daughter to her Bertha—Bianca Carlotta—and her perfect counterpart in form and feature.

Ample proof sustained this revelation.

Fifteen years before, Madame Carlotta's husband died, and six months later, an old lover of the widow's pressed his suit again. She rejected him, for she knew that avarice more than love ruled him, and that his desire was for her wealth.

He swore revenge; and, seeking to reach her heart, bribed one of the lazzaroni to do his bidding—to steal her infant twin children, and convey them away, and then, by threats, he supposed he might frighten her into an acceptance of his suit.

His plans were but half fulfilled, for the nurse suddenly returned before little Bertha had been seized, little Bianca, meantime, having been handed to the man outside the window; and that very night, the wicked man lay dead from the assassin's stiletto.

His lazzaroni accomplice at length confessed his share of the sin upon his death-bed; but he could give no account of the missing child, save that he had been commanded to place her in keeping of a poor street musician, about sailing for England.

The desire to track her lost child brought Madame Carlotta to England; and we have now seen her happy restoration, at the theatre where the *prima donna* first appeared, after her return from Italy, whither her kind instructor had taken her, to perfect her musical education.

Thus we find Bianca Carlotta restored to a loving mother's and sister's arms, and shortly afterwards, to a husband's, for she speedily became the bride of Lord Richard Hungerford.

There was a double wedding at St. Paul's, for suddenly appeared an Italian lover of the beautiful Bertha, winning her from a disappointed English rival.

As they bade Lady Hungerford good-by, to set out on their bridal tour, Lord Richard whispered archly:

"I wedded my first love, after all, mother—the little Tambourine Girl!" C. H. W.

THERE has been a thaw in the ice at Cronstadt; but in the south of Russia the cold is intense. At Odessa a man was lately frozen to death in the streets.

THE Russian admiral at Cronstadt has celebrated the massacre of Sinop as the greatest triumph of the Russian navy. A Russian paper says "it was the last battle in which sailing vessels took any part; the last also of those worthy of figuring in history by the side of the grand naval actions of Aboukir, Trafalgar, and Navarino."

A GOLD mine has, we are glad to say, been discovered in the land of the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt. The ore yields at present one pound of gold to sixteen of other metal. It is, however, feared that it will not hold out long. Gold diggings on the Rhine would be a traveller's novelty, albeit the Rhine is known to be auriferous, and many stories are told of lucky findings.

On December the 28th, 1065, the solemn ceremony of the dedication of the Abbey of Westminster was performed by King Edward the Confessor, a few days before his death, and the accession of Harold, who fell before William the Conqueror. The 800th anniversary of this event, and the foundation of the abbey, was celebrated on Thursday, December the 28th, with a full choral service in the sacred and venerable pile.

A STRANGE story is told of two sisters at Berlin. About three years ago one of these young ladies was engaged to be married, but on the bridal morning became so ill that she could not possibly go to the church. The bridegroom was a desirable one, and he was a fish who, it seems, had not easily been hooked. There was, therefore, great danger in delay, so instead of postponing the marriage, the second sister, covering herself in a long veil, personated the first and duly went through the ceremony. The moment it was over she transferred the bridal dress and ornaments to her sister, who, in her innocence, was thus considered to have all proper claim to this husband she married by proxy. It is only recently that a discovery has been made of the real facts, and proceedings are about to be taken, not only in the civil, but also in the criminal courts of Berlin.

**FEMALE EDUCATION IN FRANCE.**—A young lady, twenty years of age, daughter of a naval officer, has just received the degree of Bachelor of Letters, at Montpellier, having passed through the competitive examination with great distinction. Mlle. Antonia Cellarius took the first place in translation from the Latin, and the fourth for Latin composition, with nineteen competitors. Montpellier is the fourth town in the empire that has conferred the degree of Bachelor on a female pupil, the other three being Lyons, Bordeaux, and Algiers.

## MAUD.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

I know thee now—alas! that I have wronged thee,  
Not knowing thee till now! For thou wast ever,  
Even as to-day, loving, and good, and noble!

Two years went by. Anna of Warwick had followed her only son to the grave, and Richard stood almost alone arrayed against a rebellion that had been for months undermining the whole fabric of his power.

The Duke of Richmond, a man whose illegitimate claims would hardly have been recognised in ordinary times, was now absolutely invited to seize the crown of England.

He had answered this call in person, hurrying a few foreign troops across the seas, and gathering men by thousands as he advanced into the country.

Richard was bold and brave as any monarch that ever lived. The crown which he had won with so much blood was dear to him as his own soul. With the first breath of rebellion, he mustered the royal forces and started forth to meet the invader.

By quick marches he came upon Richmond within a few miles of Leicester, and encamped his own forces on Bosworth field, choosing the ground.

All night long the armies lay close together, waiting for the hour of strife which was to decide the fate of England.

Near the battle-field stood a low, stone house, that had at some early time been connected with battlemented towers, and other objects of defence, but now it was given up entirely to peaceful pursuits.

That portion which had been a fortress had fallen into ruin, and the building, as it stood, was scarcely more than a farm-house.

In a room of this dwelling, which was simple in its adornments, but marked with such evidences of refinement as always bespeak the presence of a highly bred lady, a woman walked to and fro in a state of wild unrest.

She had heard the music, seen the royal banners, and watched the troops file by, hour after hour, with a tumult of feeling which no mere mustering of armies could have aroused in that usually calm bosom.

As she stood within the embrasure of a window, watching the rear-guard desfile toward the battle-field, a glow of the setting sun fell upon her dark garments, and touched the heavy tresses gathered at the back of her head like a helmet.

Those who had known Maud Chichester in her youth would have recognised her again in that position.

Truly she was changed; her air was proud and womanly, her face beautiful as ever, but an expression of thoughtful self-reliance sat upon it with a grace that was queenly.

As she stood watching the soldiers, a young lad came dashing into the room wild with excitement. His dark eyes fairly blazed with delight, his cheeks were hot and red.

"Oh, mother, I have seen the king!"

Maud turned quickly, and walking toward him, laid one hand on his head.

"Do not be angry—do not look so strange, mother. I was in no danger, but only stood looking on when he called to me."

"What, King Richard? Did he speak to thee, my son?"

"Ay, that did he, sweet mother, and asked if I would not like to be a soldier and fight for my king."

"And what didst thou answer, boy?"

"I said, marry would I, if I had a war-horse to ride, and he would give me a company to lead."

"Well—well!"

"Do not be angry, mother; but he bade me seek him on the battle-field, after the tents were pitched, and he promised to give me both the war-horse and a company."

Maud turned her eyes from that ardent young face, and moved toward the window, again troubled and thoughtful. The boy followed her.

"Mother, was my father a warrior? Was he brave?"

"As brave a man as ever lived, my boy."

"And where did he die? On what battle-field did he fall?"

The mother turned white, and then her face flushed scarlet.

"Boy, come hither, close to my lap, and I will tell thee."

Maud sat down in her high-backed chair, and motioned the lad to place himself on a hassock at her feet; but he simply pressed it with his knees, and folding his arms upon her lap, prepared himself to listen.

She told him all briefly, but with a tone of truth that ran through his young heart like holy fire. He started up at last, flung his arms around her neck, and kissed her with passionate fondness.

"Mother, shall I go down yonder and run him through the heart, or fight for him till he proclaims thee his queen and wife before the whole world? Do not look on me with that half smile, as if I were too young for this. The son who fights for his mother's honour needs not years to make him strong."

"My brave boy—my noble child!"

"Thy son could not choose but be noble; his son must be brave. Shall I go now, mother?"

Maud arose.

"Not for me shalt thou fight; but for him, thy father, and thine own royal inheritance. He is in trouble, forsaken by his friends, beset with deadly enemies. The lady he wronged in marrying is dead, the son he loved sleeps with her in the same grave. This is the time to prove that thou art the true heir of England. Make ready, Richard. With my own hand will I lead thee to his side."

"But he wronged thee, mother."

"My son, were he safe upon his throne, in full plenitude of power, we might think of that. But now, when the dominion for which he forsook us is threatened, I can only remember that he was my husband and thy father."

"But the world does not know this. It thinks you the widow of a knight who fell in the wars—nothing more."

"But God knows it."

"And I am his son, a Plantagenet! He has wronged us, mother. But he is a brave general, and will fight like a tiger in to-morrow's battle," cried the lad, exultingly. "Oh, if I could but wield the sword of a man!"

Maud smiled.

"But thou hast a strong arm; and the old man, who taught my father his first use of weapons has spared no exercise that could give it pith and skill. To-morrow it shall wield the sword in earnest."

"I will not shame my birth, mother!" cried the lad, with kindling enthusiasm; "and when thou art Queen of England—"

"Nay, Richard, that time will never, never come."

We must not seek our own advancement by his degradation, or wrong the fair face of Warwick's innocent daughter. When thy father proclaims thee as heir to his greatness, thy mother will be dead to the world. No one shall ever know that she drew one breath after her lord made another woman his queen."

"Mother!"

"Nay, boy, it must be so. Down in the convent yonder I will pray for him and thee. Long ago thy mother died to the world. When those gates close upon her, she will live for heaven alone."

"Oh, mother! this language breaks my heart!"

"Nay, thou wilt know of me, and love me still."

"For ever and ever!" cried the boy, with passionate tenderness.

Maud kissed him on the forehead, and went into her chamber. When she came forth again, clad in a long, black robe, rich in material, but monastic in form, the boy, who was sitting on a breast-plate, looked at her attentively till his eyes were flooded with tears.

"Come," she said, smiling upon him, "put on thy helmet, and let old Stacey follow us with the sword and battle-axe; by that hushed sound the army should be encamped. That looks brave. Come on now, my twelve-year-old warrior. To-night our destines will be complete."

They went out, lady and son, from that peaceful dwelling, and drifted away through the last crimson of the twilight toward the battle-field, never to return again.

"Ho, there! What evil thing is that? Has Edward sent his son to haunt me? These hands never touched the boy!"

"Richard!"

"That voice—that—Has she come, too?"

Richard started from the couch on which he had thrown himself and sat up, looking around the tent in stern defiance. Even the spirit of evil could not daunt that haughty soul! He stooped down and began to drag forth fragments of his armour, which lay in a heap on the ground, ready to do battle even with the foul fiend himself, so long as it could be done by force of arms.

"Richard!"  
He rose up suddenly and dropped the breast-plate from his hand. Well he knew that there was no need of defence against that voice. Its earthly tones thrilled him to the heart.

"Maud—Maud Chichester!"

She came forward, leading her son by the hand. The drapery closed in behind her, shutting out a blaze of torch-light with its rustling folds; a silver lamp swung from the centre of the tent, lighting it dimly.

But Richard knew the woman he had loved, and stood up to receive her. Of all the people he had wronged, she alone had power to make his heart thrill and his knees tremble.

"Ah, Maud, have you come with the rest? You who never yet reproached me—you whom I loved so?"

"Richard, did I not love you? Can you doubt me?"

He turned one glance on her, fell back, and covering his face with both hands, shook till the couch trembled under him.

"You did—you did," he cried; "and this was the only love that ever blessed my life. Oh! Maud, Maud! if I had but been content, this day I might have defied these rebellious lords to touch my happiness, or wound my honour. I gave up wife and child to plunge my soul in torture, and all to rule over this turbulent and ungrateful people. Here, like a hunted stag, I sit, while these ingrates hardly do me honour as a king, and go over to the enemy before my very face. I thought that you had come to wound me with the rest."

"I come, Richard, to give up our son, that he may lift a virgin sword in his father's cause."

"Thy son, Maud—our son; for if he lives, I swear by this good sword to proclaim him Prince of Wales, and heir of England, on this victorious battle-field to-morrow. Where is the boy?"

Young Richard stepped forth from the shadows where he had lingered, and knelt before his father.

"Why, this is the lad I met upon the way," cried Richard, putting the hair back from that young forehead, while a luminous smile glanced over his own face. "As a stranger, my heart leaped forth to meet him. So you have donned armour, and know the use of the sword, I will be sworn. St. Paul! but he shall ride by my bridle in the fight, and thank his own young valour for it when I make his mother Queen of England."

Maud bent her head—a struggle arose in that noble heart, which soon, however, calmed itself.

"This can never be. To-night, my husband, we meet for the last time on earth. Here I resign the rights both of mother and wife. When the strife commences to-morrow, I shall be in yon convent, there to pray for thee and him while his heart beats."

Richard started up. The iron will which had so long defied, or capoled public opinion, was in full force now.

"I comprehend thee, Maud. Again thou wouldst sacrifice thyself rather than touch thy husband in his honour. But I tell thee, sweet saint, when victory perches on our banner with to-morrow's dawn, I can and will defy these rebel lords, and proclaim thee Richard's first love, his true wife, and their most honoured queen. As for our son here, he shall knock the spurs from Richmond's heel, and turn that scum of Lancaster over to messer hands for penitence. Come, sirrah, let us see if you can lift Richard's mace. At your age he could swing that of the great Warwick around his head."

The lad blushed modestly, but took the great knotted mace from his father's grasp and swung it with vigour around his young head.

"Bravely done!" cried Richard. "How strong his presence has made me. An hour ago this tent seemed full of demons threatening me with defeat. But now I feel the strength of fifty men in this arm, the courage of whole armies in my heart."

Maud smiled.

Some of the old admiring fire came back to her eyes.

Richard saw the look, and answered it in words:

"Speak not of convents, Maud, we are young yet. The first bloom is scarcely off thy cheek."

Maud shook her head; but the boy flung his arms around her.

"Farewell, sweet mother! but only for a little time. Let them prepare to sing a Te Deum over our victory to-morrow."

Maud kissed him with passionate tenderness; then turned and reached forth her hand to the king, who clasped her with sudden force to his bosom.

"Pray for us; wait for us. Forgive me, and oh! Maud, my wife, love me; for since we parted I have not known the sweets of affection for one moment."

Maud lay in his arms a moment, irresolute, wrestling the woman's pride struggled fiercely against the wife's love.



For one instant she received his embrace; then she arose from his bosom and prepared to go.

Richard, hard as he seemed, was a proud man. In that moment of almost supernatural excitement he yearned for one loving word, one fond clasp of the arms which had been so frankly given him in former years.

In his soul he was praying her to forgive him; but the burning coldness with which she freed herself from his arms chilled him through and through. Even in his distress, with misfortune lowering all around him, he could not seek to enforce the love which might have perished under the cruelty of his own acts.

But as she drew apart from him, anguish that would have been tears in a weaker man, filled his eyes, and he cried:

"Oh, Maud! all the world forsakes me. Will you go also? This may be the last time we shall ever meet."

Then the great love which had swamped that woman's whole existence in the man's ambition swept over her in a full breath of tenderness.

Her eyes were flooded, her bosom heaved with it. She flung aside the past—desertion, wrong, everything was forgotten.

She threw herself into his arms.

She met his kisses of despairing love with broken sobs and soft murmurs of the undying affection which had made him at one time almost a good man.

"My husband, my lord, my king! though all the world forsake thee, yet will not I."

He held her close.

The kisses which he gave her were slow and mournful, for he knew in his soul that they were the last.

"Oh! if I could but live after to-morrow!" he said, holding her head between his hands, and looking into her face till such tears as he had never felt before welled into his eyes.

"And so you will," she answered, despondently.

"To-night I will take shelter in the convent at Leicester. To-morrow—"

Richard shuddered as the word to-morrow fell from her lips, but she spoke out firmly:

"To-morrow, if Richard Plantagenet is alive, thou shalt be proclaimed Queen of England."

Maud gave no answer, for underneath all this new flood of tenderness was the one resolve never to accept the rights in her own person which must proclaim her husband's crime.

Her resolution was firm to enter the convent at Leicester as an inmate that very night.

It was a grand sacrifice, such as some women can make even when love burns brightest in the bosom. When she reached out her arms again, a cry of anguish rose to her lips, but the brave woman forced it back, and smiling, oh! how sadly, in his face, took her last farewell.

"What ho, Cateby! Bring hither a horse for this lady, and convey her safe to the convent at Leicester; charge the abbot to treat her with all honour, for she is Queen of England."

Cateby was not a man to evince surprise. He turned, bowed his knee to the lady, and without a word, went in search of the horses. During the few minutes that intervened, the husband and wife stood together in silence, under a presentiment of evil which neither of them could shake off. Then a horse was led round in front of the royal tent, and Richard placed Maud upon it with his own hands, while young Richard, full of life and hope, held the bridle.

"Farewell!" she said, stooping down till their cold lips met. "Farewell!"

A groan broke from the lips that touched hers, and the king remained immovable till the darkness swallowed her up. Then he took young Richard by the hand with touching gentleness and drew him into the tent.

What passed within those crimson walls between the father and son that night no human being ever knew; but throughout the fierce battle of Bosworth field, which opened with the morning, a boy in armour fought side by side with the king like a creature inspired; and when at last Richard sought out his individual foe in the thickest of the battle, the white charger of the boy kept side by side with the royal war-steed, till both kindly forms were swept from the saddle wounded unto death.

The onset had been so sudden that no one among the enemy recognized the king in the leader of that desperate charge; so the fight raged on, leaving the father and son alone with a red cloud falling over them from the sunset. The boy lay white and cold, bleeding to death, close by the fallen monarch, who, unconscious of his presence, strove in a fierce struggle for breath to unloose his helmet.

But his hands wandered from their work and fell helplessly away, while a terrible groan broke through those iron bars.

"Air! water! water!"

The lad heard the smothered cry, pressed one hand to his bleeding side, and dragged himself close to the king.

With wonderful strength he unclasped the helmet, and pressing his last breath upon the pale lips which gasped eagerly for the air, fell across his father's bosom dead.

That night the body of Richard III. was borne into Leicester, with that of a fair, young boy, who was found lying across his bosom, and clasped in his arms.

The nuns of the convent came forth to meet the dead. Among them, walking by the abbess, was a lady in dark garments, which were not altogether of the order.

She held a crucifix in her hand, moving along with the rest in solemn mournfulness.

When these good women withdrew from the convent chapel, leaving the royal remains outstretched before the lighted altar, the tapers shone down on the prostrate form of Maud Chichester, and on the beautiful white face of her son, who, at her request, had been laid side by side with his father, of all his proud race The Last Plantagenet.

THE END.

## THE ROSE OF NORMANDY.

### CHAPTER I.

"WHAT, ho! stay thy tripping feet, my pretty maiden, and hold a pleasant chat this summer's afternoon beside this brawling stream!" rang out a bold, deep-toned voice through the depths of the old Norman forest that engirt the cheerful town of Falaise, one warm June day, of a time long past; and with the words a dark, proud man, with iron lips and keen, hawk eyes, emerged from the wood and stepped upon the little rustic bridge that spanned a clear stream babbling across the pathway.

Another form beside the speaker's stood on the little wooden bridge—a beautiful young girl of seventeen summers, clad in the picturesque costume of Normandy, the short skirt, bright bodice, flowing sash, and high head-dress; and as the sudden ejaculation of the new-comer broke upon her ear, she stopped short, and a wave of embarrassment crimsoned her face. Then, looking a moment at the speaker, whose dress of rich green velvet and plumed and jewelled cap befitted him a man of rank, the maiden cursed low, and said, half confusedly:

"And what would Duke Robert with Babette Aquitaine?"

"A little chat, prithee, sweet maid. And so thou art the pretty Babette whom I caught a glimpse of yesterday in Falaise?" continued the dark man. "A pretty name for a pretty maid, by my halidome! Nay, do not be in haste to escape me! for she seemed impatient, as though she would have hurried past."

"Thou knowest me, it seems, little Babette?"

"Yes. Thou art Duke Robert, lord of the castle up yonder," pointing away to the old stone chateau, whose towers rose steep and clear in the blue sky at the edge of the forest. "I have seen thee often in the courtyard as I walked past."

The duke smiled—a dark, sinister smile—and said:

"Thou hast used thy bright eyes to some purpose, my little maiden. And now, come tell me where thou dwellest, for though I asked concerning thee yesterday in the town, when I saw thee tripping in the dance on the green, none would direct me to thy home."

The beautiful girl paused a moment, for she had heard, in common with all the rest of the denizens of Falaise, the character of the castle's lord, as a gay man, who cared only for his own sinful pleasures; and that he had made inquiry about her, as well as now paused to seek converse with her, alarmed her sorely. Moving uneasily past him, she replied:

"What matters it where humble peasant girls abide, my lord duke? Let me hasten onward, for my sire is awaiting me," and darting past him, she bounded across the bridge, and along the green shadowy forest path beneath the heavy pines that soured their wind-swept boughs above her head.

"A quick-witted piece!" exclaimed Duke Robert, biting his lips with chagrin, "but she cannot foil me thus. I will follow her;" and hastening his pace, he gained the edge of the forest just in time to see Babette disappear behind the hill-range that engirt the green valley of the Vire sleeping in the yellow June sunset glow.

"She does not dwell in the town, since she has left that on her right, and disappeared on the convent road. *Par Dieu!* she can't be one of the sisters of Saint Cecilia; for grey-cloaked nuns never doff their sombre robes to dance upon the village green. Yet none dwell in that quarter save the hoary-headed old Dorothea, whom I encountered the other day on my ride, and whose hat alone rises along the lonely road. Well, my fleet maiden, though to-day you have

escaped, to-morrow I will mount my good steed and scour the whole country, that engirts Falaise till I have found you!"

### CHAPTER II.

ONCE again the sunset hues were flooding the valley of the Vire, flashing in the waters of the little stream that babbled through fields, vineyards, and the forest; kindling into crimson glow the windows in the turret towers of the old castle; brightening the grey walls of the stone convent, and settling like a veil of gold upon the brown hair of Babette Aquitaine, as she sat, softly humming an old Norman song, in the door of a little cottage, on a lonely road outside the precincts of Falaise.

The convent walls rose at but a short distance from the maiden's home, and even as she sat and sung, its bells pealed out the vesper hour, the sweet, clear chimes mingling with her tones like a pleasant chorus; and so the twilight shadows fell, and Babette lingered in the cottage door and sung.

Suddenly, as she closed the refrain of her melody, a white horse was reined up before her with such force as to send him almost back upon his haunches; and its rider, in a gilded suit, half armour and half court-dress, of heavy velvet, sprang to the ground, with his golden spurs ringing loudly.

"Ho, there, hoary-headed old father! But he, by my halidome! thou here, my pretty Babette?" he exclaimed, starting with joyful surprise, as he spied the maiden. "In good sooth, this is a lucky call, that sent me straight into the presence of her who occupies my heart; for all the day I have been searching for thy hiding-place, till now, at nightfall, I was well-nigh wearied, and bethought me to tarry a minute at Father Ambrose's cot to rest ere I set out for my own castle. Tell me if I have not tracked the wild dove to her nest, Babette?" he asked, with bold, confident air.

The Norman maid shrunk away under the admiring glance of bold Duke Robert's hawk eyes; but seeing that her retreat was discovered, she replied coldly:

"Your search has been successful, my lord. This is my home, where I dwell with Father Ambrose, and good old Dame Ursula, who minds the cares of our humble cottage."

"Ah, our hoary-headed old monk hath shown himself cunning in brightening his hidden nest, with so sweet a warbler," said Duke Robert, bluntly, and fastening his keen gaze on the girl's beautiful face. "I faith, he'd better far pass his hours in counting the beads of his brown rosary, and leave tender maids to shed their smiles on us laymen!" and he flung a strong gaze of admiration upon her.

Babette's face grew scarlet with maidenly indignation, and she replied, sarcastically:

"Keep back your evil hints, my lord duke! Father Ambrose is a fitting guardian for the only daughter of his soldier brother, who perished in the wars, leaving his orphan all alone save this kin. Methinks, too, it is no trait of noble soul when a Norman duke flings suspicion upon so pious a recluse as he who dwelleth in the shadows of Saint Cecilia's walls!" pointing away to the convent, in whose chapel the good old monk at that twilight hour was kneeling at evening vespers.

The Norman lord bit his lip at the girl's well-merited retort, and perceiving that he had gone too far, exclaimed:

"Prithee, a thousand pardons, I beg, fair Babette! Credit my fears to the natural jealousy of a lover, for, sweet maiden, Duke Robert is at thy feet!" And suiting the action to the word, the nobleman bowed his mailed knee, his golden spurs clattering on the pavement of the little courtyard before the cot, and seizing the girl's white hand, he pressed it warmly to his bearded lips.

Babette drew her slender fingers away with sudden movement, and recoiled from his ardent gaze with indignant glance and crimsoning cheek.

"Rise, Duke Robert! It behoves not the castle's lord to kneel before an humble maiden, since it is known the world o'er that noblemen rarely woo peasant girls save for pasture!" and the high, proud look which she cast upon the duke told that Babette Aquitaine read well the character of her suitor.

"Nay, look not so scornfully, sweet Babette!" said Duke Robert; "and judge not so unkindly, for thou canst not read the heart of him who kneels before thee; and how knowest thou that I come not to win thee fairly? Such things have been in our Normandy, my pretty Babette;" and the man's words dropped with candid accent from his tongue, for he had suddenly found that he must, indeed, woo Babette openly.

But however many a peasant maiden might have been moved by the eloquence of so lordly a wooer, little Babette Aquitaine was none such; besides, a prior love was her shield, for the Norman girl was already betrothed to the chosen of her heart.

"Nay, Duke Robert, thy words may, in good sooth, be true, but it becomes not a plighted maiden to listen. Go thy ways, my lord, and leave me to my humble lot; and tempt me not with stories of a grander life."

"Plighted! Ha, that is the secret of thy indifference then, little Babette!" exclaimed the nobleman, starting up, a dark frown glooming on his brow. "To some low-born boor, I dare swear," he added, bluntly and passionately.

A little curl of pride wreathed the red lips of the maiden.

"Jacques Tacher may not boast the blood of a duke in his veins, but he hath good old Norman parentage, and is a brave and noble soldier."

"A soldier! Ha, he is away at the wars then?" asked the duke, eagerly.

"Ay, my lord."

"And when are you to be wedded?" queried the nobleman.

"Alas, Duke Robert, though a soldier may bravely fight his country's battles, his wages count for less than his honour. We are poor, my lord!"

"And your uncle, Father Ambrose—can he not dower thee with a marriage portion, my pretty Babette?" asked Duke Robert, with such a show of tender solicitude that the maiden opened her heart still further.

"Ah, Duke Robert, the church is a good mother, but she, too, is poor, save to her great abbots and bishops, and Father Ambrose hath no cunning to acquire honour or gain," and with a half sigh she drooped her pretty head, with its wealth of brown braids tucked away snugly under its high Norman cap.

"Tis a dreary future to look forward to, it seemeth, my little Babette," he said, artfully; "thou and thy soldier lover will both be wearied and older than thou art now at thy wedding-day. It must be hard to be poor, Babette. Methinks 'twere pleasanter to dwell in a fine castle as the castle's lady, in a chamber hung with gold and crimson arras, with vassals to come and go at every wave of thy little white hand, and rich velvet robes, and dainty food, and rare old wines—a fitting garden to hold the fairest rose of Normandy! Prithce, little Babette, is it not a pleasanter picture than a poor soldier's wife?"

"Nay, tempt me not, Duke Robert," said the girl, half dazzled by the splendid vision, but strong in her love for her brave soldier at the wars. "Listen to thy words I may not, were I free; for 'tis said thou art about to bring proud Lady Elinor to thy castle ere long."

"Fahaw! idle gossip only, little one," exclaimed the nobleman, with a gesture of scorn. "'Tis true Lady Elinor waits but to be won; but I love not the cold, proud, titled dame, and by all the saints in the calendar I swear I do love you only, sweet Babette!" he cried. "Wed me, and you shall be my true and lawful lady, and thy soldier at the wars shall be advanced in honour, and thy old uncle here created abbot of yon old monastery; refuse me, and Jacques Tacher shall be ground into the lowest station in the army, and Father Ambrose made to feel the weight of the hate of a Norman lord, who rules the church as well as state. Nay, this is rough wooing, I know, my pretty one," he continued, as the girl shrank away, with pale cheek and trembling figure—"rough and bold I know full well, but 'tis not the trade of us Norman lords to sue, for we are better versed in the arts of war than love. Thou hast heard my suit; now look to it well ere thou givest answer!" And with haughty mien, yet eyes that softened with love's glow, the proud, stern warrior stood beside his champion war-steed before the humble little cottage, awaiting the peasant girl's reply to this hasty and passionate wooing.

The evening shadows gathered thicker about the little cottage draped with vines and roses; the chiming of the convent bells had long ceased; in the distant path the venerable figure of Father Ambrose, in his flowing, monkish gown, was seen returning from the evening vespers; and still Babette stood, pale and trembling, before her imperious suitor.

Blame her not, reader, for her indecision. That was a rude and primal age, when the will of the nobles was law to the humble classes; when woman's love was oftentimes won by rough and bold wooing, and to rebel against the decree of her lord was rarely known; and if, added to this state of things, we record her natural womanly fear of the powerful Duke Robert's fulfilment of his threat, we can understand poor Babette's hesitation to offend him, for the Norman lord had it in his hands to crush any who dared oppose his will.

"Decide, little Babette. On the one hand, Jacques Tacher promoted to a great man, and Father Ambrose made an abbot or a bishop; and on the other, ignominy, poverty, and the weight of Duke Robert's crushing hand!" urged the nobleman, impatiently.

He had judged rightly in this final appeal, for he had calculated that the girl's heart, which might not be moved by a sudden affection for him, must be swayed by her love for the two whose names he uttered. Not for herself, but for them—to save them from the terrible revenge of the disappointed nobleman—would she crush her own heart's pleading. She trembled in every limb, she grew pale as death, but firm as iron her decision was taken.

"Duke Robert!" she said, in a low, concentrated voice. "If I do go to yonder castle as your bride, I will not deceive you that I go there because I love you. Yet, swear to me by the holy Rood and by the Cross—swear that honour and preformance shall be heaped on Jacques Tacher, and that Father Ambrose shall be endowed with the highest dignities of the holy church!"

"By the Rood and by the Cross! I swear both, sweet Babette, and so I set my sign upon your red lips to seal the compact!" cried the Norman duke, quickly stooping to place a kiss upon her young mouth. "But prithce, beautiful mistress, let us have no more of thy lack of love; for thou shalt see ere long how Duke Robert, who never yet hath failed in aught he undertook, in court or field, will have compelled thy entire fealty to thy lord. So prate not thus early, my lady."

"Go now! I would fain be alone to-night," urged the maiden, faint and weary, and shrinking away from him.

"I obey, sweet Babette. By the Rood, thou art playing mistress full early—but I yield for the nonce!"

And with another kiss, the triumphant nobleman sprang upon his steed and dashed away in the gathering evening shadows.

"Babette, who goes yonder over the hillside, on his great white war-steed, which came well-nigh trampling me down in the pathway from the convent? It's not Duke Robert, the castle's lord?" asked Father Ambrose, entering the low-roofed cottage.

"Ay, father, Duke Robert, the castle's lord," answered Babette, with cold, unimpassioned tone, gliding away into her little chamber, where all the hours of the liveliest night, she knelt, motionless as a statue of stone, and mutely praying what she could not utter with her white frozen lips, for the distant soldier, Jacques Tacher.

### CHAPTER III.

A MONTH had passed by in the pleasant valley of the Vire, and throughout its length and breadth had circled the tale that Duke Robert, lord of the great old castle, was to legally wed the beautiful, but humble, Babette Aquitaine, niece of the good and pious old recluse, who made his home in the borders of the forest outside the precincts of the town and near by the grey old convent where dwelt the monks and sisters of St. Cecilia.

Often during that period of time, had Duke Robert visited the humble cottage; and now he was in haste to wed his lovely bride, for daily came the story of battle din to his secluded castle retreat, and he knew that ere long the prince of the realm would summon him forth, with his band of retainers, to aid his country in her hour of need and her hot feudal wars.

One warm summer's afternoon he set out from his lordly home to seek the humble dwelling of Babette; but paused awhile at the town, through which he passed on his way. Had he known what footpats were, even at that hour, wending towards the cottage of Father Ambrose, doubtless he would have hastened onward more speedily; but he did not see the figure of a gallant young soldier hastening through the valley, and up the hillside in the direction of the forest—Jacques Tacher, returned on a brief furlough from the campaign, and half wild with the tale which had everywhere been poured into his ears in Falaise—the perfidy of Babette, and her approaching nuptials with a noble suitor.

The afternoon's sunlight was striking aslant through the giant forest; and Babette, pale and dispirited, was walking along its mossy aisles with Father Ambrose by her side, striving, in the simplicity of his good old heart, to dispel her sadness by a learned dissertation on the virtues of some noted saint in the calendar, when suddenly pausing underneath the drooping boughs of a broad-leaved tree, whose shade protected them from the sun's heat, they were confronted by the home-retained soldier, who, in his peaked wooden shoes, loose Zouave trousers, embroidered blouse, flowing mantle, striped cap, and with his weapons at his belt, was striding along rapidly.

"What is this I hear, Babette? Thou playing me false?" cried Jacques with clasped hands, and speaking in reproachful accents, as he came upon her.

Babette stood still as death, and the little white veil which fell from her Norman head dress, after the fashion of her times, was not whiter than her blanched face.

"It is true, then. Thou darrest not answer me! God's curse on the ambition that made thee forswear thyself to be the lady of the castle yonder!" cried the soldier, with scorn and anger.

Still no word uttered Babette, though she lifted her pale hands as though to ward off his keen reproaches; and pressed her uncle's arm imploringly, as if to ask his intercession in her favour.

"My child, what is this? Didst thou love Jacques?" asked Father Ambrose gravely, standing between them, and pitying her white face. "Thou couldst not have loved him, and been false! I knew not that thou wert more than friends to each other."

"Last time I was home from the wars, Babette gave me her troth-plight. But she has broken it, and 'tis well. A soldier will not stay to break his heart over what a girl transfers so easily!" cried Jacques, with bitterest scorn. "I go, false Babette, and on the battle field I will forget thee!" and pausing not to deign another look at the death-white face bowed before him, the soldier turned and strode away.

"My child, I fear thou hast done a great wrong to thy own conscience and thy soul," began Father Ambrose; but his words were checked by a low, sobbing cry that escaped from Babette's lips, and then she fell in a deep swoon into his arms.

An hour later there was a clatter of horse's hoofs without, and Duke Robert strode hastily into the recluse's cottage, where he found the old father and Ursula both engaged in restoring Babette to consciousness.

"Bestir thee, fair Babette," he cried, excitedly.

"With the sunset hour I must away from my castle, with my vassals and squires; for the summons hath come to Falaise for Duke Robert's aid, and the battle-cry will go up ere long from the field of Agincourt. Bestir thee, sweet mistress mine, for Duke Robert rideth not away from this valley of the Vire till the priest hath blessed his nuptials, and he leaveth the lady of the castle in her future home to welcome him back when Agincourt is won."

Like one in a dream, Babette arose, and mechanically obeyed her lord.

Before the little steel mirror hanging on her chamber wall, Dame Ursula arrayed her young mistress in her kirtle and bodice of thick white satin, fastened a necklace of seed pearls about her snowy throat, and looped the snowy veil on the costly head gear—all these Duke Robert's gifts; and, then, without word or gesture, but with head drooped in quiet submission, Babette Aquitaine mounted the small white palfrey, with housings of blue and gold, which a squire had brought from the castle stables, and the twain set off for the chapel of the grey convent.

There in the golden sunset hour, an old friar uttered the rites which transformed the humble maid into the Lady of Duke Robert; and the wedded pair again set out for the castle.

And an hour later, mailed knights, with glittering swords and golden spurs, held their prancing steeds in check in the castle courtyard; and bold squires and stalwart retainers, all clad in warlike guise, stood grouped together, impatiently awaiting their leader, Duke Robert, to go forth to the wars.

And when the last lance of the dying sunset was shivered against the dark old forest, Lady Babette looked forth, with marble-white face, from her turret window upon a band of bold riders dashing across the valley of the Vire.

Agincourt was fought and won, and the dreadful harvest of war was over. Steel-clad knights, with battered breast-plates and helmets, were wending their homeward ways; rejoicings rang throughout the land from town to forest, and from hill country to brook side, on the air pealed forth the notes of gladness and the trumpet tone of victory.

But, alas! the wail of sorrow may be in the psalm of conquest; and women's eye grew dim with tears, and brave knights grew sad, for many a gallant heart-throb was crushed out beneath the trampling hoof of war steed on the red battle-field.

The young, the brave, the beautiful, the gallant knight who went forth with his lady's colours on his lance and her scarf upon his breast, side by side they fell with the scarred and bronzed warrior of many a fray.

When the tidings of Agincourt circled throughout the valley of the Vire, a pale-faced lady, young but sorrowful, sat at the turret window of the old castle, looking away over the country for her lord's return.

Was love the sentinel who bade her keep watch and ward at the turret window? Nay, but duty, for Lady Babette was a wedded wife.

But ah! he cometh yonder at the head of a band of horsemen, and her heart grows still as the retinue approaches the castle gates.

But why their solemn faces? And why those drooping black plumes, and their funeral tread?

And who is he that rides at the head of that column



of warriors, in knightly attire, with the cross upon his breast?

Lady Babette knew all before they told her—that her lord came back for lordly burial, from his death wound at Agincourt; and later, she knew who stood before her—knighted and ennobled by the prince's own hands for his splendid deeds of daring in the battle fray—Sir Jacques de la Tacher, Baron of Normandy.

It was like a dream.

The hands that were to have raised the humble conscript Jacques to preferment were lying cold in death. The soldier stood a peer and knight upon the hearthstone and in the halls of the bold duke who had wronged him; and Lady Babette also stood, a maiden widow, in her own castle home.

Days went by, and a hearse with nodding plumes and a long cortege of proud Norman nobles, filed out the castle gate and through the Vire Valley, to the church, where they gave Duke Robert princely burial, and laid over him a marble slab emblazoned with a list of his warlike deeds and his glorious death at Agincourt.

A year went by; and once again a train went forth from the castle gates; but this time, the bell of the great cathedral pealed joyfully, and the convent chimers rang out merrily—for in the chapel of Saint Cecilia, where good old Father Ambrose stood in flowing bishop's robes, Sir Jacques de la Tacher, baron of the realm, wedded Lady Babette, still fairest "Rose of Normandy." M. W. J.

#### A CURIOUS STORY.

THE Civil Tribunal of Paris has delivered judgment in an action brought to recover the sum of 2,350 francs under the following rather singular circumstances:—

A Frenchman named Biez went to Santiago, Chili, 1854, and settled there as an hotel keeper. Having succeeded well in his business for some years, he came to the conclusion, in 1862, that he had better get married. Remembering that he had left in France two nieces who were now marriageable, one being about nineteen, and the other twenty-one, he wrote to them, stating his intentions to offer one of them his hand.

The elder of them, Mdlle. Virginie Lefort, sent to her uncle by the next mail photographic portraits of herself and sister. The uncle chose Mdlle. Virginie, and made her an offer of his hand, which was accepted, and he then sent her money, amounting to about 1,350 francs, for her outfit and travelling expenses.

The young lady arrived at Valparaiso in February, 1864, on board the merchant vessel *Piaco*, Captain Lefort. But during the passage Mdlle. Virginie and the captain had become enamoured of each other, and when the uncle, on their arrival, became aware of this, he at once gave up his claims, and consented to his niece's marriage with Captain Lefort, which was celebrated at the Cathedral of Valparaiso. M. Biez afterwards accompanied his niece and her husband to France, and was present at the celebration of marriage at Paris.

Up to this time not a word had been said by M. Biez about any claim on his niece for the money he had advanced for her outfit and voyage, but he now applied to her and her husband for payment of the sum above mentioned. Madame Lefort, who had considered the money as a present, refused to pay it, and hence the present suit.

The Tribunal, after hearing counsel, decided that as the plaintiff had voluntarily consented to the rupture of his niece's engagement with him by sanctioning her marriage with Lefort, without making any allusion to the repayment of the money he had advanced, that it was too late for him to put in a claim, and that his demand must therefore be rejected, with costs.

**THE HONEY-GUIDE.**—The Honey-Guide is an extraordinary bird; how is it that every member of its family has learned that all men, white or black, are fond of honey? The instant the little fellow gets a glimpse of a man, he hastens to greet him with the hearty invitation to come, as Mbia translated it, to a bee-hive, and take some honey. He flies on in the proper direction, perches on a tree, and looks back to see if you are following; then on to another and another, until he guides you to the spot. If you do not accept his first invitation he follows you with pressing importunities, quite as anxious to lure the stranger to the bee-hive as other birds are to draw him away from their own nests. Except while on the march, our men were sure to accept the invitation, and manifested the same by a peculiar responsive whistle, meaning, as they said, "All right, go ahead; we are coming." The bird never deceived them, but always guided them to a hive of bees, though some had but little honey in store. Has this peculiar habit of the honey-guide its origin, as the attachment of dogs, in

friendship for man, or in love for the sweet pickings of the plunder left on the ground? Self-interest aiding in preservation from danger seems to be the rule in most cases, as, for instance, in the bird that guards the buffalo and rhinoceros. The grass is often so tall and dense that one could go close up to these animals quite unperceived; but the guardian bird, sitting on the beast, sees the approach of danger, flaps its wings and screams, which causes its bulky charge to rush off from a foe he has neither seen nor heard; for his reward the vigilant little watcher has the pick of the parasites of his fat friend.—*Dr. Livingstone's Expedition to the Zambesi.*

## THE BOHEMIAN.

### CHAPTER III.

AT an early hour in the evening, Leopold de Courcy called together those of his servants whom he knew he could trust, and informed them that important business called him from home, and that it might be some weeks before he should return.

"I should like," he said, after he had made the statement, "that nothing be said of my absence until you are actually obliged to account for me. You need not even say anything to the other servants."

"Good master," replied the old steward—a man who had been with Sir Leopold since his boyhood—"I think we understand you. Go, and take your own time for your business, and while you are gone we will do the best we can. Of course it is not impossible that we may have visitors from the Jacobin Club. If they come and inquire for you, I wish to be able truthfully to tell them that I know nothing of your whereabouts."

"You are right," said De Courcy. "And all I have further to say is, take the best care of the property you can. If the Jacobins come, and show signs of hostility, you will not oppose them. After I am gone you will look first to your own safety, and after that to my interests."

At nine o'clock, the arrangements were all made, and three of the best horses were led out into a deep nook in the park.

The valet whom De Courcy had selected to accompany him was a lithe, wiry Gascon, named Maurice Cazaban. He was about thirty years of age, and was one of those men whom a friend may trust under all circumstances.

Fear was something which he never knew. The greater the anger, the more calm became his mental faculties, and the more steady his nerves.

Wagers had been laid by new servants that they could frighten the cool-headed Gascon; and to that end they had contrived all manner of tricks—such as making ghostly appearances in dark nights, causing unearthly noises in his chamber, and imitating the howl of wild beasts at his heels; but all to no effect.

He possessed a constitutional imperviousness to the emotions thus sought to be aroused, and when his companions found, as they were destined soon to do, that there was danger to themselves in trifling with the valet, they were content to let him rest.

Maurice had led the horses down into the park, and Paul had brought down the well-filled portmanteau, and shortly afterwards, Sir Leopold made his appearance, bearing the arms which he thought proper to select.

There were a brace of good pistols for each of the party; a short, knife-like dagger, to be worn in the bosom; besides the ordinary travelling sword.

The night was dark, heavy masses of clouds still hanging in the heavens, though no rain fell; but the valet declared that the bad weather was not over. They would have rain before morning, he said, and perhaps before midnight.

At all events, they had better make up their minds for a wet skin.

The party left the park at a walk, but when they struck the highway the horses broke into a trot, which pace was quickened as the travellers became somewhat used to the darkness, and before midnight they had gone over twenty miles.

De Courcy had hoped to reach Mirebeau before stopping to rest; but that privilege was denied him. In the first place, the horses were not equal to the task, and in the second place, as Maurice had predicted, the storm set in in earnest about an hour after midnight.

"How long will you ride in this storm?" asked the valet, drawing up by his master's side.

"We must ride until we find a shelter," said De Courcy.

"What say you to the old Abbey of St. Julien? That is upon this side of the coal hills of Beze."

"Ay," cried the knight; "and I know the abbé very well. We will stop there."

It was now very dark, and even the horses tracked

their way with difficulty; but at the end of another hour they reached the gates of the abbey, and after a deal of knocking, one of the monks made his appearance with a lantern in his hand.

"Who is this?" he demanded, holding the small wicket only part way open.

"We are honest travellers," replied De Courcy, "and have been forced to ask shelter here from this driving storm."

"Heaven save us!" ejaculated the monk, still holding the wicket so that he could close it at a moment's warning, "we cannot open our gates to every traveller that may come along."

"I thought yours was a charitable house, good father?"

"Ay, and so it is; but not for the harbouring of our country's enemies."

"And who call you the enemies of France to-day?" asked Leopold.

"Ah! my son, France has many enemies. How should I know them all?"

At this point Maurice came to the rescue. He fancied he could see where the trouble lay. He knew that the followers of Robespierre had made war upon the church and the priesthood, and he believed that the monk only wished to discover with what manner of men he had to deal.

"Holy Father," he said, "if you cannot admit us, will you call the abbé?"

"Do you know him, my son?"

"Ay, we know him very well," replied De Courcy. "But does he know you?"

"Go ask him!" cried the applicant, his impatience getting the better of his caution, "if he knows Leopold De Courcy."

"I cry you mercy, my son. Had you given me your name in the first place, you should not have sat here in the rain so long. These are dubious times, and we are forced to exercise much caution."

Thus speaking, the monk disappeared, and shortly afterwards unbarred the gate, and flung it open, upon which De Courcy and his companions rode into the court.

Another monk presently made his appearance, with a second lantern, who showed Maurice where he could put the horses, and when the animals had been cared for, and the portmanteaus removed, the valet joined his master in the guests' room of the abbey, where a good fire was already blazing upon the hearth, and where the drenched travellers made themselves very comfortable.

They were engaged in drying their clothes, when the abbé made his appearance.

He was an old man, of a benignant aspect, named Balthazar, and had been chief of the abbey for many years. Other religious houses in the Cote d'Or had been visited and pillaged by the Jacobin rabble; but the house of St. Julien they had passed by, and simply for the reason that Balthazar had been one of the best friends to the poor of his neighbourhood that was to be found anywhere, and as the Jacobins were of that very class, they spared the abbey for the old man's sake.

The abbé recognized De Courcy at once, but the first salutations had hardly been exchanged, when another alarm was heard at the gate. De Courcy started and turned pale.

"Mercy!" he cried, "it is not possible that we have been followed so soon!"

"Then you are fleeing from the Jacobins?" said the abbé.

"Yes, good father. To you I am willing to confess the truth. The guillotine has been set up in Chatillon, and I was a marked victim!"

"Fear not yet, my son. If you are followed by your enemies, I will protect you if I can."

"Let me go and see who has arrived," suggested Maurice. "I will very quickly decide."

The valet went out, and when he returned, he was followed by the Marquis Arnaud St. Hurbert, and Cora. De Courcy, acting under the impulse of a most happy surprise, started up, and embraced his friend, while Paul, influenced by a far deeper emotion, took Cora by the hand and led her towards the fire, and before her maid had disposed of several small parcels which she had brought in, he had, with his own hands, assisted in removing her hood and cloak, and had seated her upon the stool which he had been occupying.

It was very natural after this that he should draw up another stool by her side, and still more natural that he should seat himself thereon, for his own garments were not yet dry, and the space about the fireplace was limited.

"By my faith!" said the marquis, addressing De Courcy, after he had gained a seat by the fire, "we have met under peculiar circumstances!"

"You speak truly," answered Leopold. "It seems somewhat strange that you and I should be fugitives from our own homes. But I did not think you would come this way."

"What way should I have taken?"  
 "I had supposed you would strike towards Baden."  
 "Ah, I have too many friends there."  
 "And for that very reason I supposed as I did."  
 "And for that very reason," said the marquis, "with a shake of the head, 'my enemies will be likely to pursue in that direction.' Gabriel Dracón knows that I have relatives in Germany; and I will wager anything that when my absence is discovered, he starts his troops post haste towards the Lower Rhine."  
 "Then you intend to go another way?"  
 "Yes, I am going to Switzerland. If I can reach Berne in safety, I shall be content."  
 "That is my own destination!" returned De Courcy.

He spoke as though he would like to be pleased with the arrangement, but yet it was not difficult to see that he was not entirely satisfied.

"Leopold De Courcy," said St. Hubert, after gazing into his friend's face for some moments in silence, "are you afraid to have me travel with you?"

"Certainly not," answered the knight, with a perceptible catching of the breath.

"If there is danger to either from the companionship," pursued the marquis, "the danger will be to me, for it was apparent enough that your path would lay towards Switzerland. However, I don't apprehend danger at all. By the time our absence is discovered, we shall be again on our way; and if no accident befall us, we shall be clear of France in two days."

While this conversation was going on between the two parents, Paul and Cora had found tongue in their quiet corner, and if they did not speak words of love with their lips, their eyes surely beamed with erotic messages.

Paul dared not give speech to his deepest feelings, and yet when he caught the soft, warm light of Cora's eyes responding to his own ardent glances, he could not doubt that she loved him.

Once or twice he found his father's gaze fixed upon him, and he fancied that it was with a troubled, painful expression.

It seemed to him as though his parent did not like his familiarity with Cora; and he imagined further that the presence of St. Hubert was not welcome. What did it mean?

"Paul, we shall go to Berne together," said Cora; and as she spoke she laid her hand upon his arm as though he had been her brother.

"I trust so, Cora," he replied, trembling beneath her touch.

"And I hope we shall live near each other."  
 "I hope so, too."

"Because," pursued the maiden, with her hand still resting confidently upon his arm, "you will be the only friend I shall have in Switzerland—the only friend beside my father and Jacques and Marie."

Had Paul been at that moment where only Cora's ears could have drunk in his words, there is no knowing what he might have said; but other ears were open, and he could only look his love. But even as it was she seemed to understand him, for the tell-tale blood mounted to her cheeks and temples, and he plainly felt the gentle quiver of her hand before it was withdrawn.

"Paul!"  
 It was his father who spoke, and the tone was abrupt and unpleasant.

"I think we had better retire now, for we must make an early start."

"I think we had better all retire," added the marquis, "for we can have but a very few hours for rest."

"Morbien!" cried Jacques Tobin, who sat nearest the door, "there comes another thump upon the gate. At this rate the abbey will be full before morning. Come, Maurice—let's go and see what has rained down now."

Thus speaking, Jacques arose and followed one of the monks from the room, Maurice Cazaban keeping him company. St. Hubert and De Courcy were both uneasy, but they chose to remain until they had heard from their valets, for if they were enemies who had come, they wished to know it.

In a little while Maurice returned, with the intelligence that all was right, and presently afterwards Jacques and the monk came in, followed by a single traveller—an apparently middle-aged man, who wore over his shoulders an old blanket, from which the wet was dripping in streams.

When the blanket had been removed, the abbé crossed himself, at the same time giving utterance to an exclamation of mingled terror and surprise, for in the new visitor, whose quaint garb was now revealed, he recognized one of those wandering Bohemians who rest eternally under the anathema of the true church.

The man had a wild look.  
 His features were sharp and angular; his eyes

small, bright, and deeply sunken; his hair of an iron-grey colour, long and matted; his face unshaven, and his dark, weather-tanned skin thickly pitted by small-pox.

In frame he was tall and spare, and despite his thinness, he seemed powerful and athletic, though now evidently fatigued by hard travel.

"Who are you?" demanded the abbé, moving back a pace.

"My name is Goliath," replied the stranger, in a subdued guttural tone.

"And you are of the accursed race?"

"Yes, yes," the man answered, sweeping the long dark hair from his brow. "I am accursed, and my race is accursed. I will practice no deception. I am called in France a Bohemian, in Spain they call me Gitanos, in Russia they call me Tyrgani, and in England they call me Gipsy. Now, good father, for the love of mercy, which all human beings may feel alike, I beg that you will give me shelter from this cruel storm."

"Shelter and rest you shall have, misguided man," returned Balthazar, "and in the morning you shall have food. In the meantime, I ask you to turn your thoughts to God, who is alone able to save you from this trial tribulation."

The Bohemian expressed his gratitude in few words, and then took a seat near the fire.

The marquis and De Courcy had both arisen from their stools to give him room, and after he had sat down, he gazed up into their faces.

He started as though he had received a sudden shock, and an exclamation of surprise broke from his lips.

"Leopold De Courcy!"

It was now De Courcy's turn to start. He drew nearer the wanderer, and gazed more sharply into his face.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"I am simply what you see," replied Goliath, slightly averting his face.

"But you know me?"

"Yes, I know you by sight, both you and the Marquis Arnaud St. Hubert!"

"And by my life!" cried the marquis, who had been regarding the man intently, "I know you!"

The Bohemian gave a sudden start, and looked up into St. Hubert's face.

"Do you know me?"

"I mean that your countenance is familiar—that I have seen you before."

"Oh!—that is all, is it?"

"Yes. That is all. But you must enlighten me!"

"Not to-night," said Goliath, speaking in an easier tone. "I think you were about seeking your rest when I came in."

"We were."  
 "Then do not allow me to detain you. If you have any questions to ask, we shall meet again."

As the marquis was satisfied that the man would speak no more, he took his daughter by the hand, and in company with Marie, followed one of the monks to the cells which had been prepared for their use.

Jacques and Maurice went out to the stables, preferring to sleep where the horses were, to being shut up in one of those narrow stone chambers which they knew were set apart for guests.

The abbé himself arose to guide De Courcy to his resting-place, remarking, as he did so:

"You and your son will have to occupy different apartments. Our room is limited, but we will make you as comfortable as we can."

With a simple response of acquiescence, Sir Leopold followed the abbé from the room, thus leaving Paul and the Bohemian alone together.

The young man had not been a disinterested witness of what had transpired since Goliath's entrance; for he, too, had recognized something familiar in those dark pitted features.

"Sir," he said, "you know De Courcy and St. Hubert—do you know me?"

"How can I help knowing you, since I have heard your father call you by name?" replied the Bohemian, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Ay, I know that; but would you have known me otherwise?"

Instead of answering as before, Goliath moved his stool close up to Paul's side, and took his hand. He gazed awhile upon the open palm, seeming to trace the various lines, and at length he said, in slow, measured tones:

"Paul de Courcy, your early manhood has opened under a heavy cloud, and that cloud comes from your father. There is trouble before you—I see it plainly. Do you mark that heavy line encircling the whole base of the thumb? That is your line of life. See how tortuous it is, and how many small lines run into it!"

"And are those all troubles?" asked Paul.

"No. On the contrary, those are all blessings."

But do you see that deeper line, running from the centre of the wrist up towards the middle finger? Turn your palm a little towards the fire. There."

"Yes, I see."

"Well, that is the one great evil. Do you observe how it intercepts and shuts off all those smaller lines?"

"Yes."

"Still," pursued the Bohemian, "if you are true and brave, you need have no fear."

"But this great evil—what is it?"

"Have you not found it yet?"

"No."

"Then you shall find it ere long. Ah, here comes the abbé. I can tell you no more."

At a sign from Balthazar, our hero was forced to leave his strange companion; and when he had reached his cell, and thrown himself upon the narrow pallet of straw, he reflected deeply upon what he had heard.

What was the great evil that was to come upon him, and shut off the blessings of life? He did not ask himself if the prophecy had good foundation, for so deeply had he been impressed by it that he took its truth for granted.

And in another cell there was as anxious a man, Leopold de Courcy, instead of closing his eyes to sleep, gazed eagerly out into the black darkness, vainly endeavouring to call up some circumstance that might lead him to a knowledge of when and where he had before seen and known the Bohemian.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE abbé had breakfast served at an early hour, and all his guests were at the table save the Bohemian.

"We are not in a situation now to be over fastidious; good father," said the marquis. "If Goliath, as he calls himself, would breakfast with us, he is welcome."

"You are late, my son," replied Balthazar. "The Bohemian has eaten and gone."

"Gone!" echoed the marquis and De Courcy in concert.

"Yes. He slept upon the floor by the fire, and was up with the break of day. He seemed refreshed and strong, and as soon as he had eaten some cold bread and meat, and drank a little sour wine, he set forth."

"Do you know which way he went?"

"I think towards Castillon. At all events, he disappeared in that direction."

"Did he ask any questions before he left?"

"Yes. He asked which way you were travelling, but I was unable to tell him. I asked if he knew you, and he replied that he had seen you before, and that was all I could get from him. He's a strange man, and from what little conversation I held with him, I should judge him to be far more intelligent than most of his people are. But, my son, you seemed to know him."

This last remark was directed to De Courcy, who said, after some little hesitation:

"I know that I have seen him before, though where or under what circumstances I cannot tell."

"It is not impossible that he may have crossed your path in some of his wanderings," suggested the abbé.

"Such a countenance as his is not easy to be forgotten, and though you might never have seen it but once before, you would be likely to recognize it now."

De Courcy was hardly willing to admit this solution, but as he could offer no better he let it pass; and as soon as breakfast was over, the horses were brought out from the stable, and the portmanteaus strapped in their places.

The marquis offered to pay for the accommodations they had had, but the abbé would listen to no such propositions.

"If, at some future time," he said, "you find yourself able to help our house, your assistance will be gratefully received; but at present you need help yourself, and I can only pray that you may come safely out from the trials that are before you."

The storm had passed, and the sun was just peeping up over the hills of Bèze as the travellers started on their way.

They passed Mirebeau towards the middle of the forenoon, and stopped just outside of the town to allow their horses to rest.

At noon they crossed the Soane Pontailleur. They would have left this town to their right, had there been any other way of crossing the river with their horses; but they made no stop here, however, keeping on some three or four miles to a small hamlet in Jura, where they stopped to get dinner.

During the afternoon the air was cool and bracing, and over an hour before sundown they reached the Abbey of St. Fimbois, which was situated at the foot of a spur of the Jura Mountains.

Both De Courcy and St. Hubert would have ridden



on further during the cool of the evening, but they knew that their horses had done enough for the day, and they furthermore believed that, even if their enemies had started in pursuit, they could not reach them where they were.

The Abbey of St. Francis was much older than that of St. Julien, and in some places the walls were falling to ruin; but the abbé, whose name was Godfrey, gave the travellers a warm welcome, and conducted them to very comfortable quarters.

The horses were forced to put up with open sheds, but since the weather was pleasant, that mattered not, and that Jacques and Maurice were under the disagreeable necessity of accommodating themselves to the dungeons, as they were pleased to call the abbey cells.

Back of the abbey, and enclosed within the decaying walls, was a garden where the monks raised a variety of vegetables for the use of their table, and here, after supper, Paul de Courcy made his way, thinking that he might be a while alone.

But it so happened that another was exactly of his mind.

Cora St. Hubert had noticed the garden, and she, too, wandered her way thither shortly after she had eaten her supper. She met Paul—met him with a smile.

"Paul, I hope you will not think that I came hither to follow you."

"I dare not think so, Cora," replied the young man, with some agitation. But he quickly recovered himself, and, in a lighter tone, added, "Since we have met, however, I trust we shall not run away from each other."

"Indeed," cried Cora, with a look of beaming brightness, "in this place, and under our present circumstances, friends are too few to be run away from."

So they walked along together, and for a while conversed upon the various topics naturally suggested by their journey. Cora rested her hand within Paul's arm, and looked confidently up into his face as she talked. At length she asked him concerning the Bohemian whom they had met at St. Julien.

"He was a strange looking man," she said, "and I thought it very curious that your father and mine should both have recognized him. I asked my father this morning about him, but he could tell me nothing. He only knew that he had seen the man somewhere, and that his appearance impressed him in a very remarkable manner. Did ever you see him before Paul?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Ah, Cora, that is more than I can tell."

"Your father seemed much moved."

"Yes—I noticed it."

"Perhaps he knows all about him."

"No, he knows nothing; I am sure of it."

"It is very strange, and, Paul, will you believe it—I fancy that the dark, repulsive face is not altogether unfamiliar to me. There was something in the sharp light of those eyes, and in the motion of the features when he spoke, that seemed like the shadows of some old dream."

"And yet you cannot call him nearer to mind?"

"No; and even that may be all fancy."

"I talked with him alone last night, Cora; and he told me my fortune."

Paul spoke so soberly and so earnestly that his companion was inclined to treat the matter seriously, and she was anxious to know what fortune had been foretold for him.

"The Bohemian told me," he said, "that I was opening my manhood under a dark cloud. He said there were blessings in store for me, but betwixt me and them there was to be much trouble."

"He meant the trouble of your present flight from home," suggested Cora.

"No," returned Paul, "that was not his meaning."

"What could he have meant, then?"

"I have my own thoughts," replied the young man, in a hesitating manner.

"And what are they?"

As Paul met the earnest, confiding light of his companion's dark brown eyes, he had a mind to speak the truth. Why not speak it now as well as at any time? Why not now know the fate that was in store for him?

"Cora," he said, "the Bohemian spoke of blessings. Now I know that all future blessings of my life must be based upon one first and greatest blessing of all, without which there can be no joy."

Cora seemed to read the youth's meaning in his look and tone, for she removed her hand from his arm and bowed her head; but he quickly took the hand in his own, and she did not offer to withdraw it.

"Cora," he went on, speaking more eagerly than before, "I must say now, all that I have to say. I had not thought, when I came into this garden, that

these words would have passed my lips so soon; but they may as well be spoken now as at any time, and then we shall know each other better. I have told you that there was one great, primal blessing upon which must be founded all the joy of my future life. Can you not guess what it is?"

The maiden trembled, but made no reply; yet she allowed her hand to rest quietly where it was.

"Dearest Cora, my ardent gaze, my warmly-spoken words, and my trembling lips, must often have told you the story; but you shall no longer be left to draw your conclusions from such dubious speech. Oh! you have become all in all to me. To possess you for my own; to call you mine for life; to claim you as my wife; to labour for you; to watch with you; to weep when you weep; to joy when you joy; to care for you and to love you always, is the great blessing that must be mine ere life can offer sunshine and happiness. Speak, Cora, and tell me if I may hope!"

"Paul," said the noble girl, looking calmly up into his face, "if I thought that you and I were to be separated in the time to come I should be very miserable."

"Then you do love me, dearest?"

"Yes, Paul; I have loved you a long, long time."

"And you will be my wife?"

"I think I may safely say yes; for I am sure that my father will not object."

"Oh, bless you, darling!—bless you now and always!"

Thus far Cora had been calm and self-possessed; but now, as she rested her head upon her lover's bosom, and twined her arm about his neck, her deep emotions gained the mastery, and she burst into tears. But she did not weep long. Paul spoke of the future—the bliss that was in store for them—and she followed him eagerly. He did not think the Reign of Terror that then overshadowed France could long continue. It contained within itself the elements of its own destruction. The mob had run mad, and was tearing out its own life.

"Only a calm, reasonable government can continue," he said. "The old government had its faults, and the mob overturned it; but it will require no outside influence to overturn the present state of affairs. It is like one of those fearful storms that sometimes gather upon these mountains. It is terrible while it lasts; but nature cannot long endure the convulsion. The very elements that make up the storm spend themselves in their own fury. Ere long, Cora, we may be back again upon the banks of our own sweet river, once more safe at home, and happier far than we have ever been."

As the dews of evening began to fall, the lovers returned to the abbey, where they found their friends all assembled in the guests' room.

As soon as Cora could find opportunity to speak with her father alone, she threw her arms about his neck, and told him of her love for Paul, and of his love for her; and she told him, too, of the words that had passed between them.

"I could not keep it from you, dear father," she said; "for if I am to be happy, you must enjoy my happiness with me, and if I am to be disappointed—if—"

"Hush! my darling," interrupted the marquis, pressing his child to his bosom. "I will enjoy your happiness with you. I know of no man whom I would rather see your husband than Paul de Courcy; but you must wait."

Cora was willing to wait. She had expected to wait; and when she laid her head upon her pillow that night, the thought of waiting gave her no trouble, for the rich promise of joy in the future was sufficient for the present.

Twice or thrice during the evening, as opportunity offered, did Paul think of telling his father what had transpired between himself and Cora; but he could not speak the words that formed themselves upon his lips.

There seemed a barrier set up by some unseen mystic power, which he could not overcome. Sir Leopold wore a clouded brow, and showed no disposition to converse.

"Never mind," said Paul, to himself, as he started towards his place of rest, "I can tell him some other time, and surely he can make no objections. He must be pleased rather than offended."

And yet, when he had retired, he was not entirely free from apprehension.

He remembered how the presence of the marquis seemed to trouble his father, and he knew there must be some cause for it.

And what could it be? Had St. Hubert done anything out of the way?

"No, no," he thought. "St. Hubert can have done nothing, for he is ever frank and free, and meets my father as kindly and sociably as can be. The man who has done a wrong does not act thus. If there has been wrong, my father must be the wronging party."

He it is who shuns the society of his friend, and who seeks to put away the old terms of family companionship. Oh, I hope there is nothing very wrong!"

And then Paul thought of what the Bohemian had told him. He was not superstitious, nor was he easily influenced by the fear of that which appealed only to his imagination; but under present circumstances—under the shadow of the great danger from which they fled, and under the new anxiety of love—his mind was keenly sensitive, and the words of the Bohemian had much influence over him. Had he asked himself if he believed in the power of mortal man to reveal the things of the future, he would have most unhesitatingly answered No; but the prophecy of Goliath had found an answering chord in his bosom, and the more he thought upon it the more deeply was he affected thereby.

By-and-by Paul, fast asleep, and his troubles followed him into the land of dreams. He dreamed some pleasant things, and some very unpleasant things. At last he dreamed that he and Cora were sitting together upon the grassy bank of the Seine, talking of their love and planning for their marriage. It had been very pleasant when they sat down, and their conversation had been joyous and hopeful; but gradually a solemn sadness stole over them, and a responsive sadness came over the face of nature. Dark clouds arose and obscured the light of day; the wind moaned dismally through the branches of the tall trees, the lightning flashed athwart the heavens, and the loud thunder rent the vaulted canopy. By-and-by, when the very earth seemed to be cracking beneath the power of the elements, the waters of the river opened, and a troop of horrible-looking demons came forth, two of whom attempted to seize upon Cora. With a loud cry, the sleeper started up and awoke.

"Paul—Paul! Come, it is time that you were up."

"Is this you, father?"

"Yes. I have been up this half hour. Breakfast is almost ready."

Our hero arose from his low pallet, and was very soon ready to follow his father. As he entered the guests' room, he found the rest of the party already there—all save the two valets—and when he had bathed himself in the little shed just outside the rear porch, he came back and stood by Cora's side.

"Dear Paul, you look pale and agitated. What has happened?"

"Nothing, Cora," he replied, trying to smile. "My sleep has been troubled, that is all."

"You have had unpleasant dreams."

"Yes, dearest, very unpleasant ones; but thank heaven, they were only dreams, after all, and dreams, you know, very often mean just the opposite of what they seem to represent. I was dreaming when my father awoke me, and I have no doubt that the noise of his entrance into my cell was the cause of the fearful incubus that came upon me."

Paul glanced around, and finding that no one was observing them, he kissed Cora upon the cheek, adding, as he did so:

"There is joy in the future, dearest."

And Cora, returning the kiss, replied:

"If there can be joy in love, we will find joy enough. Oh, Paul, I have loved you a long, long while."

"Not longer than I have loved you, my sweet Cora."

Breakfast was announced, and when Paul sat down to the board his countenance had grown serene, and the fearful dream had been for the time forgotten.

The marquis had just pushed his chair away from the table, when Jacques Tobin entered the room with a look of deep concern upon his face.

"Master," he said, touching St. Hubert upon the shoulder, "I must speak with you a moment."

"How now?" demanded De Courcy, who had noticed the anxious expression upon the valet's countenance. "Is there danger?"

"Speak where you are," cried Cora. "I know something has happened—I know it by your face. If there is danger, of course I must know it sooner or later."

"What is it, Jacques?" said the marquis. "If you have anything proper to tell, tell it here."

"Well, my master," returned the valet, in low, hurried tones, "I fear there is danger. Horsemen are coming towards the abbey from the west—a full score of them. If there is any place of concealment near at hand, you had better find it. Ah—here comes Maurice."

"Sir Leopold, we are tracked, surrounded!" said Maurice.

"Gabriel Dracón is at the gate, with a score of villains at his heels. They will very soon be in here."

As the valet ceased speaking, they plainly heard the tramp of horses' feet, and in a moment afterwards the abbé came in.

"Good father," cried St. Hubert, "our enemies are at your gates, and if they find us the guillotine will

surely be our fate. In the name of mercy, can you not furnish some place of safe concealment? They have not yet seen us, and we may escape if you will help us."

"I can lead you to the penance cells, my son, and lock you in, and when the Jacobins come I will turn them away if I can."

Flight was entirely out of the question, as the only way of egress from the abbey was by the gate where the enemy were, so the marquis and De Courcy, with Paul, and Cora and Marie, followed the abbe down into the regions beneath the building, where they were locked up in one of the darkest cells.

"Oh, my God!" groaned De Courcy, as the sound of the abbe's steps died away in the distance, "I wish we were out of this! It seems as though we were shut up in a trap on purpose that Dragon may the more readily capture us."

"And yet it is the best we can do," said St. Hubert. He spoke hopefully, though it was evident enough that his words were chiefly meant to comfort the gentle being who hung so tremblingly upon his arm.

(To be continued.)

**EXHIBITION OF NATIONAL PORTRAITS.**—The galleries in which Lord Derby's great scheme for the exhibition of national portraits is to be carried out are in rapid progress of completion at South Kensington. The galleries are perfectly dry, and the arrangements for maintaining a uniform temperature (excluding all fire from the premises), and for constant watch by the police, give every security that can be provided. They are calculated to contain about 800 pictures, about the number of British oil paintings exhibited in 1862, and it is understood that they will be adequately filled. On all sides there has been a hearty response, and many family treasures, which have never before left walls where they have hung for generations, have been placed at the disposal of the committee. It has been proposed that the first year's exhibition, which is to open in April next, shall extend to the Revolution of 1688; but it is supposed that the number of fine portraits offered may perhaps compel the committee to terminate the first year's exhibition with the portraits of the Commonwealth.

**NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, SOUTH KENSINGTON.**—The committee are in search of authentic portraits of the following eminent persons, and will be glad to receive any information or assistance:—Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, Protestant martyr, 1360–1417; Cardinal Beaufort, 1370–1447; Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, died 1486; Sir Reginald Bray, statesman and architect, died 1503; Perkin Warbeck, pretender to the Crown, executed 1499; John Skelton, poet laureate, 1460–1549; Thomas Sternhold, versifier of the Psalms, died 1549; Edmund Spenser, poet, 1553–1599; Sir George Etherege, comic writer, 1636–1689; Sir Charles Sedley, courtier and poet, 1639–1701.

**PROJECTED WORKING OF COAL UNDER THE BED OF THE SEA.**—The rapid disintegration of the seams of coal in this county at present workable necessitates colliery owners to keep a sharp look out for districts where they can extend their explorations in quest of the valuable mineral, and nothing daunted by the difficulties, and perhaps, dangers, of the undertaking, we learn that the Ryhope Coal Company have completed arrangements with the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, whereby they secure a most extensive royalty of coal, extending for two miles and a half eastward, under the bed of the sea, and from the South Dock for about three miles southward. The total extent of the royalty is nearly 5,000 acres, in addition to which the land royalty has been secured from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Borings will be commenced immediately, and we believe a shaft will be sunk in the vicinity of the Blue House, where ground has been secured for the colliery and for workmen's cottages. The ready access to the dock will be of great importance, and before long we may hope to see the new colliery as active as that of Ryhope Colliery, which is the most successful of all modern coal workings, and is now sending to bank one thousand tons of coals every working day.

**A HEALTHY COUNTRY.**—On entering Switzerland in July, I required steps to enable me to mount a horse on which to ascend the Rhigi; and even at Murren had no more idea of standing on the huge ice-wall above than of pedestrianising among the mountains of the moon. I remember being highly tickled with a young guide at Zwiöltschen, who, after circling round me for some time, like a moth round a taper, but deeply engaged in examining my boots, at last, not without hesitation, took me aside and told me privately that if I chose to engage him, he would take me a little passage of only fifteen hours over snow and ice—a passage never crossed by any one else, and known to himself alone. Not having walked fifteen miles, much less fifteen hours, in a day for

more than a couple of years, this offer was more amusing than tempting; but the effects of Alpine air were soon so beneficial as afterwards to make me regret I had not taken down the guide's name and address. Every means I had tried to regain health seemed only to land me in a lower depth, and it was an instinct, more than intelligent reasons, which led me towards the Alps, without which remedy I believe I should have died, and where I found at least some measure of that health and strength for which I had been so long seeking in vain. Even more rapid and wonderful effects have been produced in other instances by Alpine air.—*Switzerland in Summer and Autumn.*

#### AUSTRALIAN WINE.

A SOUTH AUSTRALIAN journal speaks of the manufacture of colonial wine as having already become a very extensive business. Thousands of acres of vineyards have been planted in various parts of the colony. Great as is the present yield, there can be but little doubt that in a very few years it will be doubled.

Vignerons still continue to plant more vines, and it has been proved that South Australia is admirably adapted by soil and atmospheric conditions for the growth of vines of a superior quality. Every variety of grape yet tried has done well in some part of the colony.

There are, however, complaints in several quarters that a market cannot be found for the large quantity of wines which are annually manufactured. It is said that there are thousands of gallons lying in the cellars of the makers which cannot be sold, and that this has become a serious inconvenience to persons who have invested capital and labour in the business.

There appear to be various causes for this—first of all, a great deal of very poor stuff has been made under the name of wine, which neither ought nor was likely to find a market. In the great majority of cases, the manufacture of wine has been a tentative process. They who could grow a few acres of vines began without experience to make the produce into wine. The delicate manipulation which is necessary, was very slowly learnt, and whilst gaining proficiency in the art by experience, a considerable quantity of wretched stuff was made which could hardly be expected to sell. A prejudice was thus raised which it was difficult to remove.

The art of wine-making has, however, wonderfully improved during the last few years, but now many of the most successful manufacturers put too high a price upon their good wines. It will be a long time before people drink colonial wine as they drink port or sherry. It is necessary, too, that all vexatious restrictions on the free sale of colonial wines should be removed by the colonial parliament. For any small increase to the revenue which wine licenses contribute, it is bad policy to place restrictions on the trade.

It is exceedingly desirable, too, that some arrangements should be made, if possible, for the admission of colonial wines to the other colonies at a low duty. The high charges in Victoria at present are practically prohibitive.

The time will probably come when a large central company will be established to take the sale out of the hands of the smaller growers, and by greater care in the manufacture, will produce several classes of wine which will have an individual character that can be maintained year by year. Until something of this kind be done, and wines can be regularly supplied having a marked individuality, the trade will never become what it ought to be.

It is certainly not to be recommended that by "doctoring," these wines should be turned into middling imitations of port, sherry, claret, or burgundy, but that they should have a character of their own, which by careful management can be always maintained.

A REFRESHMENT-ROOM has been opened at the British Museum for the convenience of visitors as well as the officials and readers.

ONE of the most decided *brouillards*, or, as the French begin to call it, "fogs of England," came over Paris the other night, to the surprise and disgust of the Parisians, who have not experienced anything like this "darkness visible" before. The authorities provided the police with torches, and every precaution was taken to prevent accidents. On Christmas Eve midnight masses were performed at the churches of most districts of the city. At Notre Dame and other places of worship the ceremony did not take place, as the fog was supposed to keep people at home.

**DOLLS' EYES.**—The following is from the evidence of Mr. Osler, the Birmingham manufacturer, given before a committee of the House of Commons:—"Eighteen years ago," said he, "on my first going to

London, a respectable-looking man in the City asked me if I could supply him with dolls' eyes; and I was foolish enough to feel half offended; I thought it derogatory to my dignity as a manufacturer to make dolls' eyes. He took me into a room quite as wide, and perhaps twice the length of this, and we had just room to walk between the stacks, from the door to the ceiling, of parts of dolls. He said, 'These are only the legs and arms; the trunks are below.' But I saw enough to convince me that he wanted a great many eyes. He ordered various quantities, and of various sizes and qualities. On returning to the Tavistock Hotel, I found that the order amounted to upwards of £500. . . . Calculating on every child in this country not using a doll till two years old, and throwing it aside at seven, and having a new one annually, I satisfied myself that the eyes alone would produce a circulation of a great many thousand pounds. I mention this merely to show the importance of trifles."

#### MIDDLEMEN.

Of all middlemen just now, the butcher is the most barefaced and most exacting, and (let us add) the most unnecessary. If half the time and trouble spent in writing grumbling letters to the *Times* and other papers had been devoted to one collective effort, the present system must have given way.

Not many days ago some one told as he had not long taken to get his meat from a Staffordshire town, before Mr. Highprice called, and in the most insinuating way begged to inquire how he could have offended so good a customer. When told that his quondam victim was now supplying himself at a saving of more than threepence a pound "all round," he at once began to hum and haw, and in an uneasy way, suggest that "if that was all," that might easily be settled; he thought he could undertake to serve Mr. So-and-So at his own price, for the sake of his custom. We dread to think what the other customers would have to suffer, that Mr. So-and-So's unreasonable whim might be gratified.

But if one man can do so much against extortion, what might not be done by a joint attack? The fact is, the educated "Letter to the Editor" writing part of the community is always the most easily victimized. The men are generally busy all day, if not at their own work, why then at such "public work" as committees, quarter sessions, what-not. A butcher's shop is not such a fashionable lounge as it may well have been in the days when Pitt, in Bath, carried home his own chop; or later, when Sydney Smith saw the joint cut off at the shop by St. Paul's Churchyard. Wives, too, still excellent in many ways—excellent, too, in ways in which their grandmothers never dreamt of trying to excel—are, on the whole, less domestic, less managing than they were.

Occasionally, at a small country town where they only kill once a week, you shall still see grouped in the butcher's shop, discussing the local news, the surgeon, a retired doctor, an idle lawyer, the curate's wife, and a brace or more of other ladies who "live there for the sake of the school." It is a sight worth seeing, this weekly catering for a household. The butcher, a farmer as well, says *place une dame* in its good Saxon equivalent, and takes care no grasping lawyer or eager medicus does them out of their pet joints.

He sends a lot of meat to London every week. It is only a few miles over the hundred away; and the railway runs eight miles off; but he does not, for all that, sacrifice his home customers. He is no unscrupulous middleman; an ideal butcher, who has bred nearly all that he kills. But if the customers gain in price and quality they lose in time, "grand old leisure" still reigning at Muddlesworth; they can afford to do so, which the Tyburnians and other quasi-Londoners cannot. The only hope for these is in companies; not one company, but many. And they will be needed, for all that meat is just now happily somewhat cheaper than it was.

Why, as long ago as last summer, any one moving about in the pleasant vale of Cowbridge might have heard grumbling from the hills up beyond Llantrisant how that the iron-workers had banded together to pay no more than a fair price, and the butchers had been forced to give way. At Tredegar, also, in the Principality, we find a company now selling good Christmas ox beef at sevenpence a pound. In fact, butchers must give way if consumers are not content with talking and writing. And, as to "interference with supply and demand," why the "interference" is surely all on the other side; and even if it were not, we are not averse to a little wholesome "interference."

It is too bad that free trade should so often be so managed as to be of very questionable benefit to the consumer; while in the one thing which the agriculturist knows would be for his good, freedom of action is denied to him.



Of course, for the meat famine, every possible kind of nostrum is proposed. Some tell us we eat too much. Horrible pictures are drawn of "households of five getting through twenty-seven pounds a week," and taking nothing but prime joints. No doubt care is advisable; waste is always very bad—shocking when we remember that the sum total of supply cannot be increased, and that every pound wasted must add to the price.

But meat is an essential to the sedentary, far more than to the out-door workman. They who talk of stinting us in meat are like those who tell us there will soon be no milk for our babes. We feel we must manage to give the lie to their prediction. Why not import meat ready killed? This would do away with any fear of importing infection. It can be done (they say) from Canada; why not from Hamburg and Bavel? But the grand thing is to form companies by which the public may be supplied first-hand.

## SCIENCE.

ANOTHER tunnel under the Thames is meditated. It will be at Deptford.

THE American Academy of Arts and Sciences has given the Rumford gold medal to Professor Treadwell, of Cambridge, "for improvements in the management of heat, made and put in practice by him in constructing cannon of a series of coiled rings, in the year 1842."

A VERY great depression of temperature has been remarked by some observers when steam of high pressure issues from a small orifice into the open air. The results of several experiments show that for each pound of pressure by which the steam on the pressure side exceeded that of the atmosphere on the exit side there was a cooling effect of 0.2 per cent.

WHILE experimenting with a view of ascertaining how much telescopic vision could be improved by eliminating the lower third of the atmosphere, Professor Plazet Smyth observed that the space penetrating power of the equatorial of the Edinburgh Observatory extended from mag. 10 to mag. 11, when erected on Mount Guajara, in Tenerife, at a height of 8,900 feet.

M. FRESNIOS has found that 1,000,000 parts of atmospheric air contain, during the day, .098 parts of ammonia, a quantity equivalent to 0.283 parts of carbonate of ammonia; and, during the night, 0.169 parts of ammonia, equivalent to 0.474 parts of the carbonate. Much importance is attached to the presence of ammoniacal vapour in the air, as the source of nitrogen in vegetables.

TO CLEAR A BOAT OF WATER WITHOUT BALING.—If you have a boat that leaks badly, and it is in a strong current, or if you are towing it up stream, all you have to do to keep it dry is this:—Bore a hole through the bottom and insert a piece of tin or iron, half round, through the hole, letting it extend a few inches below the bottom of the boat, and all the water will run out without any labour. I think a ship at sea could be kept afloat if you could keep her going four miles per hour.—J. S. R.

THE NEW DISCOVERIES OF NATURAL PHOSPHATES IN NORTH WALES.—The phosphatic deposit recently discovered at Pen-y-garnedd, in Montgomeryshire, has been carefully examined by Dr. Voelcker, and the opinion which he has given of its value is in every way satisfactory. The accuracy of his analysis is fully confirmed by that of Dr. Percy. The Pen-y-garnedd property is only one quarter of a mile from a proposed railway, and has all the advantage of having ample water-power available at all seasons. A level has been driven fifty yards into the hill, and the deposit improves in depth.

THE DIAMOND DRILL.—It is stated that the diamond drill, originally patented in France by M. Rudolph Lechaud, and subsequently patented in the United States, can be driven through compact sandstone at the rate of five feet per hour. Fifteen diamonds, costing about fifteen hundred dollars, are used instead of steel-cutters, and are set in the end of a tube made to revolve by machinery. The drill leaves a core standing, which is broken off at convenient lengths and drawn up. These diamond-cutters last a long time, and the machine is said to be the cheapest in the end.

SUCCESSFUL TRIAL OF GUN COTTON.—A most satisfactory trial of gun cotton has just been made under the supervision of Messrs. Prentice and Bevinge, with a view of testing the comparative efficiency of gunpowder and gun cotton, when used upon a large scale, for it should be mentioned that Baron Leuk's cotton (of which Messrs. Prentice and Co., of Stowmarket, are the sole manufacturers in England) is already extensively used for blasting operations in many of the collieries of Northumberland and Durham.

Where the experiment took place the rock is 34 ft. in height. A drift, measuring 2 ft. 8 in. in diameter, was driven 30 ft. in a direct line from the face, and from the extremity of this two crossheads, each of 30 ft., were put out. At each extremity end of these three barrels of compressed cotton were placed, each containing 120 lb. of explosive material (the 720 lb. of gun cotton thus put in were considered equivalent to nearly one ton of gunpowder), and being provided with two of Abel's fuses to ignite them with, the drifts being properly tamped, the electricity was communicated to the charge from an ebonite frictional battery, and the effect was magnificent. An enormous fissure, 125 ft. long and more than 50 ft. wide, as well as many others of a less extensive character, were produced.

FOR testing barometers sent for verification to the Kew Observatory, an iron air-tight box is provided, of sufficient length to contain barometers, and fitted with glass in front and back, so that the mercurial columns and scales of the enclosed barometers may be easily seen. A standard barometer is fixed within, and the barometers to be tested are suspended by its side. By a pump the air is exhausted, thereby the pressure upon the mercurial columns is diminished, and, by comparison with the standard, the corrections at each half-inch of their scales is ascertained. Thermometers are tested by comparisons with a standard instrument under similar circumstances of temperature, heated and cooled water being commonly used for the purpose.

COMMUNICATION BETWEEN PASSENGERS AND RAILWAY GUARDS.—Our attention has been called to a very ingenious invention for securing the much-to-be-desired communication between the passengers and the guards and drivers on railways, which has been patented by Messrs. Picken & Bailey, of Congleton. The speciality of these gentlemen's plan is that it includes a contrivance by which the carriage from which the signal is issued is bolted by the action of ringing the bell, while an indicator is thrown out pointing at once to that carriage. Thus the guard can of course communicate with the seat of real danger, while the mischievous or foolish alarmist is subjected to instant detection. We need hardly observe that this would serve as a check on the abuse of the power of stopping a train, which is the greatest practical objection to the introduction of any system of signalling the guards.

CONTINENTAL TELEGRAPHIC CONVENTION.—An imperial decree has been published in Paris promulgating a convention, concluded in May last, between France on the one part, and Belgium, Austria, Baden, Denmark, Spain, Greece, the city of Hamburg, Italy, Holland, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, Saxony, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland, Turkey, and Wurttemberg on the other, and which has for its object the organization of the entire telegraph system, and the establishment of a fixed international tariff. The despatches are classed under three heads—those of the State, or Governmental despatches, those connected with the public service, and, lastly, private telegrams. The tariffs will affix the amounts to be received by each country as regards transmission, receipt, and transit. The ratifications have been exchanged between all the powers, with the exception of Greece, Portugal, and Turkey, in which there has been some delay, and the convention came into operation on the first day of the present year. This arrangement will be of essential service to the commercial world by doing away with inconsistencies, and setting up a regular and fixed scale of charges.

THEORY OF COLOUR IN LEAVES.—The varied and gorgeous tints which leaves assume on the approach of autumn are due to the absorption of oxygen gas; those leaves which remain longest green absorbing least oxygen. Some species of the maple, the poplar, and the beech, are remarkable for the rapidity with which their leaves change colour; these, it has been demonstrated, will absorb eight or nine times their bulk of oxygen in the same time that the Portugal laurel or the common holly absorb the smallest fractional amount. If several green leaves of the poplar, the beech, the holly, and the Portugal laurel are placed under the receiver of an air-pump and dried thoroughly, keeping them from the action of the light, when dried let them be taken out and moistened with water, and immediately placed under a glass globe filled with oxygen gas; it will be found that the several leaves change colour in exact proportion to their powers of absorbing oxygen, the best absorbers changing colour most rapidly. The result of this absorption is the formation of an acid, and this acid changes the chlorophyllite, or green principle, from yellow, and then to a reddish hue. A similar change is effected in the colour of the leaves of plants by merely treating them with an acid; and if a red leaf is macerated in an alkali, potash for example, it becomes green. We thus have another proof that chlorophyllite owes its formation to the absorption

and decomposition of carbonic acid by the plant under the influence of light; for if this agent be withdrawn, no absorption takes place; on the contrary, a continued disengagement of carbonic acid gas from the tissues of the plant is the result.

PROCESS OF RENDERING WOOD PLASTIC.—A very simple method of rendering wood plastic has recently been discovered. It consists in injecting diluted hydrochloric acid into the wood under a pressure of about two atmospheres. The duration of the operation must be regulated by the nature of the wood, the bark is not removed, and by a very simple arrangement the liquid injected at one extremity may be partially collected at the other. If the green wood is submitted to pressure, the cellulose having been previously washed with water, it may be reduced to a tenth of its original size; the fibres may be excessively compressed without breaking or tearing, and when dry have no tendency to resume their natural condition. Woods treated in this way will serve for many purposes. If after the treatment with hydrochloric acid the wood is washed and dried, it may be cut and chiselled with great facility, and serves admirably for sculptural purposes. The wood in dried by passing air under pressure through the cellulose at about 37 deg., the moisture is rapidly expelled, and as the mass contracts evenly throughout, there are no cracks. Colours or the various substances which prevent wood from rotting may be injected in a similar manner; soluble glass or freshly precipitated silica renders it very durable and at the same time incombustible.

A ROYAL GIFT.—The Queen has presented to her grandson, Prince Victor, a statuette of the late Prince Consort in silver; it stands 3 ft. 2½ in. in height. His Royal Highness is in a standing position with gilt armour, copied from the figure upon the tomb of the Earl of Warwick in Warwick Cathedral. He is represented as Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress," and around the plinth on which the figure stands is the verse from Timothy, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Behind the figure, and resting upon the stump of an oak, is the helmet of Christian. The shield of the prince rests against the stem, and near the tree are the white lilies of Purity, which are usually introduced into the pictures of the Pilgrim. Immediately beneath the plinth, and in front of the entablature of the pedestal, is the inscription:—"Given to Albert Victor Christian Edward, on the occasion of his baptism, by Victoria R., his grandmother and godmother, in memory of Albert, his beloved grandfather." In the panel below, and over the royal arms, is the verse:

"My Rose of Love with tears I laid in earth.  
My Lily! Purity, have soared to heaven;  
But Faith still lives, and sees in this new birth,  
How both once more to cheer my soul are given."  
On the panel on the side, over the Queen and Prince Consort's arms, is the verse:

"Fight the good fight He fought, and still like him—  
Cherish the flowers of purity and love;  
So shall he when thy earthly joys grow dim,  
First greet them in our Saviour's home above."  
On a third panel, and over the arms of the Prince and Princess of Wales, is the verse:

"Walk as he walked in faith and righteousness;  
Strive as he strove, the weak and poor to aid.  
Seek not thyself but other men to bless;  
So win like Him a wreath that will not fade."  
Beneath the front panel, over the figures "1864," are inscribed in large size letters the prince's names, "Albert Victor Christian Edward," and in an oblong panel, "Born January the 8th, baptised March 10th."

ADULTERATION OF BUTTER.—Half a pound of fresh butter was lately purchased at a respectable tradesman's shop at Blandford, and after being melted, fully one and a half ounce of whitish sediment was found at the bottom of the dish. On examination this proved to be principally composed of flour, so that in the one pound of butter rather more than one-fifth part was composed of a substance used for adulteration. The butter in question was the produce of a dairy about a mile from Blandford.

DEATH IN BEAUTY.—"Accidents" like history, are constantly repeating themselves. Just now the French journals have announced the death of a young Russian actress, who was poisoned by the paint with which she beautified her lips. Some years since a Parisian actress in one of the melodramatic establishments narrowly escaped death in the same way. She had just been given a part in which is a scene of anger, less to be expressed by words than by an energetic and graphic pantomime. As she wished to please the public, she began to pinch her lips and bite them as with frenzy. Unfortunately for her, this was not set down in the part; she detached the vermilion which covered them, and swallowed it in her excitement. Scarcely had she left the stage, when she complained

of violent colic and a general trembling, which only yielded to the treatment administered in cases of poisoning. A coroner's jury would call this an accidental death, when it is the known result of humanity's attempt to preserve beauty by destroying health. Adulterations haunt us from cradle to grave; the brilliant paint upon playthings, the coloured candy, the artificial flowers—all owe their beauty to dangerous drugs and poisonous salts.

### FACETIE.

Why is the stern of a vessel leaving port like an uncivil gentleman?—Because it never returns a bow.

#### AN OLD YORKSHIRE SCHOOLMASTER.

MANY anecdotes are told of the quaint manners and sayings of the peasant schoolmasters.

When, at first, efforts were made to improve the elementary instruction of the poor, one of them, who had been parish-clerk for many years, was superseded in his office as teacher, and a fresh, crack youth from a training college appointed instead.

This was a sore affliction to old Didaculos, and he sometimes attended the classes in the hope that he might catch his successor tripping.

The opportunity was not long in coming. The new master gave a lesson on the indefinite article.

"A," said he, "is one, and can only be applied to one thing. You cannot say 'a cat,' 'a dog,' but only 'a cat,' 'a dog.'"

Away went the parish-clerk, elated at the ignorance of his successor. Meeting the clergyman, he said:

"Here's a pretty fellow you've got to teach school! He says you can only apply the articles 'a' and 'an' to nouns of the singular number; and here he is saying 'a-man' all my life, and your reverence has never once corrected me."

MONEY'S WORTH.—A rich upstart once asked a poor person if he had any idea of the advantages arising from riches. "I believe they give a rogue an advantage over an honest man," was the reply.

AN EMPTY HEAD.—A coxcomb, teasing Dr. Parr with an account of his petty ailments, complained that he never could go out without catching cold in his head. "No wonder," returned the doctor; "you always go out without anything in it."

SLEEPING AT CHURCH.—Dr. South, when once preaching before Charles II., observed that the monarch and his attendants began to nod, and some of them soon after snored, on which he broke off in his sermon and said: "Lord Lauderdale, let me entreat you to rouse yourself; you snore so loud that you will awake the king!"

VERY INDEFINITE.—An old lady was asked what she thought of one of her neighbours of the name of Jones, and with a knowing wink replied, "Why, I don't like to say anything much about my neighbours; but as to Mr. Jones, sometimes I think, and then I don't know, after all, I rather think he'll turn out to be a good deal such a sort of man as I take him to be."

STEAM DRESSED.—At a railway station an old lady said to a very pompous-looking gentleman who was talking about steam communication: "Pray, sir, what is steam?" "Steam, ma'am, is, ah! steam is, ah! steam is steam!" "I knew that chap couldn't tell ye," said a rough-looking fellow standing by; "but steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration."

NOT TO BE DONE BROWN.—Dr. Thomas Brown courted a lady for many years, but unsuccessfully, during which time it had been his custom to drink the lady's health before that of any other; but being observed one evening to omit it, a gentleman reminded him of it, and said: "Come, doctor, drink the lady, your toast." The doctor replied: "I have courted her many years, and I cannot make her 'Brown,' so I'll toast her no longer."

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.—When Captain Grose, who was very fat, first went over to Ireland, he one evening strolled into the principal meat-market of Dublin, where the butchers, as usual, set up their usual cry of "What d'ye buy? What d'ye buy?" Grose parried this for some time by saying he did not want anything. At last, a butcher starts from his stall, and eyeing Grose's figure, exclaimed, "Only say you buy your meat of me, sir, and you will make my fortune."

A FRENCH VIEW OF ENGLISH CHRISTMAS.—The French, in speaking of English habits and usages, says:—"It is customary of that country of spleen and association for every gentleman who is admitted into society to send a fat goose at Christmas to the lady of the house he is in the habit of visiting. Beautiful women receive a whole magazine of catables in their drawing-rooms; and are thus enabled by an ingenious

calculation to ascertain the number of their friends or their suitors, by that of the fat geese sent them. As many geese as many lovers. In England a goose is sent instead of a love-letter. It is very original like everything that is English."

#### A NATIVE OF THE GREEN ISLE.

A Gloucester friend writes:

"A circle of Fenians was formed here one evening last week. A few days afterwards, some of us were talking it over, and one of us asked Mike M., an Irishman, who was passing at the time, if he was a member. He replied he was not."

"Are you not an Irishman?" asked one.

"Bedad, an it's meself that is a native of Ireland, but I was born in Newfoundland, like me father and mother before me."

"The crowd dispersed with a roar of laughter."

"Is the gale diminishing?" inquired a nervous passenger of the steward—"Oh, yes, mum, worry diminishing; it have diminished all the crockery in my pantry already, and the bottled ale and stout is diminishing rapid."

HIBERNIANISM.—At a crowded lecture, a young lady, standing just inside the entrance to the hall, was addressed by an accommodating Irishman, with a rueful look on his face. "Indade, miss, I should be glad to give you a seat; but the empty ones are all full just now."

REASONS FOR NOT JOINING THE CHURCH.—Two lawyers in Lowell were returning from court, when the one said to the other: "I've a notion to join the Rev. M.'s church—been debating the matter for some time. What do you think of it?" "Wouldn't do it," said the other. "Well, why?" "Because it could do you no possible good, while it would be a great injury to the church."

#### THERE'S A MEDIUM IN EVERYTHING.

Stout Party.—"Why, hang it, what does Coole, my tailor, mean by sending in his bill? It hasn't run more than six years!"

Kind Friends.—"Mean, why that you're getting too fat, old boy, to make a good advertising medium."

INTERESTING TO HUSBANDS.—Our friend, Jolliboy, who stops so late at his club, and finds Mrs. J. invariably sitting up for him, is about to try the effect of Gale's non-explosive mixture, as a preventive of a blowing up. As the mixture is stated to be only powdered glass, he is going to crack a bottle or two extra at the club on the night fixed on for the experiment.

#### WHEN FOUND MAKE A NOTE OF IT.

What notes compose the most favourite tunes?—and how many tunes do they compose? Bank-notes—they make for tunes.—*Fun.*

#### THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND.

To Cure a Smoky Chimney.—Discontinue the use of a fire. This is infallible.

How to Get New Milk in London.—Get the dairyman to send in the chalk and water, separately, and mix it as you want it.

How to Let a House.—Let it alone.—*Fun.*

CRUELTY TO BOYS.—Imagine these holidays the feelings of the school-boy whose uncle told him he would tip him a wink!—*Punch.*

#### MILITARY AND NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE Band of the 1st Philharmonic Volunteers is to be provided with an organ, on which the Organist of the Regiment will perform Voluntaries when it marches out.

The Cavalry are all be armed with horse-pistols. The new horse-pistols will be Colt's revolvers.

It is also said that Colt's revolvers will be issued to the Horse Marines.—*Punch.*

MENTAL TORTURE.—Youngfellow, who is always excessively nervous when "the Ladies" are proposed, says that until he has returned thanks and sat down again, his mind is on the toast-rack.—*Punch.*

THE GROWTH OF GREAT BRITAIN.—Our population increases enormously, and the rate of our consumption is equalled by that of our production. What a jolly nation we should be if the consequences were not the encroachment of our commons and the pollution of our streams!—*Punch.*

EXTRAORDINARY DISPUTE.—The Birmingham Post narrates a curious quarrel. A few miles from that town there are fields of several acres in which the wheat crops are still standing uncut, to the great delight of myriads of birds, who have pretty nearly emptied the ears. The singular waste of produce arises from an intricate dispute between the landlord and the off-going tenant on the one hand, and the off-going and the in-coming tenant on the other. The last had agreed to take the standing crops of the

second if the second paid the first rent. The rent was not paid, and the landlord claims the right of distress over the crops. This the off-going tenant disputes. The in-coming tenant wishes to deduct from the money which he has to pay to his predecessor for the crops, an amount which the landlord claims for arrears. The late tenant declines to accede to this arrangement, and the new tenant therefore declines to have anything to do with the crops. So the curious spectacle is presented of acres of ripe wheat standing within a few days of Christmas.

### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

The leaves of the elder, if strewn among corn or other grain when it is put into the bin, will effectually preserve it from the ravages of the weevil. Insects never touch elder bushes. The leaves of the elder scattered over cabbages, cucumbers, and other plants subject to the ravages of insects, effectually shield them.

#### COUGH.

Like pain, is the faithful sentinel, giving timely warning of approaching danger; it never raises a false alarm; it never comes without an adequate cause, and if it were promptly heeded and properly treated, myriads of lives would be saved, and an incalculable amount of sickness and suffering would be prevented every year.

Cough ought always to be encouraged, and yet an impression prevails almost universal that whatever "helps," that is to say, whatever lessens the cough, "does good," when in reality it is positively, directly, and always injurious, for the following reason, which will carry with it a mistlelike conviction, in every mind of even moderate reflecting powers.

All know that when a crumb of bread, ever so small, "goes the wrong way," that is, passes down the wind-pipe into the lungs, there is an irrepressible tickling sensation felt in the throat, inducing a dry, spasmodic, and persistent cough, which is continued until the offending intruder is cast out; this crumb was in no part a portion of the lungs, nor was necessary to their healthful action; it was a foreign body, and as such, was offensive, and its presence could not be tolerated.

This is a universal law of our being, that when anything is in the body, which is not a part of it, nature, in one way or another, acts about ejecting it, and will keep at it for days and weeks, and months even, until the object is accomplished; as proof, the issue of needles, pins, and other sharp substances at some inches and even feet from the spot where they entered.

As to more blunt articles, bullets and the like, more or less discomfort is at first experienced; but when they cannot be removed, a kind of instinct seems to ascertain the fact, when a new process is set on foot, a gritty substance is thrown out and grows around the foreign body, incloses it in a prison, where it may remain innocuous, comparatively, for life.

The lungs, in health, are always throwing out, manufacturing, a thin, mucilaginous-like liquid, near the colour of the white of an egg, for the purpose of lubrication, so that they rise and fall at each breath with facility, without friction. This "mucus" is a part of the lungs, a part of their healthful product, and its presence causes no disturbance; but a common cold falling on the lungs changes the colour and consistence of this lubricating material, and it becomes yellow and thick; and this, being unnatural, becomes at once a foreign body; nature grows uneasy and sets up a cough to aid in its ejection, as if it were a crumb of bread which had gone the wrong way. When a cough begins to dislodge this, it comes up in the shape of yellow matter; the cold is said to "break," and the person begins to get well.

Whatever represses cough, as all cough-drops, lozenges, troches do, only keeps this matter longer in the lungs, only protracts the cure; but if kept in too long, nature makes the attempt to get rid of it in another way, by re-absorbing the yellow matter and throwing it into the general circulation again; evidenced by a red spot in one or both cheeks, called "Hectic" at the same time night-sweats come on, and this is consumption in its last stages. When will people become wise?

#### GRAFTING OLD APPLE TREES.

Cut off the branches new at the point where you propose grafting, and when the sap rises in spring, which will be known by the buds of the other trees swelling, then pare the outer surface of the cut a little, and choosing a smooth part of the bark, make an incision two inches in length through the bark from the crown of the stock downwards, and which may be opened by thrusting in a thin piece of wood, or with the point of a knife.

The graft or scion should, in the first place, be cut transversely below a bud, and on the other side, two



or three inches above the bud, place a knife and make a sloping cut downwards, bringing the knife out immediately below and quite close to it, or thin at the lower end. This is to be thrust in between the bark and wood where the incision is made in the stock, and down to the point where the sloping cut in the scion ends.

If the crown of the stock is thick, another graft may be put in on the other side, opposite to and corresponding with the first. If the scion have two good eyes above the crown of the stock it is sufficient, moderately strong wood being the best for grafts.

Bind tightly with a strip of bast matting soaked in water, and cover with grafting clay. This may be made of good clay, beaten and kneaded to the consistency of dough, horse-droppings passed through a sieve with half-inch meshes, and fresh cow-dung, all three in equal parts, incorporating and kneading them together until uniformly mixed so as to resemble soil putty.

With this composition cover the crown and the sides of the stock so far as the scions extend, closing nicely, smoothly, and evenly, as if the clay crack or have openings air will be admitted to the wounds, and the stock and graft will not unite well. Go over the clay in three or four days, afterwards closing the cracks, if any.

When the grafts begin to grow, and have made shoots three inches in length, the clay and the bandage should be removed, tying to the stock a stake half an inch or so thick, and coming about one foot above the crown of the stock, and by the side of the scion or graft, which is to be tied to it to guard against the scion being blown out; it may remain for a year or two to maintain the graft in its place, until the latter shall have become firmly and immovably united to the stock.

The grafts, if they do well, will make strong shoots the first year, and bear the third. The method above described and cleft grafting are the best modes, when the crown of the stock is more than three inches in diameter.

#### POPULAR FALLACIES.

THAT warm air must be impure, and that, consequently it is hurtful to sleep in a comparatively warm room. A warm room is as easily ventilated as a cool one. The warm air of a close vehicle is less injurious, be it ever so foul from crowding, than to ride and sit still and feel uncomfortably cold for an hour. The worst that can happen from a crowded conveyance is a fainting spell; while, from sitting even less than an hour in a still, chilly atmosphere, has induced attacks of pneumonia—that is, inflammation of the lungs, which often prove fatal in three or four days.

It is always positively injurious to sleep in a close room where water freezes, because such a degree of cold causes the negatively poisonous carbonic acid gas of a sleeping-room to settle near the floor, where it is breathed and rebreathed by the sleeper, and is capable of producing typhoid fever in a few hours. Hence, there is no advantage, and always danger, especially to weakly persons, in sleeping in an atmosphere colder than the freezing-point.

That it is necessary to the proper and efficient ventilation of a room, even in warm weather, that a window or door should be left open; this is always hazardous to the sick and convalescent. Quite as safe a plan of ventilation, and as efficient, is to keep a lamp or a small fire burning in the fireplace. This creates a draught, and carries bad air and gases up the chimney.

That out-door exercise before breakfast is healthful.

It is never so. And, from the very nature of things, is hurtful, especially to persons of poor health; although the very vigorous may practice it with impunity. In winter the body is easily chilled through and through, unless the stomach has been fortified with a good warm breakfast; and in warm weather, miasmatic and malarious gases and emanations speedily act upon the empty and weak stomach in a way to vitiate the circulation, induce fever and ague, diarrhoea, and dysentery; entire families, who have arranged to eat breakfast before leaving the house, and to take supper before sun-down, have had a complete exemption from fever and ague, while the whole community around them was suffering from having neglected these precautions.

That whatever lessens cough is "good" for it, and if persevered in, will cure it. On the contrary, all coughs are soonest cured by promoting and increasing them; because nature endeavours by the cough to help bring up the phlegm and yellow matter which is in the lungs, as the lungs cannot heal while that matter is there.

**SUGAR CULTIVATION IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.**—The cultivation of sugar seems to have been found extremely profitable in these islands, and to have made proportionate progress. The export, which was 8,005,504 lbs. in 1862, advanced to 10,414,411 lbs.

In 1864. New plantations are being constantly started, and the shipments this year are expected to be far larger than the last, while the area of land still untouched by cultivation, but capable of profitably producing sugar, is supposed to be ten to twenty times the quantity now yielding. Under these circumstances, and looking at the other capabilities of the country, a belief is expressed that the importance of the Sandwich Islands has been much underrated, and that with a continuance of the Government and security now enjoyed, they will rapidly take rank as the West Indies of the North Pacific Ocean.

#### HOVERING NIGH.

Thou dear little bright-eyed, though mischievous pet,

Here around thee in love's sacred circle we've met;

Grandfather, grandmother, who joy that such flower Glittered up to, glad life in their grand natal bower.

And here are thy father and mother, as proud

As two birds who the first time beheld a branch bowed

By thy young as he chirruped, while poisoning his wing,

Ere he takes, through the feared air, his infantile spring.

And here are thine aunts and thy uncles, to whom There's an Eden of joy in thy innocent bloom;

Nor absent the uncles who list to thy tone As they list to dear woman's sweet offspring alone.

Laugh, crow, little cherub, thy hands clasp in glee; Sure heaven is with us when thus we're with thee;

On thy cheek there's such beauty, such light in thine eye,

The angels themselves must be hovering nigh.

W. R. W.

#### GEMS.

An enemy masked as a friend is worse than an open foe.

It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests on a potato patch or flower garden.

If you fall into misfortune, disengage yourself as well as you can. Creep through the bushes that have the fewest briars.

Right training and discipline, mental, moral, and physical are the most important elements of early education.

A GOOD-HEARTED fellow may willingly lend a crutch to halting humility, and yet take a delight in tripping up the stilt of pretension.

Old men's lives are lengthened shadows; the evening sun falls coldly on the earth, but the shadows all point to the morning.

The expectation of future happiness is the best relief for anxious thoughts, the most perfect cure of melancholy, the guide of life, and the comfort of death.

HE who cheats the man who confides in him, in a witty manner, may make us laugh at his jest, and half disarm our anger; but reflection insures him our contempt and indignation.

OUR pedagogues stick sentences full feathered in our memories, and there establish them like oracles, of which the very letters and syllables are the substance of the thing.

**EGGS.**—A hen during the whole of her life cannot possibly lay more eggs than six hundred, which in a natural course are distributed over nine years in the following proportion:—

First year after birth	15 to 20
Second " "	180 " 120
Third " "	120 " 135
Fourth " "	100 " 115
Fifth " "	60 " 80
Sixth " "	50 " 60
Seventh " "	35 " 40
Eighth " "	15 " 20
Ninth " "	1 " 10

It follows that it would not be profitable to keep hens after their fourth year, as their produce would not pay for their keep, except when they are of a valuable or scarce breed.

**THE ROMAN TOMBS AT WINDSOR.**—It is expected that, by her Majesty's gracious approval, the Roman tombs recently found upon the Crown property at Old Windsor will be ultimately forwarded to the British Museum, where at present there are no specimens of the kind. The very beautifully-shaped pale-green glass bottle (or *unguentarium*), which has been put together piece by piece by the Rev. F. J. Rawlin, will be a great accession to the national collection, as

only one of the same kind has yet been discovered, and that at Amiens in France, so that the specimen found at Old Windsor is quite unique. There is, however, in the Museum, a small fragment of a somewhat similar bottle, which was discovered at Ewell, a few years ago.

**AN ECCENTRIC LANDLORD.**—A gentleman of considerable wealth, including a large amount of house property at Stratford, where he resided, has recently died. During his long residence there he had acquired considerable notoriety from his peculiar notions as regards letting his houses; every applicant having to agree to the following conditions before entering upon the tenancy:—1. There must be no children. 2. The tenant must not smoke. 3. Nor keep birds. 4. Nor exhibit flowers in pots or otherwise in any or either of the windows of the house. 5. If a bachelor, or widow, or spinster, he or she must not enter into matrimony during his or her tenancy.

#### STATISTICS.

IN 1641 the population of Ireland was recorded at 1,456,000, at which period that of England exceeded 7,000,000; and notwithstanding the grants of lands forfeited by successive rebellions, to settlers and English soldiers, still, in the year 1702 there was a diminution in numbers returned by the census of that year of 136,000—the total number being 1,320,000; and again, in 1785, the population only numbered 2,845,952. In the year 1800 the consolidation of the two kingdoms was accomplished, and the Act of Union passed, since which the population increased at a rapid rate, the returns for 1805 fixing the numbers at 5,937,356, or more than doubled in twenty years. It would be fallacious to argue that the increase to 8,000,000, in the year 1847, a period of only forty-two years, was a proof of prosperity; the famine of that year, the desolation and emigration that followed, clearly demonstrated the inability of the island to meet the awful visitation; yet we find that, despite the want and misery of the masses, the trade and commerce of the country had wonderfully advanced, and that year by year the imports and exports, the customs and excise duties, continue steadily to increase, even up to the present date; not only is the status of the better classes much elevated, but the condition of the cottiers, called here the working-classes, is also ameliorated; they are now better clothed, better fed, and better educated.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**LORD PALMERSTON** was the first to introduce the waltz in England fifty years ago.

We hear that Sir E. Landseer will succeed Sir C. Eastlake as President of the Royal Academy.

Mr. FARR's picture of "The Derby Day" has been placed in the South Kensington Museum among the pictures of The British School.

It is thought that the sum of £60,000, independent of an annual income to Princess Helena, will be asked for her Royal Highness's marriage.

A LARGE painting, supposed to be by Vandyke, is now exhibiting in the Athenaeum, Sunderland; the figure represents Charles I., his queen, and the family.

If the franchise should be reduced to a £6 rental, the voters in Sheffield will be increased from 9,186, at present, to 26,344, or nearly trebled; while a £8 rating franchise would give an increase of 4,808, or rather over fifty per cent.

**THE EX-ROYAL FAMILY OF FRANCE.**—The *Koninkrijk* of Paris states that her Majesty has most graciously requested the ex-Queen of the French to remain at Claremont, where the venerable lady has resided since 1848.

We read in print the following sadly significant words: "Nobody knows what became of the little brig Vision, which left New York in 1864 with a crew of two men and a dog, bound for Liverpool. It has not yet reached the latter place."

SIR H. STONKS has taken his departure for Jamaica, to assume the functions of Governor, until the conclusion of the inquiry into the conduct of Mr. Eyre. A subscription has been opened in London for defending the rebels, and Mr. Bright's name stands at the head of the list.

**AN EYRE CASE.**—Accounts have reached France that the savage tribes of the New Caledonian Islands have massacred and devoured the crews of two French vessels. The Governor subsequently sent an expedition against the cannibals, and killed a great many. We hope this "eyre" case will be treated in a different way to what the Eyre case of Jamaica has been done in England.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ADELAIDE W.—We must beg to refer you to the last announcement at the foot of this page.

JONES.—The Irish pike is generally a pole with a lance head affixed to it.

H. F. J.—The correct pronunciation of the name "Leonard" would be as a trisyllable.

ALICE G.—We regret that we cannot avail ourselves of the stanzas entitled "My Heart is Sad."

T. G. (Dublin).—We beg to decline, with thanks, the lines entitled "An Off-told Tale."

MARK SHARSTON.—The publisher will supply to order any number of cases for binding *The London Reader*, at 1s. 6d. each.

ABBY TOMKINS.—We believe all our correspondents write to us in good faith, and make the experiment herself, the result will doubtless satisfy her inquiries.

C. R. F.—In 1850 the value of the steam engines exported from Great Britain was only £23,377, and of the general machinery, £18,189; while in 1860 the respective values were £1,338,333 and £2,469,483.

KUAN M.—Large shipowners and brokers are constantly requiring midshipmen; a premium must be paid; and the age and height specified in your case would not be objectionable. (See further, reply to "Mark Sharston.")

J. R.—Any London musical instrument maker will supply you with a harp of almost whatever price you choose; the prices of these instruments being as various as the price of pianofortes.

GEORGE.—You are quite right—wearing the Highland dress was at one time illegal in Scotland. It was prohibited by law in 1746; but the prohibition was withdrawn in 1782.

W. A. L.—It requires as many as 2,000 tons of coal to produce a small circular block of anthracite, 20 in. high by 9 in. wide. This quantity is sufficient to dye 300 miles of silk fabric.

J. HENRIK.—The term *hocus focus* is a strange corruption of the Latin words *hocus corpus*, which are used in the consecration of the sacramental bread in the Roman Church.

STEPHEN S.—We would be pleased to be introduced to a young lady about eighteen years of age, tall, and disposed to open a matrimonial correspondence. "Stephen S." is twenty years of age, tall, and rather dark.

A. S. L.—By means of the machine for microscopic writing, invented by Mr. Peters, it is stated that the words "Matthew Marshall, Bank of England" can be written in the two and a half millionth of an inch in length.

DONALD SCOT.—It is quite true—the harp, and not the bagpipes, was the old national instrument of the Scots, as it was—and still is, in some degree—of the Irish. The bagpipes were the old musical (heaven save the mark!) instrument of the English.

T. O.—The term *lustrum* in Roman chronology signified a period of five years; the term being derived from the *lustratio* of the Roman people, which was decreed to take place every five years. It was, in fact, a sort of census.

CLARA and MINNIE LESTER, the former of whom is eighteen and the latter seventeen years of age, both being fair and polite, desire to correspond, after preliminary receipt of cards, with two gentlemen (if dark, and friends or brothers, preferred).

B. R. H.—who is twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, fair, considered good looking, and holding a lucrative situation, would like to correspond with a young lady from seventeen to twenty years of age, who must be of a respectable family, and possess a small income.

W. M.—A spar of Douglas fir, brought to this country from Vancouver Island, and exhibited at the Exhibition of 1862, is said to be the largest and longest ever seen. It measures 226 ft. and is placed by the side of the Monument, would overlap it by 15 ft.

FRED and D. F.—who are about twenty-one years of age and 5 ft. 9 in. in height respectively, and both of whom are passably good looking, would be very glad to open a matrimonial correspondence with two young ladies, who are required to be prepossessing and educated.

POSTULATA.—There are so many Government offices in Somerset House, for which the educational requirements are not the same, that you must specify which department you desire to enter. Candidates who fail in a first examination before the Civil Service Commissioners are not always allowed to compete again.

NUMA.—The most ancient division of the year, of which we know, consisted of twelve lunar months; which, for the sake of facility of computation, being all considered as equal in length, and to contain thirty days each, amounted to 360

days. It is considered that this gave rise to the division of the ecliptic, which still obtains, into 360 equal parts or degrees. The true time of the annual revolution of the sun in the ecliptic is 365 days, 5 hours, and 46 minutes. Your other questions are answered in the reply to "Gregory A." which see.

F. H.—Dry silver, in the state both of leaf and of filings has the property of entirely destroying ozone. Arsenic also destroys dry ozone, but as it likewise combines with dry oxygen, its separate action on ozone cannot be observed with precision.

GREGORY A.—In England, until A.D. 1752, the new year began in March, when an Act of Parliament altered the chronology to the Gregorian computation, and ordained the year to commence on the first of January. Russia is the only country in Europe which still adheres to the old style.

O. U. N.—Only sixty parts by weight of charcoal are required to produce one hundred of Austrian charcoal iron. The ore is a brown decomposed sphatose ore, containing when roasted fifty-two per cent. of iron.

ROSE and LILY, two sisters, wish to correspond with two gentlemen, who must be tall and dark. "Rose" is eighteen years of age, 5 ft. 2 in. in height, has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes, and possesses an income of 500k a year. "Lily" is just seventeen, 5 ft. 1 in. in height, has black wavy hair and black eyes, and has also a good income.

OLD SALT must be, we suspect, what Captain Marryat would call a "green hand," not to know that "grog," the sea term for rum-and-water, arose from the circumstance that Admiral Vernon, who first introduced it on board ship, was familiarly called "Old Grog," because he wore always a grogram coat; the sailors, therefore, gave the mixture the name of "grog."

## THE FADING FLOWER.

In her deep blue eye is a lustre bright,  
A lustre that charms and pains,  
For it seems like the morning star, whose light  
Is brightest before it wanes.

On her lovely cheek is a rich red rose,  
But I cannot gaze and smile;  
For though so warmly its beauty glows,  
'Tis blossoming on snow the while.

'Tis like the flush on the autumn leaves,  
When their hour of death is nigh;  
'Tis like the glory the fair day weaves  
Round its grave in the western sky.

Like sweet bells chiming, her voice awakes,  
But I sigh when its music rings;  
For I think of the bird whose fond heart breaks  
With the last wild song he sings.

And I fancy I see the daisies white  
Starting the green of a grave,  
And I hear the sighs of the solemn night  
Where the old yew branches wave.

Like the leaf, the star, and the sunset hour,  
So swiftly passing away,  
Like the rose in autumn, our own sweet flower  
Is marked with a sure decay.

A. O.

Z. Y. X.—The French Exhibitions or National Expositions date from the year 1797, when the first was held in the palace of St. Cloud, with the object of reviving the industrial resources of France, which had suffered much during the revolution.

LILY and ROSA wish to correspond (with a view to matrimony) with two tradesmen between twenty-one and twenty-two years of age respectively. "Rosa" is nineteen years of age, 5 ft. 1 in. in height, has dark wavy hair, and dark hazel eyes. "Lily" is seventeen years of age, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, has dark grey eyes, also dark brown hair; and both are thoroughly domesticated.

ANNIE LILLY.—The faculty of detecting the real sentiments of an admirer is held to be intuitive in the fair sex; but as, by some extraordinary chance, you do not seem so gifted, you must watch closely your lover's behaviour in your presence. If it be characterised by a respectful reserve or timidity, the sign is pretty generally conclusive that he has been sorely captivated.

T. H.—The fashion of "drinking healths" has very nearly died out. We cannot precisely fix the date when it commenced. Some assert that it arose from Horwone, the daughter of Hengist, drinking Prince Vortigern's health at an entertainment, about the year 460. But the custom was doubtless known long enough before then.

J. A. S.—Clay, when not compressed, had a power of conducting heat equal to 26, and when compressed with 75,000 lb. per inch, a power equal to 23; and the conducting power of a mixture of clay and sand in equal quantities, rose from 26 to 27, by an increase of pressure from 4,500 lb. to 7,500 lb. per inch.

GLASGOW.—The art of making glass was known to the Romans at least as early as the Christian era; it was introduced into England by one Benedict, a monk, about 674. Glass windows in private houses began to be used in this country in 1180; and the first plate-glass for mirrors and coach-windows was made at Lambeth (not Lancashire), in 1673. It was not made in the palatine for a century later.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.

J. G. R. awaits a further notification from "Nellie."

GEORGE H. wishes to exchange cards, &c., with "Mabel Bedford."

MAY would like to settle in life with "Harry W." Is twenty-one years of age, of good family and fortune.

FRANK E. W. would be happy to correspond with "A. B." with a view to a matrimonial engagement. Is twenty years of age, rather good looking, and fond of music.

O. H., who is a partner in a good business, solicits an exchange of cards with "Cressy," with a matrimonial view. Is twenty-nine years of age, considered good looking, and would make a loving, indulgent husband.

LENA would be happy to correspond and exchange cards with "Charlie." Is nineteen years of age, 5 ft. in height, has blue eyes, and fair curly hair, is well connected, good tempered, and affectionate.

EVA R. and ANA R. reply to "Charles Henry G." and "Michael Augustus K." "Eva R." who responds to "Charles," is nineteen years of age, 5 ft. 3 in. in height,

having blue eyes, brown hair, and fair complexion, is lady-like and good tempered. "Ana R." who would accept "Michael," is seventeen years of age, also 5 ft. 7 in. in height, has brown hair, hazel eyes, and fair complexion. "J. A." who is twenty-nine years of age, has dark eyes and hair, is considered good looking; and is a strict Protestant, would be happy to exchange cards with "Mau," with a view to matrimony.

SALTY OR BORN, who is twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 2 in. in height, has fair complexion, Auburn hair, and blue eyes, is good looking and domesticated, would like to correspond matrimonially with "Phil Sheridan."

H. P., who is very anxious to settle in life, will be glad to correspond in good faith with either: "Mau," "Frances Anne," "Helen," or "Marie," and exchange cards as a matrimonial preliminary.

JOHN BUNNELL offers himself to "Bessie." Is twenty years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, and fair, and possesses a moderate income.

AMY S. will be happy to hear from "Harry W." and exchange cards. Is nineteen years of age, 5 ft. 3 in. in height, tolerably good looking, neither fair nor dark, and when of age will have a fortune of 100k per annum.

WILLIAM R. wishes to correspond matrimonially and exchange cards with either "Violet" or "Dorothea." Is twenty-two years of age, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, and fair.

A. J., who is twenty-two years of age, 5 ft. 11 in. in height, and fair, is well educated, and in respectable circumstances, would be glad to correspond with "Blanche," with a view to marriage.

CONSTANCE LYNCHURST would be happy to correspond and exchange cards with "R. R." Is nearly seventeen years of age, a brunette, about the middle height, and will possess 1,000k on her marriage.

MIRNIE would like to correspond with "Dorothea." Is twenty-one years of age, of medium height, has dark brown hair and eyes, and is considered beautiful. (The handwriting requires much practice.)

S. W. M. has no objection to open a matrimonial correspondence and exchange cards with "F. G. A." or with "Julius Caesar." Is 5 ft. 5 in. in height, has dark brown hair and dark eyes, is fond of business, and has a little money.

BONNET KATE would be glad to correspond and exchange cards with "Malcolm Graham," with a view to matrimony. Is rather below the medium height, a brunette; and though without present fortune, has great expectations.

BONNETO would like (if preliminary exchange of cards satisfactory) to correspond with "Cressy" or "Octavia." Is twenty-three years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, has dark blue eyes and black eyebrows, and is considered very good looking.

ANOUS R., who is thirty-three years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, of dark complexion, and is a widower (without family) engaged in business, and requiring the assistance of a law clerk, would be happy to correspond and exchange cards with "Annie."

ALICE G. would like to correspond and exchange cards with "Chip." Is 5 ft. 4 in. in height, rather pretty, and very respectable.

DORIS and LOTTE, who are sisters, and brunettes, would be very happy to correspond and exchange cards with "Chip" and "Tom." They are respectively eighteen and twenty years of age, and will have 2,000k each as a wedding dowry.

EMMA wishes to correspond matrimonially with "Black Prince."

ANNIE would like to correspond and exchange cards with "Lawrence," with a view to matrimony. Is rather petite, fair, and considered good looking, and very fond of home.

MABEL and MAY will be most happy to hear again from "Alice" and "Harry."

E. ALBERT would be extremely gratified to open a matrimonial correspondence and exchange cards with "Violet." Is twenty-two years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, has dark hair, light complexion, and dark eyes, and is an engineer in very good circumstances.

TURTON will be very glad to open a matrimonial correspondence with "Annie." Is twenty-eight years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, with brown hair and grey eyes, and is respectively considered good looking.

T. G. G. is willing to accept the offered hand and heart of "Truth," with whom an exchange of cards is desired. Is verging on thirty years of age, about the middle height and graceful; has fine black hair, large, expressive, dark grey eyes, of a cheerful and gentle but firm temper, has an income of about 180k per annum, and is the daughter of a retired military officer.

TOM wishes to open a correspondence and exchange cards with "Mabel." Is twenty years of age, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, fair, and considered good looking; well educated, and expert in business. (The handwriting possesses average merit.)

EDITH and ALICIA would like to correspond with "Charlie" and "Willie" respectively. "Edith," who would like to correspond with the latter, is nineteen years of age, of medium height, has dark brown hair and eyes, and an income of 1,000k per annum. "Alicia," who would like to correspond with "Charlie," has grey eyes and fair complexion, and will have a large fortune on her wedding day.

WALTER R. would be happy to correspond, with a view to matrimony, with "Edith," who appears to be precisely his wifely ideal. Is twenty-three years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. in height, with dark brown hair and fair complexion, and is considered very prepossessing; has an income of 200k, with very good prospects, and will be happy to exchange cards.

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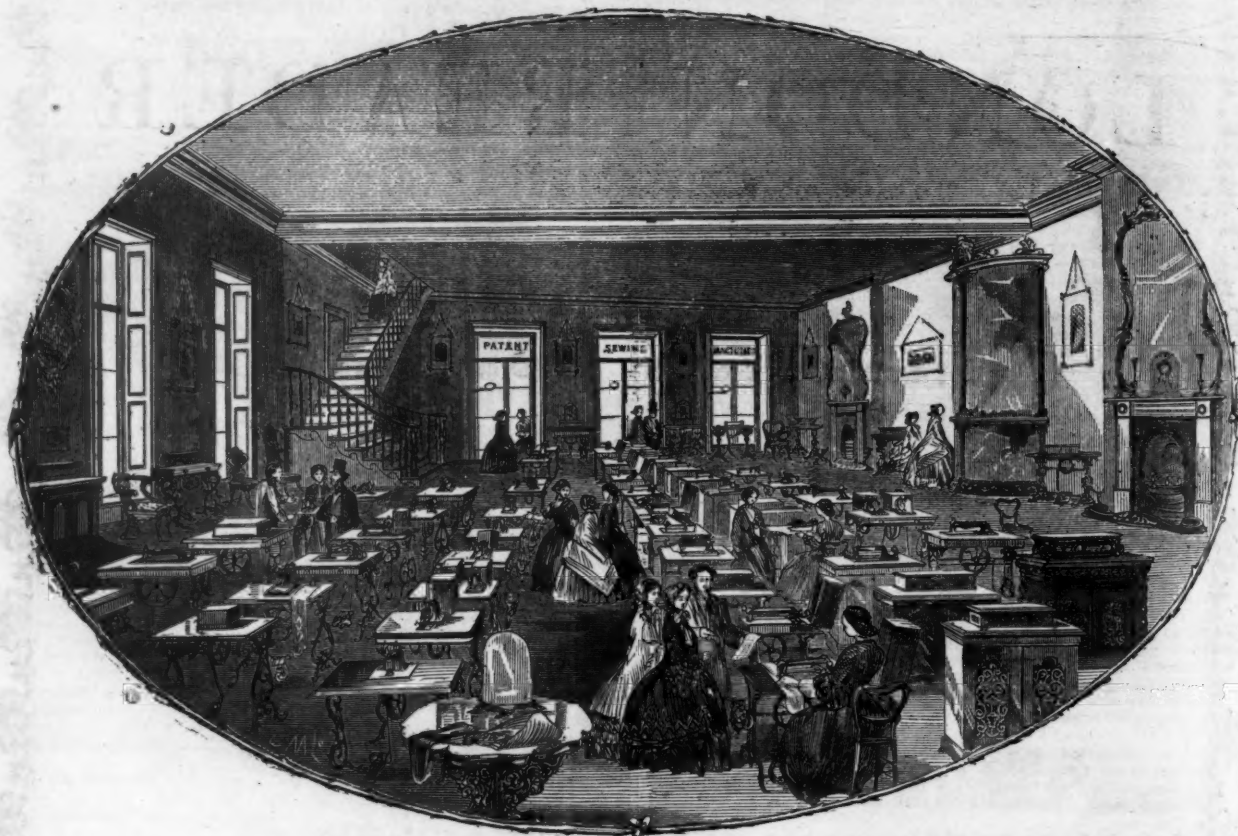
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